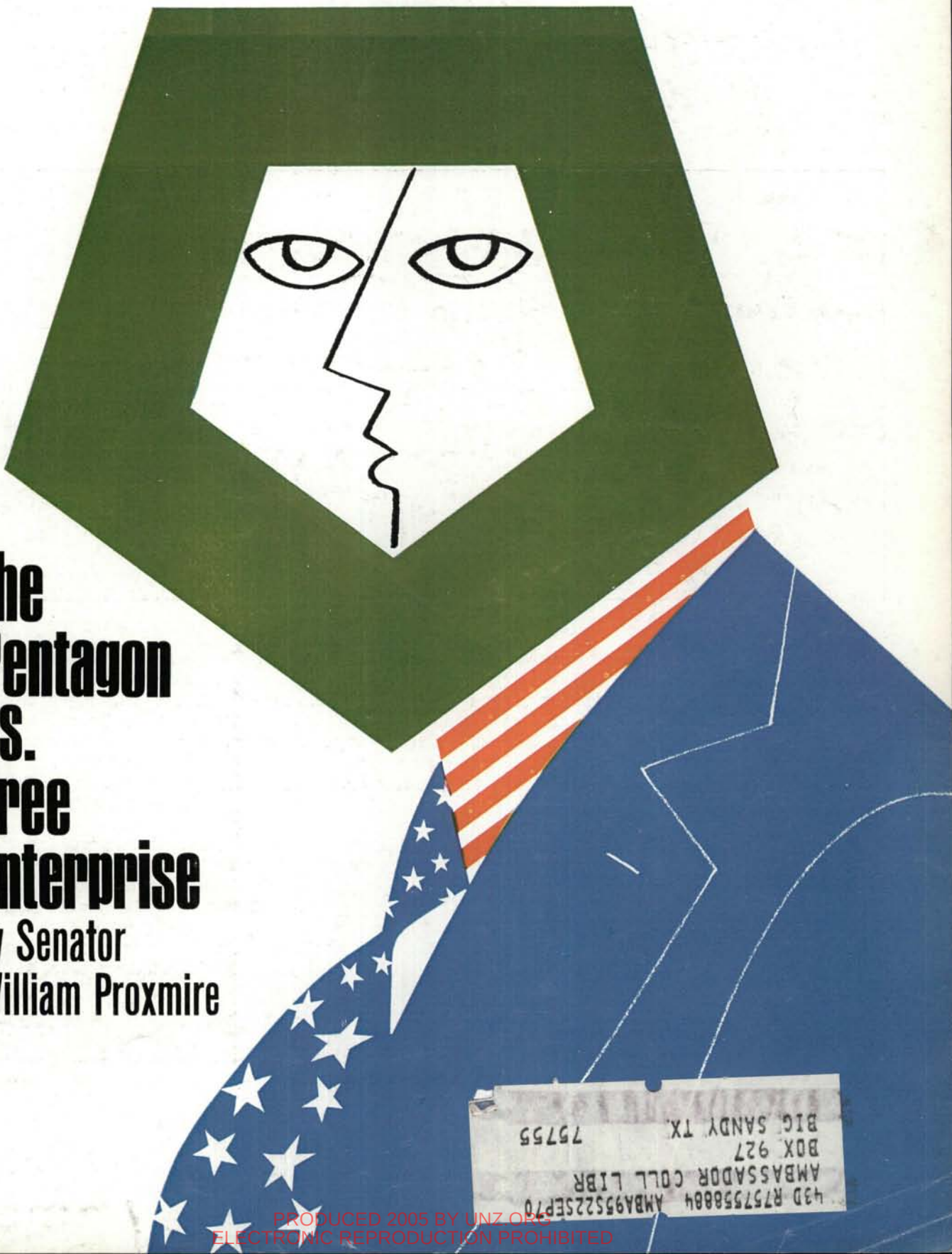
RECORDINGS · BOOKS · MOVIES · TRAVEL · ART · THEATER

Saturday Review

January 31, 1970 50¢



The Pentagon vs. Free Enterprise

by Senator William Proxmire

H3D R7575808H AMBA95225EP70
AMBASSADOR COLL LIBR
BOX 927
BIG SANDY TX 75755

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Marco Island

The climate's right for the good life or for investing—or both!

Conceived, designed and now being carved into breathtaking reality by Florida's famous community builders, the Mackle Bros., Marco Island is already a dazzling success: In less than 5 years, more than $100,000,000 in property sales have been recorded. Shopping and medical centers, apartments and hotels, yacht and country clubs, miles of inland waterways, and hundreds of homes testify to Marco Island's appeal . . . as a retirement or second home . . . or as an investment in a sun-filled future — at today's prices!

Miles of platinum beach on the Gulf of Mexico . . . an 18-hole championship golf course . . . "backyard boating." This is the country club-way of life at Marco Island. Will you become an Islander before it's all gone?

Increased leisure hours contribute to Florida's growth, the fastest of all major states. Fast-disappearing improved waterfront property (75% of Marco Island's homesites are waterfront) accelerates this demand.

Can you think of a better hedge against inflation than owning a part of this "South Seas" paradise?

MAIL THIS REPLY CARD TODAY! We'll provide you with the complete Marco Island story!

104 miles west of Miami

A verified statement and offering statement has been filed with the Department of State of the State of New York. The filing does not constitute approval of the sale or lease or offer for sale or lease by the Department of State or any officer thereof or that the Department of State has in any way passed upon the merits of such offering. A copy of the offering statement is available, on request, from the subdivider.

AD 0704(K)(A) NYA 596-152 OA 9-179 Not available to residents of California.

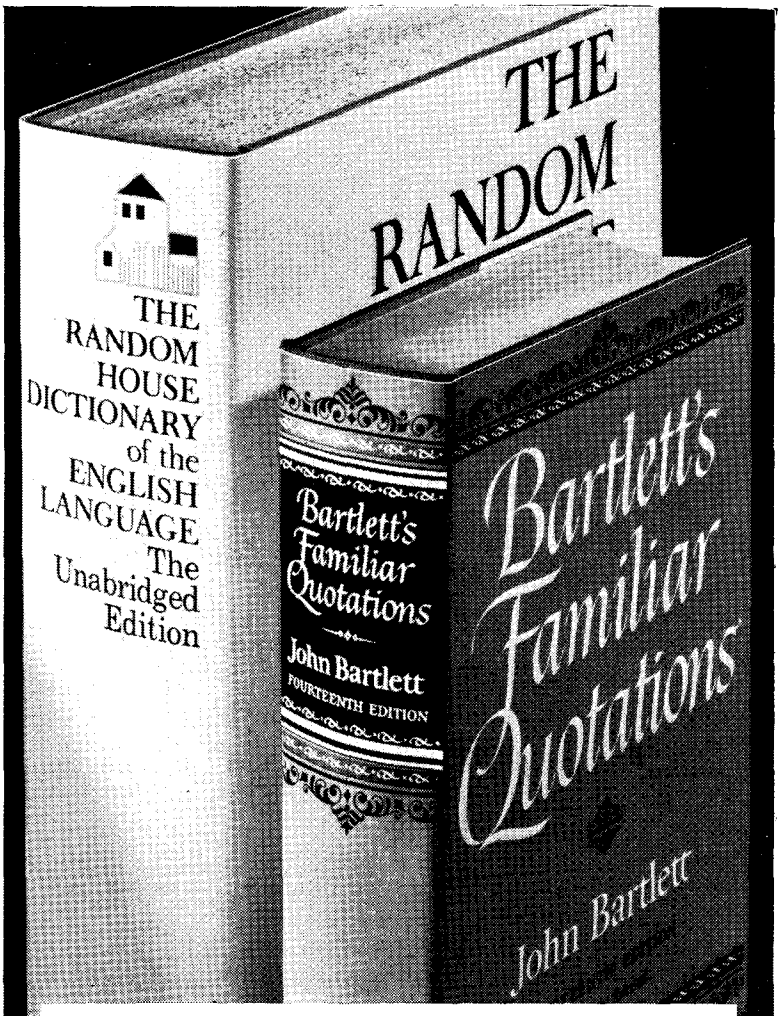
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sent to you as **ADVANCE BOOK-DIVIDENDS** from the **BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB**

IN A SHORT EXPERIMENTAL MEMBERSHIP

BOTH OF THESE INDISPENSABLE REFERENCE WORKS for only $6

[RETAIL PRICES TOTAL $45]



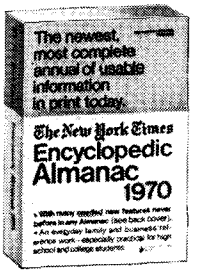
The Random House Dictionary
UNABRIDGED EDITION • RETAIL PRICE: $30

Bartlett's Familiar Quotations
NEW 14th EDITION • RETAIL PRICE: $15

. . . AND YOU WILL ALSO RECEIVE WITHOUT ADDITIONAL CHARGE— AS AN "EXTRA BOOK-DIVIDEND"*

The New York Times Encyclopedic Almanac 1970

*From time to time, certain special books are distributed free to members who order a Club Selection or Alternate during a given period. This book is a recent example of these "extras."



1056 PAGES • RETAIL PRICE: $2.95

THE SUGGESTED TRIAL: You simply agree to purchase three Club choices within twelve months at the special members' prices, which average 20% less than retail prices

BOOK-DIVIDENDS: A library-building plan every reading family should know about

THE EXPERIMENTAL MEMBERSHIP suggested here will prove, *by your own actual experience*, how effectual membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club can be in building up a comprehensive home library.

FIRST, the system allows a **wide choice among the important new books.** Over the twelve months as many as 200 Selections and Alternates are made available to Book-of-the-Month Club members.

SECOND, as a result, **you keep yourself from missing the new books you are eager to read.** Whatever book you decide you want, the postman soon thereafter hands it to you. There it is in your home, inviting you to read it, instead of remaining a "good intention" which may never be acted upon.

THIRD, there is a **continuing economy.** The Club's prices to its members for Selections and Alternates are, on the average, 20% less than retail prices. And, in addition to this **immediate** money saving on the books you order, **far greater savings** are provided by the Club's unique Book-Dividend plan.

IF YOU CONTINUE after this experimental membership, you will earn a Book-Dividend Credit for every Club choice you buy. Each Credit, upon payment of a nominal sum, **often only $1.00 or $1.50**—somewhat more for unusually expensive volumes like these—entitles you to a valuable Book-Dividend, which you may choose from over one hundred fine single library volumes and sets.

Since its inauguration, **the almost incredible sum of nearly $488,000,000 worth of Book-Dividends (retail value) has been earned and received by Club members under this system.**

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC.
280 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017 **A166-1-2**

Please enroll me as a trial member of the Book-of-the-Month Club and send me THE RANDOM HOUSE DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE and BARTLETT'S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS, billing me only $6 (retail prices total $45). I will also receive without additional charge a copy of *The New York Times Encyclopedic Almanac 1970*. I agree to purchase at least three monthly Selections—or Alternates—during the first year I am a member. Members' prices for these books average 20% less than retail prices. My membership is cancelable any time after buying these books. If I continue after this trial, I will earn a Book-Dividend Credit for every Selection or Alternate I buy under the system described above. (A postage and handling charge is added to all shipments.)

MR. }
MRS. } .....
MISS }
(Please print plainly)

Address..... **0-53**

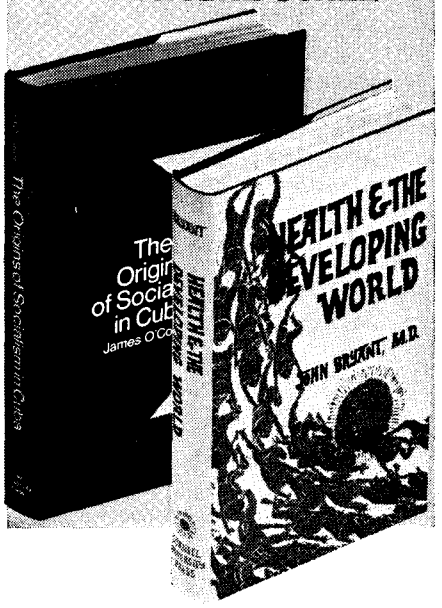
City & State..... *Zone or Zip*.....

The trademarks BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB *and* BOOK-DIVIDEND *are registered by Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., in the United States Patent Office and in Canada.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cornell University Press

- SOCIALISM IN CASTRO'S CUBA
- HEALTH ON A GLOBAL SCALE



The Origins of Socialism in Cuba

By JAMES O'CONNOR. Sure to arouse controversy, this book contends that Cuban socialism developed organically out of the traditions and long-standing needs of the people. The author maintains that socialism was inevitable if Cuba was to be rescued from social stagnation and political corruption. He supports his thesis with a close examination of the Cuban economy before the revolution and of the steps Castro took to initiate socialism.
344 pages, tables. $10.00

Health and the Developing World

By JOHN BRYANT, M.D. Based on the work of a survey team sponsored by the Rockefeller Foundation, this hard-hitting report analyzes health problems on a world scale, using examples from Africa, Latin America, and Asia, and suggests realistic solutions. Dr. Bryant's findings and recommendations are essential reading for everyone concerned with the future of emerging countries.
360 pages, illustrations, tables. $10.00

Cornell University Press
ITHACA AND LONDON

January 31, 1970

Saturday Review

Cover story, page 14

The Pentagon vs. Free Enterprise
by Senator William Proxmire

Cover: Irving Spellens

IDEAS

14 The Pentagon vs. Free Enterprise by Senator William Proxmire
17 Headlines for One World by Stuart Chase

EDITORIAL

20 The UN and the Power of Food

BOOKS

25 Index of Books Reviewed
25 Elie Wiesel: A Soul on Fire by Curt Leviant, an essay review of Elie Wiesel's "A Beggar in Jerusalem"
29 Perspective by J. H. Plumb
30 The Rocky Way to Latin Liaison by Dan Kurzman, an essay review of Nelson A. Rockefeller's "Report on the Americas"

RECORDINGS

65 New Means for New Music—II by Robert Jacobson
70 Recordings in Review by Irving Kolodin
73 Beethoven Bookshelf by Elliot Forbes
76 Jefferson Airplane: Where We've Been Today by Ellen Sander
79 A Letter from Herman A. Gray

THE ARTS

MUSIC

55 Irving Kolodin: Bernstein's "Fidelio"; Horne in "Orfeo"; Davis.

DANCE

58 Walter Terry marks the youthful accent at the New York City Ballet.

MOVIES

59 Hollis Alpert stands watch on "Patton: A Salute to a Rebel" and "MASH."

FINE ARTS

60 Katharine Kuh places values on the art market.

TRAVEL

62 David Butwin conquers Haystack.

COLUMNS

6 Martin Levin: Phoenix Nest
8 Goodman Ace: Top of My Head
10 Jerome Beatty, Jr.: Trade Winds
12 Al Horowitz: Chess Corner
21 Letters to the Editor
56 Robert Lewis Shayon: TV-Radio

WORD GAMES

27 Your Literary I.Q.
34 Literary Crypt
78 Wit Twister
89 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1869

Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Harry T. Morris; Director of Advertising Services, Robert A. Burghardt; Director of Promotion and Research, Martin A. Blum; Circulation Director, George A. Reeves; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy. Subscription $9 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. LIII, No. 5, January 31, 1970. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." © 1970 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under the Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article (in English or other languages) without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a properly addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage. **Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Department, SATURDAY REVIEW, 380 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017.**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Do you have room in your home for three wise men? They are Plato, Aristotle, and Marcus Aurelius...three of the wisest, wittiest, most stimulating minds that ever lived.

They still live...in the Five Great Dialogues of Plato, the Meditations of Marcus Aurelius, and Aristotle's On Man in the Universe.

All three books (regularly $11.67) can be yours for only $1.00 as your introduction to the Classics Club.

The Classics Club is quite unlike any other book club.

The Club doesn't offer best sellers that come and go. Instead, it offers its members a chance to stay young through great books that will never grow old. These books include Utopia by Thomas More; the works of Shakespeare; Benjamin Franklin's Autobiography; Omar Khayyam's Rubaiyat; Walden by Thoreau; and other fresh, spontaneous, even outspoken works that stretch your mind and sweep away the mental cobwebs that hold back most men.

You never have to buy any of these books. (To force you to buy a classic would be barbaric.) As a member, take only those books you really want to own. And, at any time, you may cancel your membership, without penalty or hurt feelings.

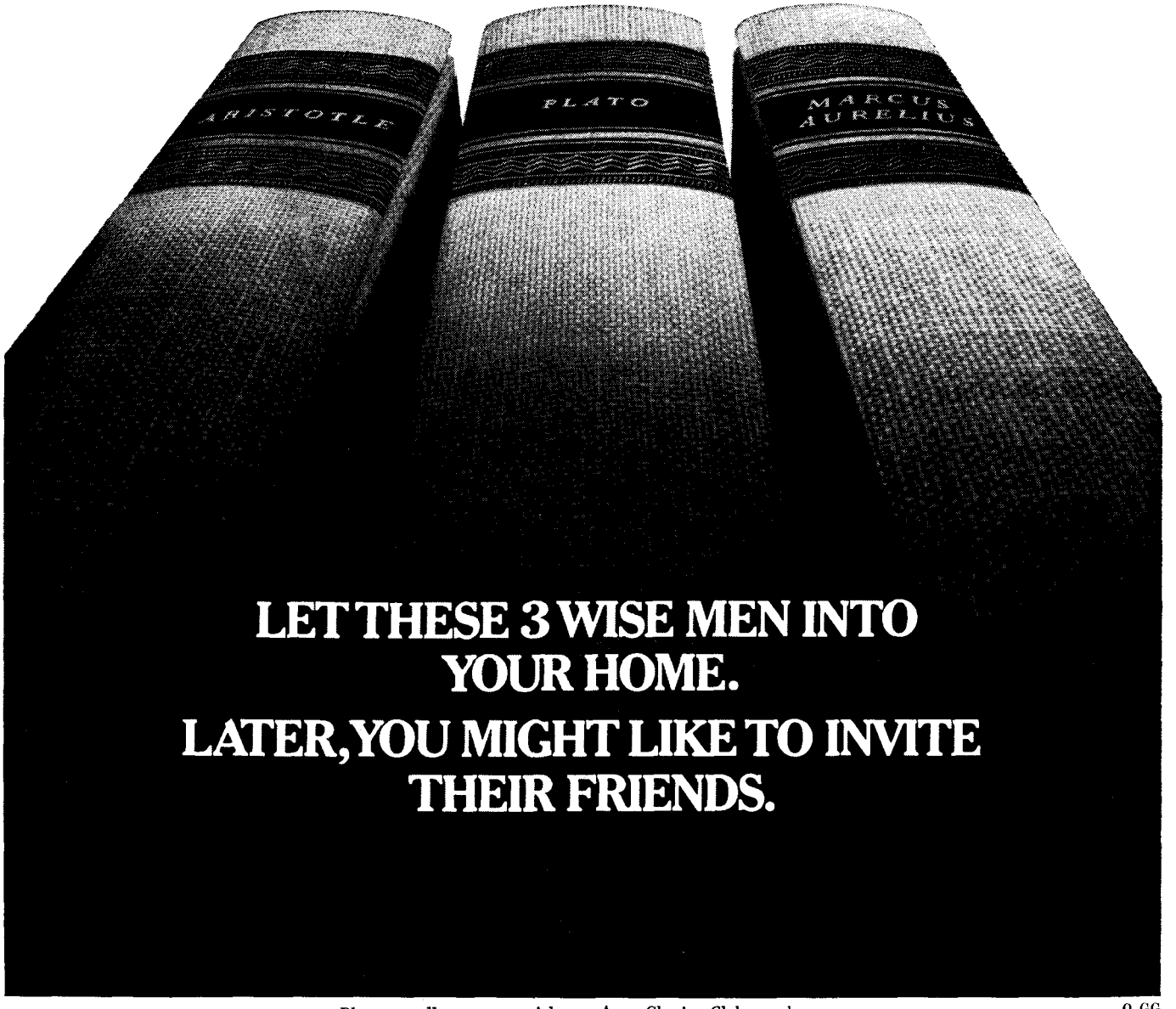
The selections themselves are remarkable values. They're carefully printed on expensive paper stock. They're hard-bound in matched wheat-colored buckram, worked and stamped in crimson, black, and 23-karat gold. And through direct-to-the-public distribution, we are able to offer our members these deluxe editions for only $3.89 each, plus shipping.

Interested? We'll send you the first three selections, Plato, Aristotle and Marcus Aurelius—all three for only $1.00 plus shipping.

We know what charmers these three wise men are. We're betting that you'll be so taken by them that you'll want to stay in the Club and meet some of their friends, including the greatest story tellers, philosophers, poets, and historians the world has ever known.

Don't send any money now. We'll bill you later. Just fill in the coupon below, now, while you're thinking about it and while the invitation still stands.

Mail coupon to The Classics Club, Roslyn, New York 11576.



LET THESE 3 WISE MEN INTO YOUR HOME.

LATER, YOU MIGHT LIKE TO INVITE THEIR FRIENDS.

THE CLASSICS CLUB
ROSLYN, NEW YORK 11576

Please enroll me as a trial member, and send me the three deluxe editions of Plato, Aristotle, and Marcus Aurelius. I enclose no money in advance. Within a week of receiving them, I will either return them and owe nothing, or keep them and pay the introductory price of $1.00, plus mailing.

As a Classics Club member, I'll get word in advance of all future selections. For each volume I decide to keep, I will pay only $3.89 plus mailing. I may reject any volume before or after I receive it, and I may cancel my membership at any time. (Books shipped in U.S.A. only.)

O-GG

PRINT NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

The New Scholarship

AS PART OF its ongoing program for the radicalization of professional societies, The New Anti-University Conference has decided to hold an inter-disciplinary meeting of the college faculty for the purpose of challenging the university-industrial-military-government-advertising-broadcasting-utility-oil-social worker complex. The first step has been the formation of several standing committees:

The Right-On Resolution Committee: This committee will meet for ten minutes in Newark. Resolutions will be passed against war, racism, and Chicago. After the hanging in effigy of Sidney Hook and the apotheosis of Noam Chomsky, the committee will go picket the grape stall in a nearby supermarket.

The Participatory Democracy Committee: This committee will be composed of one member from each academic discipline and anybody else who wants to be on it. Everyone in the lobby of the Hotel Americana at the hour of the committee meeting will be entitled to one vote for each year of elementary school, minus one vote for each year of graduate study. Full professors will be barred from working sessions. There will be panels on the occupation of the stage, the microphone grab, and the walkout. James Forman will take a collection.

The Speaker's Subcommittee of the Participatory Democracy Committee: This subcommittee will be made up of health workers who will pass on the physical qualifications of major plenary session speakers to be carried from the platform.

The Relevance Subcommittee of the Participatory Democracy Committee: This subcommittee will meet for the purpose of accepting unanimously and with enthusiasm all non-negotiable student demands.

The New Scholarship Committee: This committee will invite papers on the model of *Ramparts'* widely noted "America the Foul" series, in the general area of Assault, Assassination, and Nastiness in the United States since the Pilgrims. Herbert Marcuse will preside over a small book burning, if the new scholarship committee and the committee on air pollution can work out details.

The Final Solution Subcommittee of the New Scholarship Committee: This subcommittee, composed of the waiters at the Hotel Americana, will meet in closed session to determine the national curricula for the coming school year. —WALTER GOODMAN.

H2O Plus 3Fe

THE RECENT conferring of Nobel Prizes for developments in the physical sciences brings to mind a few revelations got wind of in the basement laboratories of Electrolysis Hall back when I was tomfooling to a third straight flunk in beginners' chemistry.

Shock hung thick as the reek in old Electrolysis that semester as I skulked to my battered workbench for another run at a D-minus. Clawing at his Enrico Fermi sweat shirt, lab instructor and seventh-year doctoral candidate Ludwig Pachowski raced to the blackboard and began scribbling hydrocarbon latticeworks, the structures stabbing in wild attachments of Hs and Cs. How could I do this again to him and others? he screamed. The fires in my wash basin would distract him from his own research, that stream of bubbles on a sudsy cha cha through the huge roller coaster of plastic hosing sprawled in one corner of the room. Wouldn't such a sensitive fifth-percentiler be happier spread-eagling the bullfrogs the hell away from there in rudimentary biology?

Not at all. Two years' grounding had matured me as a concocter, and soon my oxides were grouching about their Pyrex dishes and molecules for workbenches around freaked up and down whenever signaled by my asbestos spatula. Best, my lab problem sheets began earning accolades of 42% and 33 1/3 instead of their former 22s, 10s, and "Good God!"s. Even Pachowski, when not in his tangle twirling petcocks and catching drippings in 250-liter beakers, volunteered whistles of disbelief.

One session as the roller coaster dozed fitfully, he bounded to the lectern and announced that technologically the group seemed ready for the "reduction of steam by iron" experiment. Sounds like a Bismarckian thrust into East Prussia, I called to my friend and class volatiles infatuate Richie O'Connor at his workbench so far in the back of the room as to be nearly in the courtyard.

In this reduction, exulted O'Connor while sweeping the slivers of what had been an astonishingly slippery Gooch crucible, we are to seize a volume of water and rip its oxygen right out of the hydrogens. Set a flaskful boiling over a Bunsen burner, he explained, and pass the steam into a tube and across the red-hot strands of a Brillo pad that lies in a larger tube cooking over another Bunsen burner. Here the oxygen mingles with the emanation from the Brillo and wafts through a third tube and up into another bottle of water that rests upside down in a baking pan that is also filled with water. There liberated hydrogen gushes into the bottle, evicting water into the baking pan.

Christ, I said, the water. And the tubes, blurted O'Connor gazing across the wide berth afforded him the day he imbedded a hammer in the ceiling almost .00045 of a second after striking it on some scrapings from his mortar. The instrumentation, cried equipment dispenser Morton Gildersleeve as he shoved several crates of glassware, thirty dozen rubber stoppers, clamps, ring stands, and connectors through the opening of his chicken-wired supply cubicle.

Argh, the misapplication, gasped Pachowski three hours later as he adjusted his shatter-proof goggles and edged into my aurora borealis where I stood fanning flames under receptacles and half-expecting maybe one burble of hydrogen. Why did I find it so difficult raising this gas? he wondered. Isn't it the ninth most abundant element with the lightest atom of all? Of course, I answered, but despite my slavish attention to detail, this apparatus seems incapable as constructed. Yes, doesn't it? yelled Pachowski. From the murk in my delivery tube and the sweet time everything takes getting to the receiving vessel, who knows, I could strike hydrogen before my fourth time through the course.

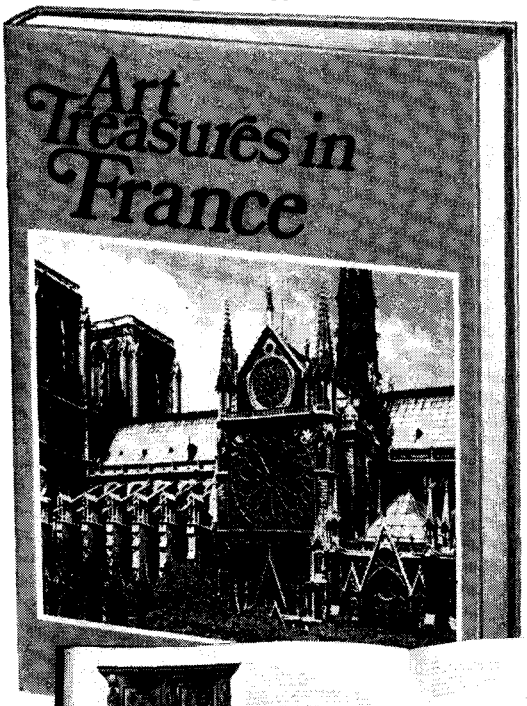
Not with his thistle in that position, diagnosed porcelain National Merit summa cum Hilda Wrotz, who stepped from the onlookers for a squint at a long tube with a sort of eggcup on top that I had jammed cavalierly through the stopper plugging the flask of water to be boiled. Look, Hilda continued, he hasn't stuck his thistle in deeply enough; all the oxygen and hydrogen have frittered into the atmosphere.

Well, that wraps up another star-studded afternoon, I shrugged. Let's just be reassured that with H2O plus 3Fe you're bound to get H somewhere somehow, sighed O'Connor. Looks like a 30 at most, concluded Pachowski.

—PETER NICHOLS.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

McGraw-Hill invites you to take a grand tour of the



Art Treasures in France

in this exciting library volume containing 250 superb illustrations – nearly 100 in vivid full color – for only **$1** *regular series price $5.95*

as your introduction to ART TREASURES OF THE WORLD

FOR MORE THAN 800 years, France has given the world some of its greatest and most beloved artists – and in addition her kings and citizens have gathered together truly amazing collections from many lands. No other nation possesses within its borders more magnificent masterpieces.

Now, in *Art Treasures in France,* you can view the famous paintings, sculpture, architecture and objects of art that draw tourists from all over the world. Enjoy this dazzling new art volume in your home for 10 days free. If you can't bear to part with it, keep it for only $1.

In 250 superb illustrations *(nearly 100 in brilliant color!)* you will tour all the centuries of French art history . . . see the ancient Roman theatres and temples still preserved in Arles and Viennes . . . the splendor of the Gothic cathedrals of the 13th and 14th centuries . . . the Renaissance palaces and chateaux . . . the glorious age of the court of Louis XIV.

You will see exquisite French paintings by Watteau, Fragonard, David, and many others . . . right up to the moderns like Van Gogh, Renoir, Cezanne, Gauguin! And the most celebrated works of other painters now in French museums . . . Michelangelo, da Vinci, Titian, Rubens, Picasso, and more.

Whatever is beautiful to behold – furniture, exquisite jewelry, ceramics and tapestries – all are included in this amazingly comprehensive art survey of France.

More than 50,000 words of authoritative text, by a team of specialists, with about 30,000 additional words of picture captions – plus a fascinating guide to the museums and architectural wonders – make this volume an art tour supreme.

Why do we make this $1 offer?

Art Treasures in France is offered for only $1 to introduce you to McGraw-Hill's new and exciting publishing project ART TREASURES OF THE WORLD. For the first time, the art masterpieces created or collected in each major country are made available in this series – at an extraordinarily low price to subscribers. Each sumptuously illustrated volume, like the first, contains 250 illustrations – including more than 100 in full color. The dimensions are king-size, 8 by 11 inches; the printing, paper, and binding of a quality to delight a connoisseur. The authors are outstanding authorities, headed by general editors Bernard S. Myers and Trewin Copplestone.

You are invited to become a Charter Subscriber to the series, if you wish, and to receive any or all of the forthcoming volumes, each covering a different country – on approval. But decide later. First, examine *Art Treasures in France* 10 days free.

Send no money — mail the coupon today

If you decide not to keep *Art Treasures in France,* return it and pay nothing. Or if delighted send only $1 plus a few cents shipping, as full payment. Your name will then be entered as a Charter Subscriber to ART TREASURES OF THE WORLD. A new volume will be offered to you about every two months (always on approval) at the subscriber's *guaranteed low price* of only $5.95, plus shipping. You will be under no obligation to take every volume or any minimum at all. You may stop whenever you wish. Mail the coupon below. McGraw-Hill Book Company, 330 West 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036.

(Below) Van Gogh's portrait of Dr. Gachet, one of the first to recognize Van Gogh's talent. Shown in full color.

Corregio's Jupiter and Antiope, Renaissance masterpiece purchased by Louis XIV in the 1660s, now at the Louvre. Full page color plate.

SOME OF THE FORTHCOMING VOLUMES

McGraw-Hill Book Company, Dept. AB-110
330 West 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036

Please send me *Art Treasures in France* for ten days without cost or obligation. If I decide to keep the book, I will remit only $1.00, plus few cents delivery. Otherwise, I will return it postpaid within ten days.

If I keep *Art Treasures in France* I will be enrolled as a Charter Subscriber to the ART TREASURES OF THE WORLD program, with the privilege of receiving a new volume approximately every other month for a ten-day examination. After examining each subsequent volume, I may either purchase it at the special subscription price of only $5.95, plus few cents delivery, or return it and owe nothing. I understand that I am under no obligation to keep or purchase any volumes, and that I am free to cancel my subscription whenever I wish.

Name .....

Address .....

City & State ..... Zip Code .....

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Hey, Taxi

I AM THE WORST cab-getter in the whole world, and that includes rickshas in China.

The title was bestowed by my wife the other night as we huddled with several other Manhattanites under a restaurant canopy on a snow-swept street. She had just watched three men commandeer three cabs right off my finger tips and rescue their wives from the freezing cold.

"You are the worst cab-getter in the whole world, including gin rickeys in China," she proclaimed in a brief eulogistic ceremony.

As I knelt in the snow to be knighted, I murmured, "There's quite a crowd here, and those three men were ahead of us."

"You couldn't even get a cab," she replied, "if you were on the moon with only those three astronauts on it."

"There were only two on the moon."

"That's worse yet," she retorted. "I know you can't whistle through your teeth like everybody else can [I can't], but the way to get a cab is to give the doorman a tip."

"There's no doorman here."

"Excuses, excuses."

A few days later she made the award official by presenting me with a tiny solid gold whistle.

"Here," she said, "is a tiny solid gold whistle that you can whistle to get a cab. It's really to put on your charm bracelet, but you don't wear one; so you can hook it on to your key ring." I hooked it on.

I must admit here that I am not one of your most aggressive cab-getters. I have been beaten out of cabs by a sixty-year-old woman, a seventy-five-year-old man, a 36-22-36 young lady, and a forty-six-inch boy. As for the three men under the canopy that night, they were absolutely members of the Oakland Raiders.

William Powell—remember him in *The Thin Man*? Now, there was a talented cab-getter. I admired and envied him every time he and Myrna Loy came out of their apartment. No sooner had William Powell reached the curb and raised a gloved hand than a cab pulled up.

And when they got to the restaurant where they were to dine, that was sheer magic. In one beautiful orchestrated motion, he handed the cabbie the fare, and he and Myrna swept suavely into the restaurant.

Now me. We come out of the apartment, I almost get a cab, when some guy a few feet ahead of me darts out from nowhere and grabs it.

"You almost had it," she says. "When you let that man get your cab you could have knocked me down with a fender." I am sorely tempted.

When we arrive at the restaurant, she's always sitting near the door through which we have to exit; so I have to crawl over her to help her out. My hat falls off; my posture is definitely not William Powell; it's more Lon Chaney in *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*.

Then, fumbling for the fare, I discover the smallest bill I have is a ten spot, and the cabbie wants to know if I thing he's a bank; so I run across the street to get change in a cigar store, which the man resents until I buy some pipe tobacco, that I don't smoke, and I hustle back to gather up my bride, and we sweep into the restaurant in one discordant motion.

After we are seated, she says sarcastically, "Well, do you still feel like William Powell?"

"No," I reply tartly, "I feel more like Guy Lombardo on New Year's morning. And I'm sure Myrna Loy would never have made a crack like that to him."

"Myrna Loy was never married to Guy Lombardo. You've got your couples mixed."

It was the very next day that she presented me with that tiny solid gold whistle, which I hooked to my key ring. That afternoon I was in the snow, without her at my elbow, waiting for a cab. I decided to test my whistle.

I stood off the curb in the street and blew it. What can I tell you? Only a dog could have heard it. A small dog nestled in your arms close to your cheek. I huffed and I puffed, but it did not attract any cab driver.

But it did attract a police car, with two burly cops. As I kept blowing, they watched me suspiciously.

"Hey, Mac," one of them called out, "why are you blowing on your key ring?"

"Oh," I replied, "I'm not blowing on my key ring. You see, I'm the worst cab-getter in the world. So my wife gave me this tiny solid gold whistle to blow for a cab."

"Isn't that darling?" he said to his partner.

"Takes all kinds," the other said.

Ski

at St. Moritz, Davos, Garmisch, Megeve, Kitzbuhel, Gstaad, Arosa, Engelberg, Grindelwald, Klosters, Wengen, Innsbruck, Bad Gastein, Berchtesgaden, St. Anton, Lech, St. Christoph, Zell Am See, Zurs, Chourchevel, Chamonix, Avoriaz, Zermatt, and Val D'Isere.

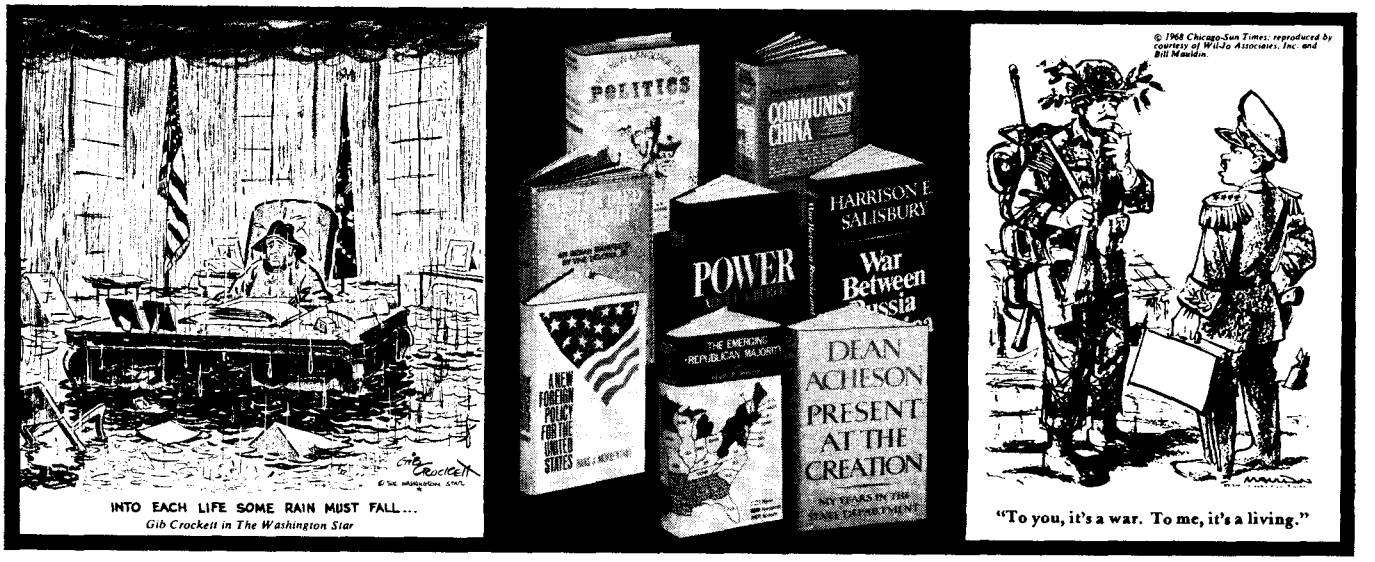
Travel by jet on major scheduled airlines (Air India, Swissair, KLM, Sabena, Pan Am, and Lufthansa).

Round trip jet fare from New York is $268. You also prepay $70 toward your accommodations which cost from $5 to $20 a day.

Twelve 2-week trips will depart from New York in January through March. For information write to Travel Wholesalers International, 1707 L Street, N.W. Washington, D.C. 20036. Or telephone (202) 296-9161.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Politics. The greatest show on earth.


INTO EACH LIFE SOME RAIN MUST FALL...
Gib Crockett in The Washington Star
POLITICS
COMMUNIST CHINA
HARRISON E. SALISBURY
War Between Russia
POWER
THE EMERGING REPUBLICAN MAJORITY
A NEW FOREIGN POLICY FOR THE UNITED STATES
DEAN ACHESON
PRESENT AT THE CREATION
© 1968 Chicago Sun-Times; reproduced by courtesy of Wil-Jo Associates, Inc. and Bill Mauldin.
"To you, it's a war. To me, it's a living."

And here's your invitation to a ringside seat at the whole lively-scandal-ridden-screaming-soft-spoken-kid-glove-bare-knuckled show! The Library of Political Affairs is a new kind of book club—dedicated to bringing you the total view of the total political scene—from dirty deals to diplomatic detentes, from the art of the practical to theories of power and policy. ☐ ☐ ☐ For the politically oriented man of our time—pro, amateur or scholar—we will offer only the most perceptive, thoughtful, important books on every aspect of politics, *always* at worthwhile discounts off regular prices. Free bonus books, too. If politics is your bag, this is the *one* book club you can't afford to miss!

NOW! The Library of Political Affairs

(Retail prices shown)

37930. THE CHINA READER: COMMUNIST CHINA. Edited by Franz Schurmann and Orville Schell. The new face of China, shown in depth through documents, statements, and articles by world experts. An unrivaled annotated documentary of China's struggle to become a major world power. **$7.95**

33300. AN AMERICAN MELODRAMA: The Presidential Campaign of 1968. Lewis Chester, Godfrey Hodgson and Bruce Page. "One of the richest, most perceptive, and most provocative accounts of an American election year yet produced . . . an immensely able reporting job." —*N. Y. Times Book Review.* **$10.00**

86120. WAR BETWEEN RUSSIA AND CHINA / THE NEW RUSSIAN TRAGEDY. *A dual selection.* **Harrison E. Salisbury** traces the historical, geopolitical, and ideological background of the Sino-Soviet border crisis. *Plus* **Anatole Shub** of the *Washington Post* on the texture of politics and daily life in Russia today. **$9.45**

69840. PRESENT AT THE CREATION, Dean Acheson. A stunning record of the shaping of the post-war world, by one of its chief architects. "As autobiography it is enthralling, as history indispensable, as a manual of government and diplomacy invaluable."—*N. Y. Times Book Review.* **$15.00**

44390. THE EMERGING REPUBLICAN MAJORITY. Kevin P. Phillips. Phillips, special assistant to Nixon's campaign manager Attorney General Mitchell, spells out the now-and-future Republican election strategy—based on new regional coalitions against the political strength of the industrial, urbanized Northeast. **$7.95**

24590. THE WAY WE GO TO WAR / COUP D'ETAT. *A dual selection.* Two studies of the highest echelons of power. **Merlo J. Pusey's** account of how the President came to be the most influential man in the world. *Plus* **Edward Luttwak's** chilling do-it-yourself handbook for revolutionaries. **$9.90**

65220. OBSOLETE COMMUNISM. Daniel and Gabriel Cohn-Bendit. The firebrand who sparked the May, 1968, demonstrations in France records those fateful events and, in collaboration with his brother, argues for an alternative to rigid, traditional communism. **$5.95**

Take any 3 books (values to $35) for only $1 each as a trial Charter Member

64280. THE NEW LANGUAGE OF POLITICS. William Safire. Sheer fun! A treasure trove of political terms (1,204 entries), and an invaluable offbeat reference guide to the old, new, and constantly changing political history of America. **$10.00**

64220. A NEW FOREIGN POLICY FOR THE UNITED STATES. Hans J. Morgenthau. A top political scientist reappraises American foreign policy and the need for new approaches. ". . . an important contribution to the current 'great debate' on America's role in the world."—*N.Y. Times Book Review.* **$6.95**

80770. THE STRUGGLE FOR THE MIDDLE EAST. Walter Laqueur's authoritative study of change and disruption in the crucial decade, 1958-1968, the impact on American policy, the future prospects. **$7.95**

69870. POWER. Adolf A. Berle. Drawing on first-hand knowledge, A. A. Berle presents the most systematic anatomy of the realities and exercise of power and the most comprehensive theory since Machiavelli's. **$10.00**

32880. AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY / THE TRANSFORMATION OF AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY. *A dual selection.* **Henry A. Kissinger's** discerning assessment of the central issues in American foreign policy. *Plus* former Ambassador **Charles E. Bohlen's** illuminating retrospective of main currents in foreign relations over the last thirty years. **$7.90**

41540. CUSTER DIED FOR YOUR SINS. Vine Deloria, Jr. A Sioux Indian speaks out. Slashing indictment of exploitation and ravagement, and a unique inside view of the traditions, strengths and needs of a people who seek a viable future in their own image. **$5.95**

59620. MALCOLM X: THE MAN AND HIS TIMES. Edited by John Henrik Clarke. 21 black writers on the most charismatic and pivotal figure in Afro-American history—who he really was and what he really stood for—as well as basic writings and speeches by Malcolm himself. **$7.95**

CHARTER MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION F-910

The Library of Political Affairs
P.O. Box 1818, Riverside, New Jersey 08075

Please enroll me as a charter member, and send the three books I have indicated on this card. Bill me just $1 for each of the three, plus shipping and handling. If not delighted, I will return them within ten days, and my membership will be cancelled. As a charter member, I need accept only three more selections during the next twelve months, always at reduced member prices, plus shipping and handling. I understand that savings range up to 30%, and occasionally even more. Each month I will receive advance reviews describing forthcoming selections, along with a convenient form for requesting alternate selections, or no book at all. For every four selections, I may choose a free bonus book. (This introductory offer counts as my first selection).

3 books for only $1 each *(write in numbers)*

_____

_____

_____

Books bought for professional purposes may be a tax-deductible expense.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____State_____Zip_____

(Offer good in continental U.S. and Canada only).

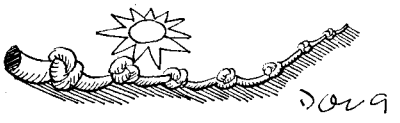
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trade Winds

Jerome Beatty, Jr.

An aborigine who was suffering from a terrible disease, according to Dick Roraback, consulted the witch doctor. The medic advised the sick man to cut off a kangaroo's tail and to dry the skin in the sun until leathery. Then he was to tie it in seven equidistantly spaced knots, and to chew and swallow one-seventh of the tail each day. At the end of seven days it would be gone, along with the illness, the doctor said.

But when the aborigine returned a week later, he felt as sick as ever, although he had followed the advice given him. When the medicine man



heard this, he remarked, "Hmmm. The thong is ended, but the malady lingers on."

Professor William L. Rivers of Stanford's Department of Communication has sent along some more student spellings, to which he gives his own definitions. "To dramtize," for example, must mean to drink madly. When he ran across the phrase "stiffling environment," he concluded the writer was referring to a cemetery. Here are some more of his students' contributions to lexicography and Professor Rivers's reactions to them:

"Teetotler"—child prohibitionist.

"Hareassments"—cottontails.

"Doing things clamly"—like a chowderhead.

"Souroundings"—a lemon grove.

"Catgory"—a feline fight.

"Robert Louise Stevenson"—the noted transvestite.

"Liberterrians"—left-wing dogcatchers.

Writing recently in his column on religion in the Toronto *Telegram*, the Reverend R. F. Stackhouse pointed out that books such as *Valley of the Dolls*, although best sellers, cannot keep up with the New Testament in popularity. But I don't think he meant it when he wrote: "In a time when pornography has been defended with the claim that smut is what the people want, the ironic fact is that the Bible beats them all year after year."

Here we are closing in on the twenty-first century, and modern man is hung up on symbols no less than he ever was. Patriotic symbols are the strangest examples right now; the worship of the flag as an item is apparently going to turn it into a fetish. I ran across a funny case at Christmastime, when I was in the Virgin Islands. In the capital, Charlotte Amalie, a full-sized replica of the Liberty Bell is displayed, one of fifty made by the French government in 1950. I don't know where the other forty-nine are, but this one was donated by France.

What amused me is that the replicas were all cast with the crack in them. But the crack in the Liberty Bell appeared in 1835, causing it never to be rung again. The crack hasn't anything to do with the Declaration of Independence, or with the ringing of the bell in 1776 to celebrate its signing. So why not make casts of the whole bell, honoring it as it was on that historic occasion? Because people now associate independence with the crack in the Liberty Bell.

Two Yuletide items have come to me. One made me laugh and the other made me sad. Lakenan Barnes sends a copy of the bulletin from his Methodist church in Mexico, Missouri. It explains that Christmas tree lights have religious significance: "The blue ones stand for courage, the red for sacrifice, the white for truth, and the green for immorality."

The sad item is from Vietnam. A reader observed this sign December 12 on an Air Force truck parked in front of the Officers' Club at Danang Air Force Base: ONLY 13 BOMBING DAYS UNTIL CHRISTMAS.

The son of a friend of ours is having trouble with his Latin. He brings home his lessons, and his mother, who took four years of the dead language at college, pesters and tutors him, and he doesn't like it very much. At one frustrating point, he cried, "Don't forget, Mother, Latin has changed a lot since you studied it!"

Sharps and Flats: Mrs. Loren Shapiro's twelfth-grade English students at Chicago's Waller High always get a chuckle when they turn to their textbook, *Prose and Poetry of the World*. The authors are Agnew and McCarthy.

► In Springfield, Ohio, windows are lovingly washed by the Eros Window Cleaning Service.

► The Louisville *Courier-Journal* wrote, after a New York snowstorm, that "a few hardy soles took to the street."

► Vermont's Governor Deane C. Davis was quoted as saying that "conditions at the state hospital have been swept under the rug for too long and are just now coming to a head."

► John Colpitts declared, "Everyone in favor of birth control has already been born."

► In addition to his Oz books, L. Frank Baum's output was extensive. In 1905, his *Animal Fairy Tales* were printed in nine issues of *The Delineator*. Now for the first time they have been collected by the International Wizard of Oz Club in a paperbound book, which can be ordered for $3 from David L. Greene, 128 South 39th Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19104.

► Mayor Gordon L. Thomas of East Lansing, Michigan, tells me he thinks it was a Freudian slip for the Detroit *Free Press* to describe the surface of the moon as "a bleak, dull-gray expense strewn with rocks."

► Bob Orben says an old-timer is someone who remembers when it was Frank Harris novels you smuggled out of France—not gunboats.

► In Dennis, Massachusetts, a blue shark was found beached but still alive.

Three men worked in darkness and rain, carrying the shark on a stretcher to an aquarium where they "walked" it back and forth in the water for two hours, but the poor thing finally died. A sterling example of man's humanity to fish, but I don't believe it will change any hungry sharks.

► R. Mahoney asks: Show me a night-club stripper, and I will show you a girl responsible for her own undoing.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1868)

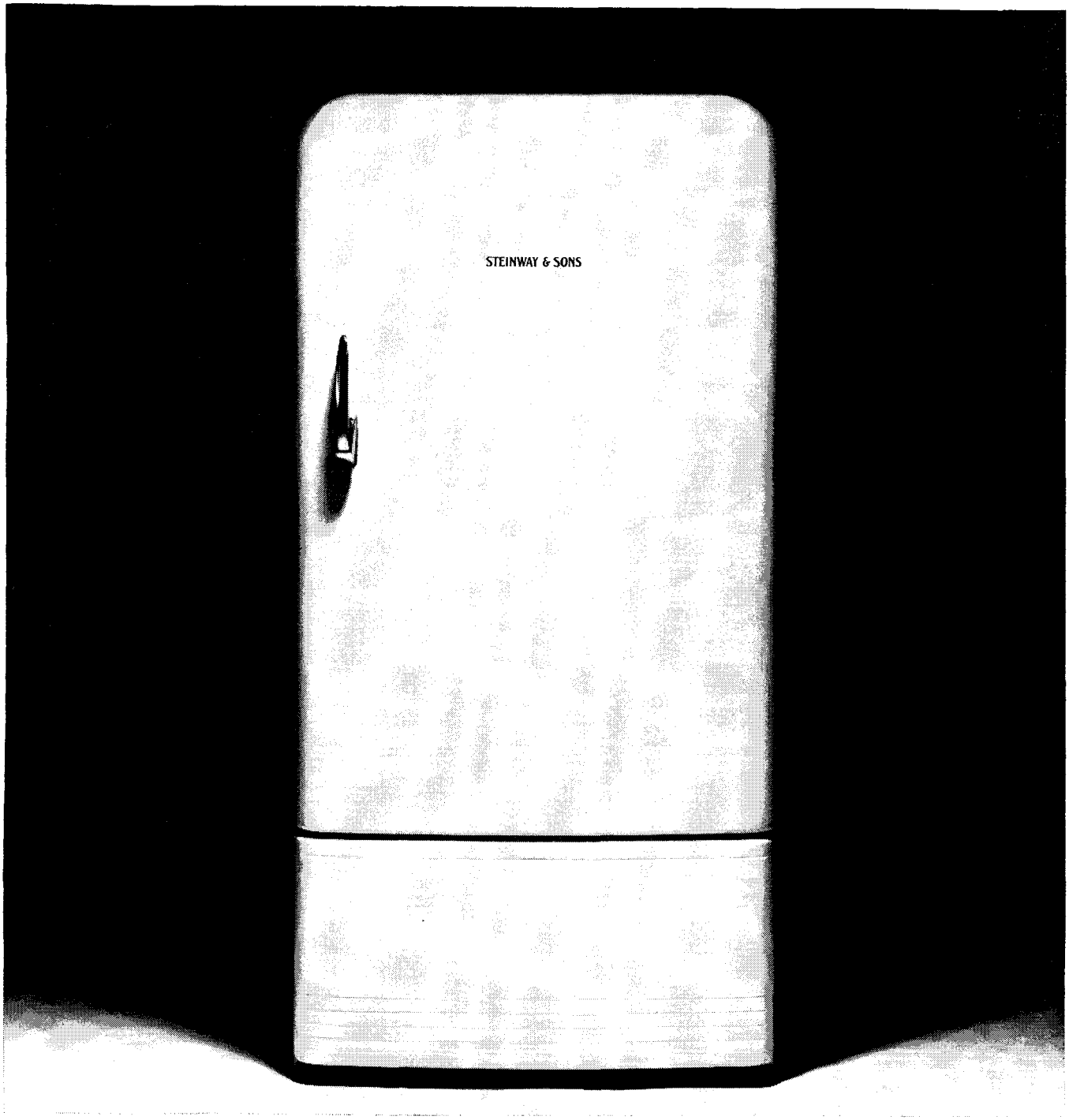
PAUL GOODMAN:

THE NEW REFORMATION

Rationality itself is discredited. . . . intelligent young people dabble in astrology, witchcraft, psychedelic dreams, and whatever else is despised by science; in some sense they are not kidding. They need to control their fate, but they hate scientific explanations.

New York Times Sunday Magazine, Sept. 14, 1969

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Not for a million dollars.

Funny things happen to you when you have a name like Steinway.

During the Depression, for example, a refrigerator maker offered us a million dollars for the right to use our name. Things were tough and we could have used the cash. But, instead of selling our name, we closed our factory for two years.

We've had plenty of other offers, too. From people making vacuum cleaners, TV sets, you name it. But to us, "Steinway" stands for things money can't buy. Integrity. Tradition. But above all, a belief in our product. A belief that means more than a fast, easy buck.

Today, "Steinway" still stands for pianos only. Pianos built up to a standard. One example of this standard is the patented Steinway Hexagrip Wrestplank.® We build it the hard way by laminating 6 layers of rock maple at successive 45° angles, to grip each tuning pin 6 ways instead of 2. As a result, every Steinway,® whether it's a 9 foot concert grand or a 40 inch upright, stays in tune longer.

There are over 12,000 other parts in a typical Steinway. Each built with the same spirit.

For more information write to John H. Steinway, Steinway Hall, 109 W. 57th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10019.

Steinway & Sons

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GIVE HER SOME BLESSINGS TO COUNT

Her name is Luciana. And her blessings are few and far between.

She lives with her parents and four brothers in a Bolivian shack. There's no running water. No electricity. No sanitation.

Medical care is practically non-existent. An unhappy circumstance when you're constantly threatened with acute starvation and diseases ranging from rickets to TB.

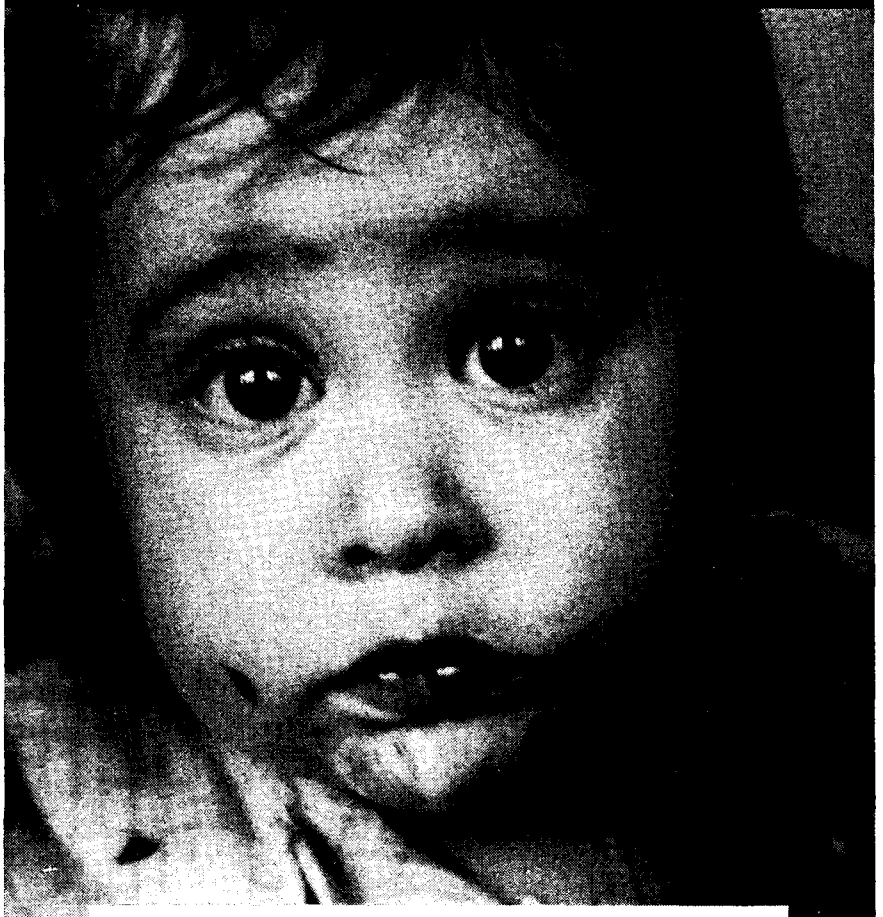
To complicate matters, Luciana's father is an invalid. So her mother sells vegetables in the street to earn the family's 50¢ a day subsistence.

She doesn't have too many blessings to count. Nor do thousands of other children who exist in similar sub-human conditions throughout our world.

Only you can give them hope. Sponsor a child through the CI "Adoption" Plan, and you'll become part of a program sending blessings and opportunities to children in 17 countries.

It's an easy way to bring some happiness into one small life. Which isn't any small thing.

For more information, use the coupon below and write direct to Dr. J. Calvitt Clarke or Mrs. Jeanne Clarke Wood.



CHILDREN, INCORPORATED

Box 5381, Dept. SR-1, Richmond, Virginia 23220

I wish to "adopt" a boy ☐ girl ☐ in _____ Name of country

I will pay $12 a month ($144.00 a year). Enclosed is my gift for ☐ a full year ☐ the first month. Please send me the child's name, story, address, and picture. I understand that I can correspond with my child, and continue the "adoption" longer than one year if I wish. Also, I may discontinue the "adoption" at any time.

☐ I cannot "adopt" a child, but want to help $_____.
☐ Or, I will pledge $_____ per month.
☐ Please send me further information.
☐ If for a group, please specify _____ Church, Class, Club, School, Business, etc.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Gifts are tax deductible

Countries:
Bolivia
Chile
Guatemala
Honduras
Hong Kong
India
Iran
Japan
Korea
Lebanon
Mexico
Nigeria
Paraguay
Peru
Syria
Thailand
U.S.A.—Appalachian children or American Indians, or Greatest Need

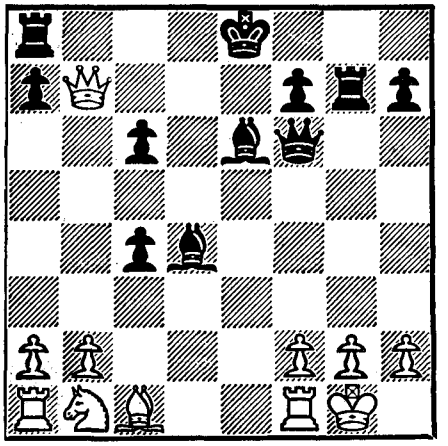
Chess Corner No. 148

In the Middle Ages, the Roman Church condemned chess—as it did many other forms of amusement—as a tool of the devil, and enjoined the faithful to abstain from it as from the more obvious sins. In recent times, however, the Church not only has softened its position but has come around to encouraging warmly what once it condemned; Pope Paul VI, we have heard, has recently commended the teaching of chess to children, suggesting that if they were occupied over the chessboard, instead of allowed to play with war toys, the cause of peace might be served. The most salient evidence of the Church's current attitude toward chess is that the American grandmaster Father William Lombardi, a Roman Catholic priest, is encouraged by his superiors to take part in international tournaments, on the sound assumption that such friendly competitions among representatives of various nations help to bring about better understanding among peoples throughout the world.

The winner of the following brilliant game is another Roman Catholic ecclesiast, Gioacchino Cardinal Pecci, later to become Pope Leo XIII. It was played in Perugia, about 1875, and was recorded by a famous theologian and chess fancier, Maurice de la Taille.

GIUOCO PIANO

	Guila White	Pecci Black		Guila White	Pecci Black
1	P-K4	P-K4	9	PxNP	R-KN1
2	N-KB3	N-QB3	10	PxP	NxP
3	B-B4	B-B4	11	NxN	BxN
4	P-B3	N-B3	12	Q-R5	Q-B3
5	P-Q4	PxP	13	O-O	RxP
6	P-K5	P-Q4	14	Q-N5ch	P-B3
7	PxN	PxB	15	QxNP	
8	Q-K2ch	B-K3			



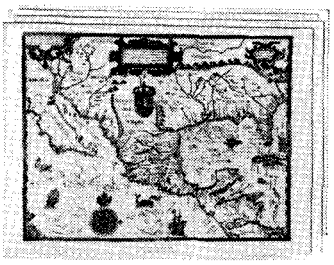
15		RxPch!
16	KxR	Q-N3ch
17	K-R1	B-Q4ch
18	P-B3	BxPch
19	RxB	Q-N8mate

—Al Horowitz.

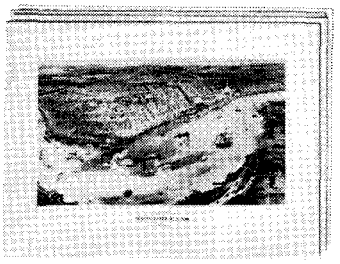
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Only American Heritage Magazine can give you a choice like this.

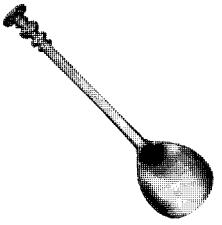
Select any one of these exciting gifts as a *free* bonus when you subscribe to the famous "Magazine of History."



1. 4 EARLY MAPS. In superb color, each 18″ x 24″ on heavy paper: *Mariner's Guide (1546); New Netherlands & New England (1635); The New World (1600); First American Map of U.S. (1784).*



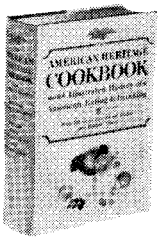
2. 4 CITY PRINTS. Aerial views of New York, Boston, Charleston, New Orleans in 1850's. Each about 15″ x 21″ on heavy paper. Beautiful for framing.



3. SEAL-TOP SPOON. Gorham's exquisite replica of a rare Elizabethan spoon in heavy silver plate – ideal for serving. Retail value: $9.95.

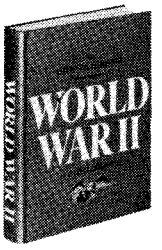
4. AMERICAN HERITAGE CROSSWORDS. 55 fascinating puzzles with themes from America's past. Delightful change of pace for crossword fans! 9″ x 12″. 128 pages.

5. INDIANS. Lavishly illustrated, exciting to read, this meticulously researched history is the most complete of its kind ever published. A $16.50 value.



6. AMERICAN HERITAGE COOKBOOK. 500 tested recipes, 30 traditional menus, 256 pages, generously illustrated – a gustatory treat of historic proportions! Retail value: $12.50

7. 3 L-P RECORDS. *Great American Songs; Historic Music of The Great West; The Invention of the Presidency.* All handsomely jacketed; with explanatory notes.



8. WORLD WAR II. A $20 retail value, this remarkable best seller is the largest one-volume picture history of World War II ever published. By C. L. Sulzberger, of *The New York Times.*

We're offering you this unusual selection of free Membership Gifts for two reasons:

To make it most attractive for you to subscribe to *American Heritage* Magazine, starting right now.

And to give you a clear idea – with these gifts – of the fun and fascination you can expect in the pages of *American Heritage.*

Here in *American Heritage's* pages, truly, you will find America. Seen and savored from every perspective: How men fought – and how families lived. The teeming cities and the turbulent frontiers. The heroes and outlaws and little people who make the nation's story so colorful and unendingly gripping.

We think you'll enjoy *American Heritage.* And profit from it, too. So, we invite you to try a full year's subscription – six bimonthly issues – for only $13.95. A saving of 30% on the regular subscription price of $20.

9. 3 BOOKS FOR CHILDREN. A stimulating variety: *My Dear Dolphin; Your Body;* and *How Fast, How Far* – a history of man "on the move" in outer space and on earth.

Send No Money

First, read the "get-acquainted" copy of *American Heritage* that we'll send you. Share the brilliant insights of historians such as Bruce Catton and Margaret L. Coit. Enjoy best-selling authors like Louis Auchincloss.

Then, if you decide the magazine is not for you, just tell us. We'll stop your subscription immediately. You owe us nothing. And you keep the introductory copy without charge.

If, as we expect, you enjoy *American Heritage*–we'll continue your subscription and send you the gift of your selection immediately.

So, "shop" for your gift right now, won't you? And mail the coupon today.

Start Your Subscription With The February Issue: The Policeman's Lot. A frank, fascinating look at the police establishment from Boston in the early 1800's to Mayor Daley's Chicago. / **"Never Leave Me..."** Louis Auchincloss' tender portrait of aging Henry Adams and the young girl who cared for him. / **Green Pastures Recalled.** Marc Connelly's evergreen memories of the play he wrote and the life he's lived. / **That Mess on the Prestile.** A hard-hitting feature of *American Heritage's* new conservation section. / **"A Melancholy Case."** How George Washington deliberately condemned an innocent man to die. / And more. But see for yourself.

AMERICAN HERITAGE MAGAZINE
383 W. Center St., Marion, Ohio 43302

M0891

As my free bonus, I choose #_____.

First, please send me the February issue, and enter my subscription for a full year of *American Heritage* – six bimonthly issues at your money-saving rate of $13.95. If I wish, I may cancel after reading the first issue. I'll owe you nothing–and the introductory copy is mine to keep.

When my subscription is confirmed, I'm entitled to receive my Membership Gift without any additional charge.

NAME_____
(Please Print)

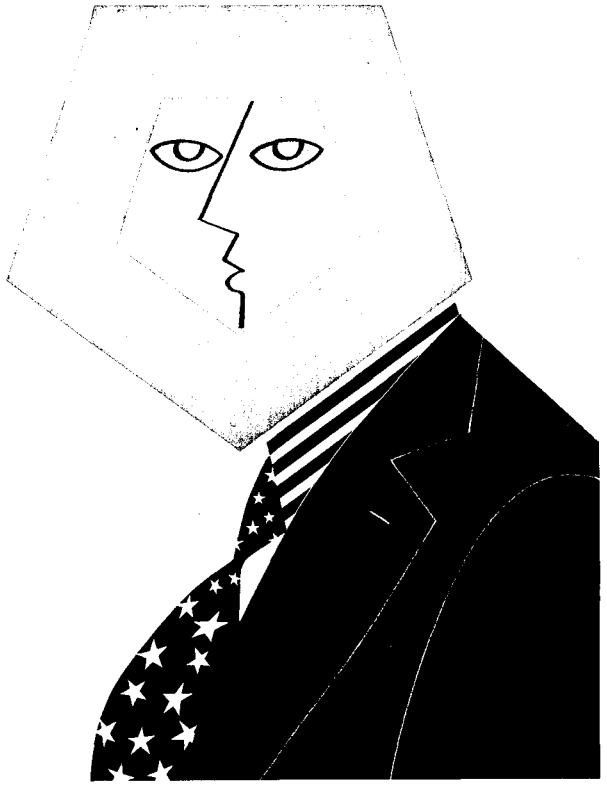
STREET_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

SEND NO MONEY; WE'LL BILL YOU LATER.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Pentagon vs. Free Enterprise



by SENATOR WILLIAM PROXMIRE

The military-industrial complex has a great and pervasive influence on the life of the United States. Everyone agrees on that. But whether its influence is unwarranted or unhealthy is, of course, the question that has provoked heated national debate. The size and influence of the complex have given rise to legitimate concern, because of the military's tendency to identify national security with ever-larger arsenals, and because of its growing and heretofore unchallenged claim on the natural and human resources needed to combat the country's domestic ills. Compounding this concern is the documented evidence that the military and defense industries are guilty of inefficient and otherwise questionable business practices—particularly in the area of procurement—that not only are wasteful but stifle the principle of open competition that is basic to our free enterprise system.

Military and military-related spending now totals more than $80-billion annually and consumes a tenth of the Gross National Product. Because the defense budget has not been as thoroughly scrutinized and debated as budgets for civilian programs, and because of past experience with national security costs greatly exceeding initial estimates, the allocation of these funds is of primary importance. The defense budget should not be allowed to just "grow," but should be subject to the same control as the rest of the budget.

In the past, only one-tenth of the total staff of the Bureau of the Budget has been assigned to review the military budget. In all fairness, Robert Mayo, the present director of the bureau, has testified that in the future military expenditures will be subject to the same scrutiny as are civilian programs. This review is absolutely essential, and I hope that it will be accomplished. My own investigations and those of Congress's Joint Economic Committee reveal that approximately $10-billion could be cut without diminishing national security in the least, and the Subcommittee on Economy in Government in its report *The Military Budget and National Economic Priorities* has formally recommended that such a cut be made.

In fiscal year 1969, $42-billion was awarded in contracts for defense procurement, making it the largest single item in the military budget (about 25 per cent of the total federal budget), and most important, therefore, to those concerned with rising military costs. Procurement includes defense contracts and all purchases or rentals of supplies, equipment, and services. Procurement is often referred to as the lifeblood of defense contractors.

The most efficient and economical way to approach procurement is through competitive bidding; the Congress has repeatedly and consistently directed the Department of Defense to buy competitively. The Pentagon, however, increasingly resorts to practices that reduce competition, and relies more and more heavily on negotiated procurement. Formally advertised competitive military contract dollar awards dropped from 13.4 per cent in fiscal year 1967 to 11 percent in fiscal year 1969. Single source procurement increased to 57.9 per cent. Last year, about 90 per cent of the Pentagon's and 98 per cent of NASA's contract awards were negotiated under "exceptions"—too often broad and vague exceptions.

The Defense Department, of course, defends negotiated procurement as being comparable to competitive bidding, but only competitive procurement can really give the desired emphasis to dollar cost. Negotiation on nonprice elements cannot completely or successfully substitute for price competition. Experts who have appeared before the Subcommittee on Economy in Government have indicated that procurement costs in the absence of competition can be from 25 per cent to 50 per cent higher than they would have been had competition been present.

Negotiated arrangements can also lend themselves to repeated dealings with certain favored and trusted suppliers. If desired, there are practically effortless ways to get around the regulations requiring competitive bidding. As a part of these regulations, the 1962 Truth-in-Negotiations Act was designed to protect the taxpayer in the absence of true competition, but if a procurement officer determines that competition is adequate or that a standard catalogue price is in effect,

---

SENATOR WILLIAM PROXMIRE of Wisconsin is chairman of the House-Senate Subcommittee on Economy in Government.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the act does not apply. It is also possible to waive the requirements (again under the Truth-in-Negotiations Act) for a contractor to supply cost data. Defense firms, fully aware of the existence of these loopholes, may refuse to supply the cost data even at the risk of loss of a sale. This amounts to a gamble that the government needs their product enough to waive the requirements eventually and proceed with the purchase.

When a firm has actually won a contract to do the research on a major weapons system, it occupies a favored position and is more likely to be chosen to do the work on actual production of the system. In the jargon of defense spending, this is known as being "locked into" a contract. The knowledge gained during the research phase undoubtedly provides a competitive advantage in subsequent negotiations—an advantage that usually means the production contract.

Another way for the firm to improve its position over the life of the contract is commonly referred to as "buy in, get well later." Once a contractor has won the contract, if his costs increase or he cannot meet the agreed delivery date, the government will "get him well" by meeting the higher price or accepting later delivery.

Gordon W. Rule, a civilian procurement officer with responsibility for the F-111, the attack plane whose production has been cut back drastically because of mechanical problems and soaring costs, has told the subcommittee, "No matter how poor the quality, how late the product, and how high the cost, they [the defense contractors] know nothing will happen to them." Thus, the contractors attach the greatest importance to submitting low estimates in order to win the contract even if they suspect at the time that costs will have to be raised later.

Prices and costs can be easily increased during production through the numerous change orders issued (which can potentially number in the thousands on a major system). Referred to as "contract nourishment," these change orders can be initiated by either the government or the supplier, and are not adequately controlled or audited—a point I will elaborate on in my discussion of defense firm accounting practices.

The Subcommittee on Economy in Government has again recommended (in its report of last May) that the Defense Department make greater use of competitive bidding in order to eliminate these problems. If necessary, further legislation should be enacted to make the submission of cost and pricing data mandatory under the Truth-in-Negotiations Act for all contracts awarded other than through formally advertised price competition procedures, and in all sole-source procurements whether or not formally advertised.

Under the conditions just outlined, it does not take much imagination to see how defense suppliers might come to occupy a secure position. Indeed, some companies do almost all of their business with the Department of Defense. In fiscal year 1968, the 100 largest defense contractors were awarded 67.4 per cent of total defense contracts, the highest percentage since 1965. The largest firms hold "entrenched" positions: eighty-four of the firms on the list of 100 largest firms in 1968 had also been on the list in 1967; eighteen of those on the list of the largest twenty-five were on this list in both 1967 and 1968. The five firms doing over $1-billion worth of business with the government in 1967 maintained this volume in the subsequent year.

In spite of their key positions with respect to defense procurement, some of these large firms, such as Lockheed, Boeing, General Dynamics, North American Rockwell, and Litton Industries, refused to appear when invited to testify at recent hearings of the Subcommittee on Economy in Government. To say the least, it appears curious that they would not want to present their views, unless of course they have nothing to add.

In addition to repeated dealings with these same firms, the involvement or relationship between the Pentagon and its suppliers is reinforced by the common practice of interchanging personnel. Many retired officers leave their procurement responsibilities to take positions with the very firms with which they have been negotiating. At present, more than 2,100 retired officers of the rank of colonel or higher are holding jobs with firms doing defense work. The ten companies employing the largest number of them had 1,065 on their payrolls, an average of 106, three times the average number employed in 1959.

The Subcommittee on Economy in Government, recognizing this conflict-of-interest potential, recommended that the Government Accounting Office compile a defense-industrial personnel exchange directory—a kind of catalogue of the officials who have moved from the Pentagon to defense industries or vice versa. My amendment to the military authorization act calls for yearly Pentagon disclosure of the names of all retired military procurement officers, all those of the rank of major or higher, and all former civilian personnel who occupied high positions (GS-13 or above) in the Department of Defense who go to work for the big contractors. It also calls for annual disclosures of the names of former defense contractor employees who now occupy high positions in the Department of Defense.

What this lack of competitive procedure and poor business practices means to the government and taxpayers is higher bills to pay for inefficiencies and waste. The higher costs simply do not buy more security. The extensive and pervasive economic inefficiency and waste in military procurement have been well documented by the investigations of the Subcommittee on Economy in Government, by other committees of the House and Senate, and by the General Accounting Office.

Assistant Secretary of the Air Force Robert H. Charles testified that "the procurement of our major weapons systems has in the past been characterized by enormous cost overruns—several hundred per cent—and by technical performance that did not come up to promise." He attributed a substantial portion of the waste to cost reimbursement type contracts, and to the absence of price competition.

Richard A. Stubbing, a defense analyst at the Bureau of the Budget, in a

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

study of the performance of complex weapons systems, concluded: "The low overall performance of electronics in major weapons systems developed and produced in the last decade should give pause to even the most outspoken advocates of military-hardware programs."

It has been repeatedly pointed out that the greatest cost overruns occur in negotiated contracts. Even in the absence of overruns, however, evidence has been presented that prices are being negotiated at too high a level from the beginning. Further, a retired Air Force officer, Col. A. W. Buesking,

—*Wide World.*

The C-5A Galaxy (rear)—"the most shocking example of mismanagement."

a former director of management systems control in the Office of the Assistant Secretary of Defense, summarized a study he had conducted by saying that control systems essential to prevent excessive costs did not exist.

The cost overruns on the C-5A cargo plane (recently grounded with a wing crack) are the most shocking example of the defense industry's inefficiency and mismanagement. The total cost overrun in the C-5A program has been revealed to be as much as $2-billion. The program originally called for 120 C-5A planes to cost the government $3.4-billion, but because of cost overruns, mainly experienced in the performance of the Lockheed C-5A contract, actual costs will total $5.3-billion. Last November the Air Force finally conceded that the cost increases made at least part of the program too expensive to continue, and it announced it would buy only eighty-one of the planes.

Still another example is a more than $200-million overrun on the Mark II Avionics program—the radars, computers, and inertial equipment for the F-111. The original contract price was $143-million, and former Secretary Charles has revealed that the actual costs may go as high as $360-million. On the Mark XVII program, the reentry system for the Minuteman, the original contract price was $36.4-million, but the actual costs had reached $70.2-million at the time the contract was ended.

In December 1969, the General Accounting Office reported that the costs of fifty-seven major weapons systems had increased by $21-billion. However, this figure is seriously understated, in my judgment, because of the inadequacies of the Pentagon's cost-information system. GAO found that the Pentagon still does not maintain a central inventory of the major weapons systems that would show their costs and other information.

The cost to the government and taxpayers is further increased, because the government encourages inefficiency. Let me elaborate on this incredible statement. The Department of Defense supplies both fixed and working capital to many contractors. DOD often owns the plant in which the contractor will work. Too frequently the amount of property owned by the government exceeds that of the defense company. Further, a disproportionate amount of this government equipment is held by the larger contractors.

In fiscal year 1968, the amount of industrial plant equipment costing over $1,000 that was used by the defense suppliers totaled $2.7-billion—a $100-million increase over the $2.6-billion of 1967.

The Pentagon supplies working capital by making "progress payments" that can reimburse contractors for as much as 100 per cent of incurred costs. Incurred cost reimbursement payments might be a better name, however, since progress payments have no correlation to the amount of work actually completed. Under these circumstances money advanced as progress payments really amounts to a kind of no-interest government loan that inflates contractors' profits. Given this "free" working capital, a contractor is in a position to bid low for other government work or to finance commercial work. It is possible for a contractor to incur costs equal to 75 per cent of the original contract price while completing only 50 per cent or less of the job. Not only is the Department of Defense providing a negative incentive for a firm to use its own working capital, but at the same time it is developing a financial stake in the contractor.

In the C-5A case, Lockheed received progress payments of $1.52-billion on reported incurred costs of $1.57-billion, as of May 30, 1969. In addition, the contract is being performed in a government-owned plant. The plant and the government-owned machinery employed at the plant have an original acquisition cost of $113.8-million.

Yet another instance of these most unusual business practices is the government's policy with regard to patent rights. It permits contractors to obtain exclusive patent rights, free of charge, on inventions produced in the performance of their contracts. Admiral Rickover and Murray Weidenbaum (now Assistant Secretary of the Treasury) both contend that this practice further reduces competition because it gives the "ins" a competitive advantage over the "outs." Legislative action should be taken to establish uniform guidelines for all federal agencies on the use of patents obtained for inventions made under government contract.

Admiral Rickover also testified that $2-billion of excessive costs results from the absence of uniform accounting standards alone. It is difficult to accurately determine costs and profits. "In one case," reported Admiral Rickover, "the Navy allowed a shipbuilder to charge salaries and other pay directly on government contracts, while similar costs on commercial contracts were charged as overhead and allocated to both government and commercial work. The government was thus paying directly for work done on commercial contracts. The Navy had accepted these costing methods because, it said, the contractor's system conformed to generally accepted accounting principles. In this particular case the GAO eventually found that the government had been overcharged by more than $5-million."

To quote Admiral Rickover further on the problems of accounting standards, "Thus, contractors can use change orders as a basis for repricing these contracts. They have almost unlimited freedom in pricing change orders, because their accounting system will never show the cost of the work. The government can never really evaluate the amounts claimed, or check up to see if it paid too much."

The Subcommittee on Economy in Government has recommended that the Department of Defense require contractors to maintain books and records on firm-fixed-price contracts showing the costs of manufacturing all components in accordance with uniform accounting standards.

Not only should there be tighter control on cost records, but something

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

must be done in the area of profits. The Department of Defense cannot accurately state what profits are in defense procurement. First, it defines profits as a percentage of costs, and does not report profits as a return on investment. Second, the Department of Defense does not obtain complete information about profits on firm-fixed-price contracts. Third, without uniform accounting standards, it is difficult, if not impossible, to discover the costs and profits in defense production unless months are spent to reconstruct contractors' books.

Many witnesses have told the subcommittee that profits in defense are higher than nondefense profits. Murray Weidenbaum found in his study "that between 1962 and 1965 a sample of large defense contractors earned 17.5 per cent net profit (measured as a return on investment), while companies of similar size doing business in the commercial market earned 10.6 per cent."

Profits should also be considered both as a percentage of costs and as a return on investment. Since the Department of Defense supplies fixed and working capital in many cases, defense contractors would show an enormously high return on investment if it were computed.

Another recommendation of the subcommittee is that the GAO study the feasibility of incorporating into its review of contractors the should-cost method of estimating costs on the basis of industrial engineering and financial management principles. In this way, cost estimates could be freed from being based on original estimates that may be inflated.

Finally, we can point to a relation between defense spending and inflation. Both the Korean war period and the Vietnam era have been accompanied by price increases; this suggests that defense expenditures have made significant contributions to inflationary pressures. The consequent reduced value of savings and fixed income assets during periods of inflation and the 10 per cent income tax surcharge are certainly taxpayer burdens as much as the high cost of the defense budget.

High interest rates may eventually stop the inflation, but they hurt the homeowner, the aged, the consumer, and the small businessman in the process. A more intelligent way to curb the price spiral would be to cut defense costs.

The record is clear. Our priorities as a nation need to be restructured, and the place to start is with the bloated defense budget. Only when Congress is again in control of the entire budget can we make progress on the domestic front.

Headlines for One World

Suppose there were tough, efficient machinery for settling global disputes. What would we read in the morning paper?

by STUART CHASE

A recurring vision comes to tantalize me with its logic, desirability, and ultimate stark necessity. I compare it with the world of today, frozen in habits of nationalism made obsolete by Hiroshima. It is the vision of One World—where the arms race is ended, the Pentagon a museum for the study of ancient weapons, a workable Parliament of Man in control of all lethal hardware—but a world still far short of Utopia.

As the actual arms race talks in Helsinki proceed with less polemics than usual, and more agreement between the two great super-powers, the vision returns to haunt me. I find myself beginning to picture the effects of One World on the headlines of the day.

Let us suppose that at some earlier conference the United States and Russia had agreed on a design for world peace through world law, and had set up the machinery—as sketched by Grenville Clark—to enforce it. (We were on the edge of it, remember, with the Lilienthal-Baruch plan at the end of World War II; there was also Beardsley Ruml's "Great Island.")

Now, in my vision, recharged by Helsinki, tough, efficient machinery has been constructed for settling disputes between nations. It will not solve all the world's problems. But it is strong and seasoned enough to stop wars, and thus make most of the $200-billion now being spent for armaments each year available for the looming problems of peace—the population explosion and the rest.

Suppose we had, in sober fact, a functioning world legislature with an executive arm in sole control of nuclear weapons. What would we read in the morning paper? What would we *not* read? These are questions to stir the imagination, and I think I have an approach to an answer.

Here on my desk is *The New York Times* for November 21, 1969, just four days after the opening of the Helsinki Conference on arms limitation known as SALT (may it never lose its savor). The first section consists of forty-eight pages—more than 75 per cent advertisements to be sure, but the remainder solid news.

We shall look intensively at every headline. What stories would *not* be found if One World were a reality? What stories would be there, but in a different context? I will put the headlines of the *Times* in small capitals—some a little shortened—and then put the word *Out*, if the story makes no sense in the world of my vision. Let us see how the stories might go.

Page 1

TWO ASTRONAUTS BLAST OFF MOON
[Four-column head]

A moon exploration in the days of One World would of course be a joint enterprise of mankind. Only the U.N. flag would be flown—and hopefully the litter on the moon's surface would be less. An instrument landing would be safer, and might yield more scientific spin-off.

LODGE QUITS PARIS PEACE TALKS

Out, of course. No war would be raging in Vietnam, or anywhere else.

OKINAWA ACCORD SET WITH JAPAN

Out. There is no call for such accord with its bristling military provisos. Okinawa would probably be a separate, unarmed, nonsovereign state, like 130 other states on the planet.

AGNEW ATTACKS TIMES AND POST

Out. This is obviously a political attack against newspapers strongly opposed to the war in Vietnam.

DDT BAN IN U.S. STARTS IN 30 DAYS

Out. The ban would long since have become world-wide, and less dangerous pesticides substituted.

STUART CHASE is the author of *Men and Machines*, *The Economy of Abundance*, *Some Things Worth Knowing*, *The Most Probable World*, and many other books.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOUSE BARS CUT IN FOREIGN AID

Out. There are no "foreigners" now. Economic aid would run from the U.N. to low-energy societies. Military aid would be unknown.

CONGRESS STUDIES VIETNAM MASSACRE

Out. Such massacres have become unthinkable.

There are eleven stories on the first page of the *Times*, of which seven, including the four-column head, would be *Out* if One World were in.

Page 2

SOVIET DEFECTOR BACK IN MOSCOW

Out. No defectors at large, no spies, no CIAs.

BONN SEEKS RETURN OF BRITISH TROOPS

Out. No armies of occupation. No NATO, no Warsaw Pact contingents.

Page 3

CHINA BUILDING AIR RAID SHELTERS

Out. No bombs and no bomb shelters anywhere.

CZECH AUTHORITIES WARN ARTISTS

Out. No captive nations, no Big Brothers looking for subversives.

TOY GUNS HIJACK POLISH PLANE

Out. Hijacked to where? No political point to hijacking.

Page 4

GUERRILLA KILLED IN LEBANON

Out. No nationalist guerrillas anywhere.

ISRAELIS SEIZE 50 TO CURB TERROR

Out. The Near East is at last quiet. No more terror, no more loud lies from that quarter.

Page 5

U.S. OPENS HELSINKI TALKS

Out. No more arms race talks, no more overkill, no more shaky levels of deterrence.

BOMBS DAMAGE U.S. CORPORATION IN ARGENTINA

If it was a political, "Yankee, go home" bomb, the story would be *Out*. It might, of course, be a local labor dispute.

ARMS AID TO LATIN AMERICA CHALLENGED

Out. No more arms aid to anybody. The U.N. police force has all the arms.

Page 7

SOUTH VIETNAMESE ARMY UNTESTED IN MAJOR COMBAT

Out. No army to be tested.

Page 9

DEATH TOLL IS 479 FOR SAIGON FORCES
LIST OF GI CASUALTIES

Out—both stories. (We are also spared the fanciful "body count" of the enemy.)

Page 10

ARMY CHECKING ANTIWAR PETITION
[for evidence of treason]

Out. Treason, except to mankind, has ceased to be a crime.

U.N. ASSAILS ISRAEL'S REPRISAL POLICY

Out. The Near East, let us repeat, is *quiet*.

Page 11

BLACK MARKETING IN WAR TRACED
[in Saigon and elsewhere]

Out. No more wars to stimulate black markets.

Page 13

VIETCONG CHARGE DROWNING OF 1,200 CIVILIANS

Out. No more war atrocities, or charges of atrocity.

U.N. CALLS FOR END OF RACISM IN SOUTH AFRICA

The U.N. no longer calls; it imposes

"Pardon me, Sir, did you realize you were talking to yourself? Wouldn't you like to have someone walk alongside you nodding in agreement?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tough economic sanctions, and the story would be about them.

Page 15

HOW OUR DRAFT LOTTERY WILL WORK

Out. No more conscription, no more armed forces, just internal police and the U.N. armed force.

Page 18

SERGEANT TOLD NOT TO REVEAL MASSACRE

PRIME MINISTER WILSON SEES "GRAVE ATROCITIES"

SAIGON SLOW TO INVESTIGATE

Out. All three stories.

Page 24

USIA FILM ON WAR DISSENT STIRS GRAVE CONCERN

Out. No war to dissent from.

Page 32

FILM SHOWS STUDENT HAULING DOWN AMERICAN FLAG

Out. No Vietnam war to embitter students.

Page 35

GI SENTENCED IN STOCKADE RIOT

Out. No stockades left.

Page 37

RESERVIST GIVEN SANCTUARY IN CHURCH

Out. No reservists left. No problem of conscientious objection to war.

Page 44

SWEDEN GRANTS ASYLUM TO 18 U.S. DRAFT EVADERS

Out. No draft evaders left.

Well, that's the lot. I have skipped the editorial page, as it carries no news stories. Most of the editorial items, however, have to do with the war in Vietnam and American reaction to it. I have skipped the obituaries and society notes, too.

The date, November 21, was not hand-picked—it was the day I first thought of making this analysis. It is probable that any other day in 1969 would give a similar result. Out of ninety stories, thirty-four would be *Out*, or told differently, if One World

"It can print information at the rate of 5,600 words per minute. Run a help wanted ad for someone who can read 5,600 words per minute."

were in effect. (There were twelve moon-shot stories, which I have counted as one big story.)

Other stories in Section 1 on November 21, 1969, included:

EIGHT STUDENTS SEIZED AS DRUG PUSHERS

LINDSAY AIDE IMPLICATED

MILAN CALM AFTER STREET CLASH

SENATORS OPPOSE HAYNSWORTH

DEMOCRATS WIDEN URBAN INFLUENCE

And the like, fifty-six of them. Such stories would probably remain.

But what kind of stories would replace the *Outs*? I am sure there would be plenty of news, hot and exciting, good news and bad. If my vision holds, and One World is now, say, a dozen years old, the news will be concerned with such stories as the following (I never learned the skilled art of writing headlines; so I give only the subject matter):

World population growth rate declines again. Zero expected in another decade. Pope makes no comment.

Lake Erie still seriously polluted.

New nuclear fusion plant continues without accident. Solution in sight for mankind's energy problem in utilization of the hydrogen of the oceans as raw material.

Moslems and Hindus clash in India.

Crash program for cancer research makes a major break-through after $500-million outlay.

Instrument landing on Mars indicates a wholly new concept for structure of the universe.

Race riot in South Africa.

Fuel cell cars replacing steam. Last internal combustion car—a Chevrolet—to Smithsonian Institution's antiquities department.

Thirteen motorists in jail for trying to drive into New York.

Drug traffic being controlled at source.

All school children studying world language, together with a short course in semantics.

Something like this in the headlines when One World is ten to fifteen years old: No arms race, population coming under control, the environment beginning to breathe again, world-wide communication improved, problems of race and religion still serious.

Yes, Virginia, there will be news.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review

Editor - Norman Cousins

Publisher - William D. Patterson

Associate Editors
Irving Kolodin • Horace Sutton

Associate Publisher - Richard L. Tobin

Managing Editor
Roland Gelatt

Science Editor
John Lear

Education Editor
James Cass

Book Review Editor
Rochelle Girson

Poetry Editor
John Ciardi

Travel Editor
David Butwin

Art Editor
Katharine Kuh

Copy Editor
Peter Nichols

General Editor
Hallowell Bowser

Layout & Production
Pearl S. Sullivan

Editors-at-Large
Cleveland Amory • Henry Brandon
Harrison Brown • Charles Frankel
Frank G. Jennings • Joseph Wood Krutch
Elmo Roper • Peter Schrag
Theodore C. Sorensen • Paul Woodring

Contributing Editors
Goodman Ace • Hollis Alpert • Jerome Beatty, Jr.
Henry Hewes • Arthur Knight
Martin Levin • Rollene W. Saal
Robert Lewis Shayon • Zena Sutherland
Walter Terry • Margaret R. Weiss
John T. Winterich

The UN and the Power of Food

Although there are small pockets of poverty in this country almost as severe as those in the Orient, it is difficult for the average well-fed American to imagine what it is like to go hungry. The average American family eats one or more square meals a day, whereas a recent United Nations survey of the diets of the three billion people now living in the world reports that four out of five—80 per cent—of the entire human population have never had what a North American family takes for granted as a decent meal. As we have said before on this page, the most critical problem of modern times is world hunger and the ways and means the Have countries mutually employ to provide food for the overwhelming number of Have-nots.

In 1963, the United Nations created the World Food Programme as a major feature of the UN's Development Decade. Although bilateral food aid programs were already in existence and the Food and Agriculture Organization already a going concern at world level, the blueprint for the WFP identifies the beginning of the UN's all-out effort to destroy mankind's worst enemy—hunger. From the rough outlines of a blueprint seven years ago, the WFP has accumulated some ninety donor countries, and is the first organization in the history of the world to provide food aid on a multilateral basis. The bags of wheat or cartons of powdered milk shipped to distant ports have yielded dividends of healthier mothers and children, fuller classrooms, new villages and communities. Land has been reclaimed from swamp and desert, forests have burgeoned, dikes built against floods have diverted water to parched fields, with resultant improvements in grains, cattle, pigs, and poultry. Networks of roads, repaired railways, modern amenities for sparsely equipped villages, slums cleared, greater productivity in industries and mines—all these victories for mankind have paralleled the WFP's indispensable aid to victims of natural disasters such as droughts, earthquakes, and typhoons, or of the often immense humanitarian work in the flight of refugees. To put it succinctly, since 1963 more than $523-million has been contributed by donor countries and distributed to those less fortunate —a perfectly amazing sum, though pitifully small compared to the overall problem.

A progress report on the WFP was issued at the turn of the year by the UN and the FAO. Entitled "The Power of Food," this remarkable booklet graphically illustrates some of the WFP's greatest achievements. In the backward rural areas of Brazil, for example, where school attendance figures have been low and illiteracy appallingly high, the apathy resulting from sickness and malnutrition has been attacked by the UN through a national school feeding campaign assisted by the FAO. In the São Francisco River Valley, a vast semiarid place with little agricultural production, WFP supplies totaling more than $5-million over a three-year period were originally intended to feed 170,000 children, but reports show that the actual number fed has been at least 250,000, or about half the school population of that impoverished Brazilian district. By no coincidence whatever, school attendance has sharply increased and the children are healthier and more alert. Keenly aware now that nutrition has something to do with literacy, local officials are urging the planting of school gardens where fresh fruit and vegetables can be grown to supplement the children's diet.

On another continent, the naked and eroded landscape of Algeria has come under the WFP's ministrations. Because generations of local herdsmen had raised their goats on the young shoots of trees and shrubs, preventing any natural growth, the WFP sponsored a project of planting ten million trees a year. Not only has the chain of reforestation camps checked soil erosion and encroachment of the desert, but it has provided more than 30,000 workers and their families with a livelihood. As the trees grow in a once-ravaged landscape, and new wells and irrigation networks add precious water for the sunny growing seasons, North Africa once again is beginning to show forests the like of which the Romans cut down 2,000 years ago in order to supply their empire.

In the subcontinent of India, the consumption of animal protein is extremely low because of religious beliefs, but since milk is one of the accepted protein forms, a plan to produce more milk in India has made sense from the beginning of the FAO's project. Most Indian farmers, however, produce little or nothing above their own families' requirements and seem apathetic toward improving production. In the Kaira District of the State of Gujarat, the UN encouraged a cooperative milk union, which by now has brought together a large number of independent farmers who produce milk of high quality and nutritive value for the people of Bombay. A milk factory has been set up to turn surplus milk into dairy products. When lack of animal feed threatened to halt the growth of the project, a feed-mixing plant was built by the FAO, and, $1.3-million later, 15,000 tons of maize and 1,500 tons of sorghum were ready to be mixed with local ingredients.

U Thant believes that the creation of the World Food Programme is near the top of UN achievements in the Development Decade, and the exciting year-end progress report appears to bear him out. Far from beating the air, these UN programs are specific and resoundingly successful. The less-privileged nations are the first beneficiaries, but no one in the Have nations can say that he has not reaped a tremendous dividend, since a hungry world tends to be a warlike world, while a well-fed man will listen when you talk with him. —RICHARD L. TOBIN.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor

Moral Relativity

DR. MARGARET MEAD'S "Youth Revolt: The Future Is Now" [*SR*, Jan. 10] epitomizes the failure of our (the adult) generation. Her statement, "we must create new models for adults who can teach their children . . . not what they should be committed to, but the value of commitment," betrays the moral bankruptcy of the adult generation. It is ridiculous to talk of commitment as a value with no concern about what one is to be committed to.

It is this generation's loss—or abdication—of values, the proclamation of relativism and lack of absolute values, the practice of situational ethics, the admission of a lack of ideals and goals that lie at the basis of youth's disillusionment. It is nothing less than sickening when our recognized leaders, such as Dr. Mead, who have by their own doubts, confusion, and breach of moral values created the present confusion in youth, sanctimoniously and in mock deference leave it up to youths to rediscover for themselves the basic human values of honesty, integrity, and respect and love for one's fellow human beings. It is the failure to observe these values that is at the heart of the corruption destroying our society. No society can long endure without the observance of these basic values.

Youth cannot be left alone to rediscover or learn the hard way the crucial importance of these values. Dr. Mead seems to be saying that the adult generation doesn't know "where it's at." This may well be true in her case and in the case of too many adults. But there are others who know that these are the values to which we must recommit ourselves if our civilization is to last. It behooves those adults who know "where it's at" to help youths recognize and commit themselves to these values, not only or simply through precept but through example and model.

It is unfortunate that, as Dr. Mead says, "parents are no longer guides," and that "there are no guides." But it is in part at least because of the preachments about relativity and lack of absolutes in values of Dr. Mead and others like her that we are in such a predicament.

C. H. PATTERSON,
Professor of Educational Psychology,
University of Illinois,
Urbana, Ill.

DR. MARGARET MEAD'S identification and development of the notions of post-figurative, cofigurative, and prefigurative societies were logical and highly credible. Her perceptive recognition of man's essential quality as that of going beyond himself to transcending the limits of his being, to taking the role of another, and of establishing a new and conscious relationship with others is exceedingly relevant for today's world. She has, quite evidently, drawn heavily from the works of McLuhan, Chardin, Rogers, Tillich, Buber, and Kahler. It was the last who suggested that the whole of human history is "an evolution leading from the pre-individual community to the post-individual community through the development of the individual."

Man is, indeed, reaching beyond what he is toward what he may become. His salvation in this world could very definitely depend upon his using this self-transcending quality to build a universal kingdom of man. It seems incredible to me that Dr. Mead's notions are not, in this critical hour in our world's history, perceived, understood, and accepted.

PROFESSOR NORMAN J. BAUER,
Chairman, Department of Curriculum and Instruction,
State University of New York,
Geneseo, N.Y.

Learning from Industry

UNTIL I READ "Participation Is Learning" by Robert S. Powell, Jr. [*SR*, Jan. 10], I had considered the complaints of college students as the reflection of reluctance to work of the spoiled offspring of an overaffluent society. Mr. Powell's clear description of the problem has changed my mind. While the solutions he offers replace the decision-making of scholars playing the role of administrators, albeit incompetently, with naïve students who will be equally incompetent, the problems he describes are most serious and must be solved if our universities are to survive as viable institutions.

Unfortunately, our universities, which should be the leaders of research and the avant-garde of experimenters, have instead become the last bastion of reaction, in terms of the internal operation. It is surprising that the universities, the domicile of the great historians, have failed to learn one of the lessons of history: Any institution must adapt itself to the changing environment or face revolution.

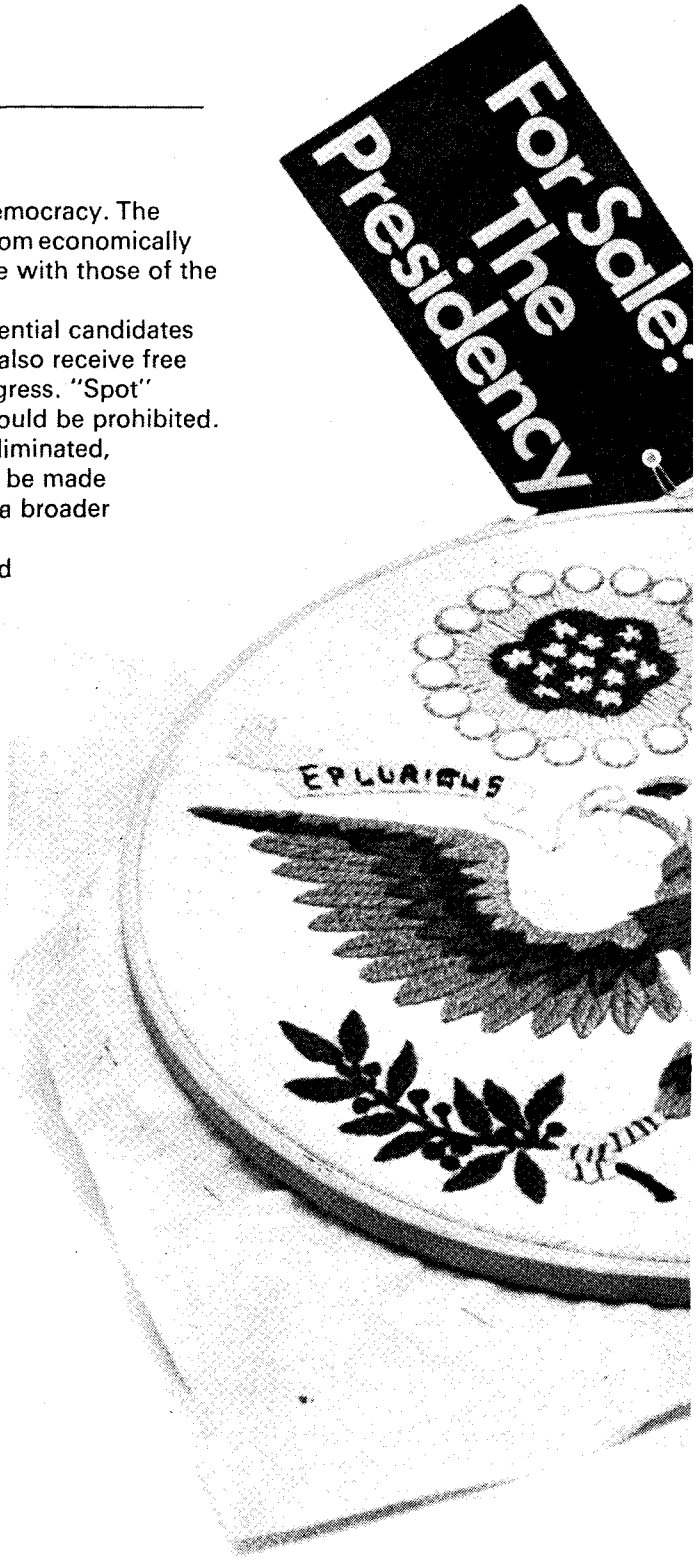
It is ironic that practically all of the problems now being faced by the "avant-garde" universities have been solved during the last twenty years by the "reactionary" industries. In industry, promotion is not a function of degree or publication, but an effective contribution to specified goals of the organization. In industry, numerical evaluations are not made based on meaningless exercises of memory, but oral and written evaluations are prepared jointly by the individual and his supervisor. And, above all, administrative responsibilities are assigned to proven, capable administrators, while the in-

"Do you happen to know the great prison drawings by Goya?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

John Bear, Ph.D.
Associate Professor of Journalism
University of Iowa

The skillful disbursal of $500-million through saturation advertising and public relations techniques, campaign organization, and "good faith" patronage commitments will assure White House occupancy for any man in a presidential campaign—regardless of his personal qualifications. Does the democratic process contain the seed of its own destruction?



Bruce M. Stanley
(History) William and Mary '70

Burgeoning political campaign costs threaten American democracy. The need for enormous sums exposes candidates to pressures from economically powerful groups whose interests may not always coincide with those of the public. We must democratize campaign financing.

Just as they are given Secret Service protection, presidential candidates should be given use of government aircraft. They should also receive free television time, allocated according to criteria set by Congress. "Spot" advertising, which tries to market politicians like soap, should be prohibited.

With these two large areas of campaign expenditures eliminated, contributions to political parties under fifty dollars should be made tax deductible to encourage the financial participation of a broader segment of the population. Laws governing the size of contributions should be strengthened and strictly enforced to insulate candidates from potentially dangerous obligations to large contributors.

Michael Richard Sullivan
(Economics) University of California '70

The function of advertising in political campaigns has changed from information dissemination to image creation and enhancement. Voters today subconsciously seek a President who will make everything better; deliver them from indecision and confusion. This man could not exist. However, the candidate who maximizes his "savior potential" through modern advertising systems and most closely approximates this super human may well emerge victorious. The most commonly employed techniques seem to be those which exploit the fears and uncertainties of the voting public.

Basic to any democracy is the assumption that the voter intelligently selects the candidate of his choice. Blurring the interface between reality and illusion endangers our democratic process in that the ballot is cast not rationally for a man, but emotionally for a myth.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

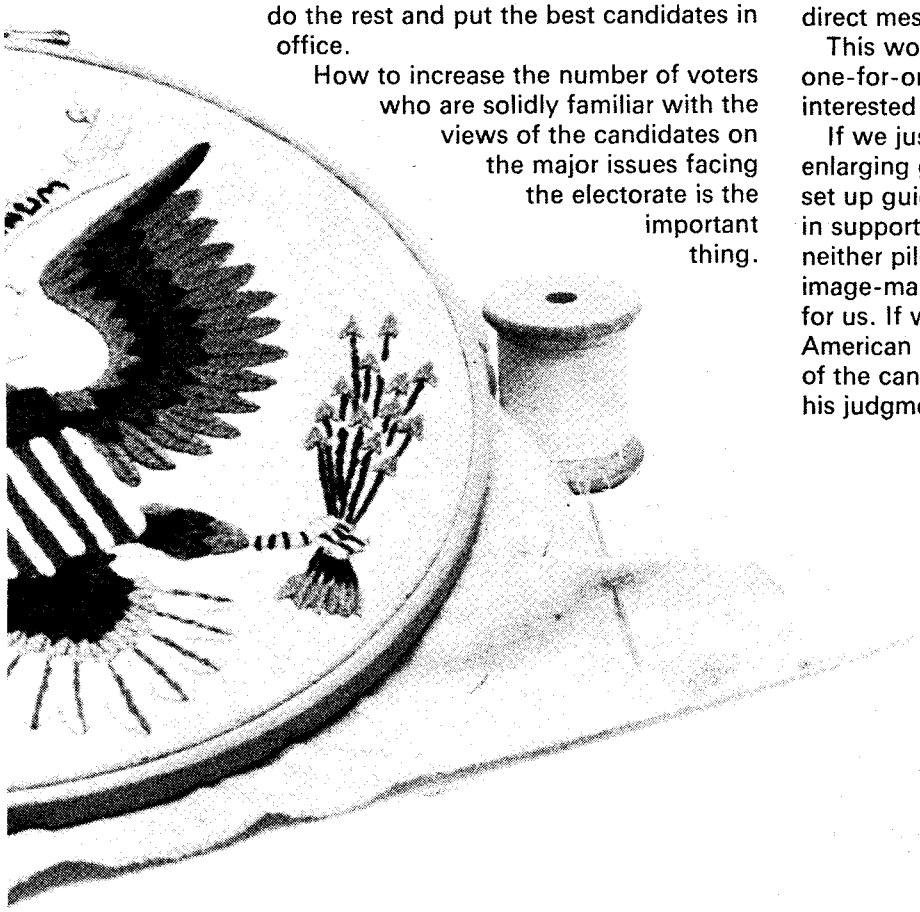
H. D. Doan
President
The Dow Chemical Company

It seems most unlikely that we're going to allow our democratic system to go down the drain by not updating our electoral processes. If we do ever get to the point where the presidency can be won by buying more and slicker ads than the other fellow, we will then be well on the way to abandoning our present system for some other and probably undesirable system.

When the individual voter closes the curtain in the booth, he probably makes his choices for a variety of reasons—party loyalty, some stand the candidate took that he liked, the candidate's personal charisma, the net effect on him of the candidate's ideas and proposals, or even pure whim.

Probably the best reason for voting for a man is that his attitudes toward key issues coincide with yours. The honest judgment of an informed voter is the real backbone of our democratic process. In the long run, I believe that if we can expand the number of informed voters, they will do the rest and put the best candidates in office.

How to increase the number of voters who are solidly familiar with the views of the candidates on the major issues facing the electorate is the important thing.



In our age this can only be achieved by the proper use of mass media, especially television. Controls should be placed over television so that it never becomes a way to "buy the presidency" but rather is an effective means of informing the voter.

If we are to assure this, I think we need a clearly defined television campaign code stringently and equally applied to all candidates and all stations. In terms of the presidency this suggests that we ought to devise a method of providing equal amounts of free television time to each major candidate, with reasonable frequency, during the campaign.

It also suggests a standardized program format to eliminate theatrics or special effects—canned applause or contrived audiences. This probably boils down to straight exposition of his views to the television audience by each candidate, without live audiences or commentators or other elements that might tend to distort his direct message.

This would result, hopefully, in a genuine one-for-one relationship with each voter interested enough to listen in.

If we just stick to the basic objective of an enlarging group of better informed voters, and set up guidelines that discipline our mass media in support of this objective, then I think that neither piles of dollars nor Madison Avenue image-makers are going to select our presidents for us. If we are effective in informing the American voter . . . in offering him true exposure of the candidates—I have a world of faith in his judgment.

Dialogue

A series of exploratory viewpoints on a definitive aspect of the over-riding issues of our times . . . to stimulate discussion among the thoughtful. Viable action can follow.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

genious creative scientists are left to create ingeniously.

I hope that university administrators and faculty will initiate a dialogue with some of our more enlightened industrial managers who know how to solve such problems. I also hope that the universities will take the first step toward the solution of their problems by hiring senior administrators of proven competence, and not academicians, to solve these problems for them.

HENRY LEHMANN,
DeWitt, N.Y.

ROBERT POWELL has offered a mixture of some reasonable ideas with some very superficial and unreasonable postulates. It would have helped if he had started his discussion with a definition of the proper purpose of a university, instead of his irrational reference to the campus as "a piece of turf." We must assume on the basis of what follows that the university's current aim, if not its legitimate purpose, is "job accreditation." But on this assumption it is difficult to explain the many courses offered today in the humanities that have no direct connection with future potential jobs. He complains that at present the successful student needs a good memory and some facility in taking notes. But why not? He seems to suggest that an education should not involve anything like hard work, but should rather proceed from some kind of effortless osmosis.

Mr. Powell offers as a proper goal for the university "freeing people by teaching them how to do their own learning." If this statement means anything at all, it is the traditional attitude of all the major college faculties. Certainly the student is the only one who can do his own learning. Does he really think that a college freshman is qualified to decide the content of a course in analytical geometry? Or how much mathematics should be included in a curriculum for engineers? His wholesale condemnation of grades includes no substitute measure of relative proficiency—a matter of substantial importance among candidates for a degree in one of the professions. His reference to "mindless competition," like "doing your thing," is just childish nonsense.

This young man's presentation and the kind of cerebration it epitomizes offer an excellent instance of the danger involved in allowing any substantial involvement of students in university decision-making, if our universities are to maintain any proper standards.

HERBERT ASHTON, PH.D.
Washington, D.C.

Roaring Seventies?

CO-AUTHORS Horace Sutton and David Butwin in "Will It Be the Soaring Seventies?" [*SR*, Jan. 3] are to be commended for their definitive and objective statement of a subject of critical importance to travelers and nontravelers alike. After reading this documented preview, no one can say that he has not been warned.

Seldom have we planned a project deliberately where the problems were so well recognized in advance, and the benefits so questionable, as for supersonic transport. When we have already "a twenty-four-hour world . . . compressing it to an eight-hour world" for a tiny fraction of the traveling public would seem to be well beyond the point of diminishing returns. It would seem to be an incredibly stupid order of priorities to divert time and money from other desperate problems so that the boredom of flight can be made more "tolerable because the flights will be so much shorter."

What, for example, are the effects of the physical, physiological, and psychological stresses generated by the sonic boom as demonstrated by the Oklahoma City experiments? What percentage of people are affected? What percentage is it reasonable to sacrifice so that "the teacher, the dancer, the violinist"—or even the heart surgeon—may be "available" a few hours earlier? Or can we gain the same time more easily by mass transportation systems between cities and their airports?

How are we to enforce the promised prohibition of supersonic flight over "uninhabited" areas—by a small fine or by impounding the plane, and suspending its pilot's license, for a number of years?

EDWARD A. MERRILL,
San Francisco, Calif.

Subscription Dept.

MY DOCTOR is giving me a subscription to *SR* as a Christmas gift. Would *SR* consider giving me the money instead? This is no slur on your brain child; when the doctor gave it to me before, I found much of interest, especially the editorials and the science section. But I need the cash more, even if only a few dollars.

My doctor is generous and means well, but it is difficult for the affluent to understand "how the other half lives." *SR* understands. It is big and successful, and can afford to lose one subscription.

Some would think I should be ashamed to make such a request. I am not. I am "poor" in money, but not otherwise. I get $89 monthly Old Age Assistance, a tight squeeze. The Louisiana Legislature voted us an $11 monthly increase, but there is no money to pay it. Consider the irony: Louisiana is usually in a state of near-bankruptcy, despite salt, sugar, sulphur, oil, yams, muskrats, rice, cotton, trees, cattle, strawberries, etc.

The welfare department denied extra medical allowance for an operation, which increases expense. The department says I have a "budgetary deficiency." "Cured," surgeons say, after cancer surgery, 1962. The welfare department no longer pays for drugs. I do not use a lot, but have to pay for prescriptions. When I must go to the doctor, I must hire a car, very costly. (No bus here.)

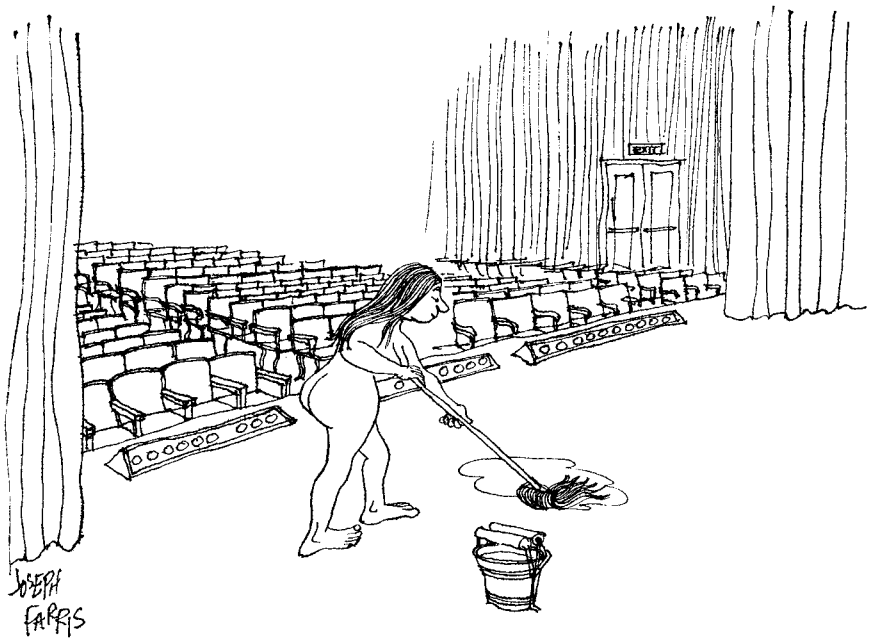
I fled twice when they thought *Camille* and *Laurie* would strike here. They did not, but hurricanes are unpredictable. This little shack groaned and rocked, but withstood *Betsy*—a night of horror. It would not have had a chance with *Camille*. I'd surely have been killed or maimed. These trips strained the budget, but I just had to get out. (Water moccasins and other snakes come near this house.)

I served forty years in federal and other hospitals as medical social worker and medical librarian; so, I know resources, or the lack of them. I know of no Louisiana person, group, or agency that will grant the practical aid I need, not even some medical supplies, refused by several. They are costly.

I shall appreciate a check very much, and thank you in advance.

JEANNE GUEYDAN,
Walker, La.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We have written Miss Gueydan to say that we are pleased to send her a refund covering the full amount of the subscription. We have also told her it pleases the editors to include her name on our complimentary subscription list. We have done our best to reassure* SR*'s business manager that we do not anticipate a trend here that could lead to the bankruptcy of the magazine.*



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An essay review of "A Beggar in Jerusalem," by Elie Wiesel, translated from the French by the author and Lily Edelman (Random House, 211 pp., $5.95)

Elie Wiesel: A Soul on Fire

by CURT LEVIANT

Holocaust literature, which deals with the most cataclysmic event in Jewish history, speaks in many tongues. Over the past twenty-five years writers have sought to deal artistically with this event that transcends imagination. Whether the works have been in Hebrew, Yiddish, English or various European languages, the artist's basic problem has been how to objectify the tragedy's emotional impact into purely literary terms—for no fiction concerning genocide can outimagine the fact.

Among the many talented authors who have wrestled with this thankless theme, Jakov Lind (*Soul of Wood, Landscape in Concrete, Ergo*) has used savage humor and grotesque caricature to delineate the depraved world of Germany-Austria; Peter Weiss has modified courtroom transcripts (*The Investigation*) to create the concentration camp; and Elie Wiesel has realized the terror of the holocaust and its equally painful aftereffects by poeticizing autobiography via symbol, legend, and philosophical speculation.

In his works Elie Wiesel often expresses his desire to be a teller of tales, which makes one conjure up the image of romantic stories of long ago. But Mr. Wiesel's tales are the antithesis of the storybook world with its thick layer of make-believe and delight. The world of Elie Wiesel is very real, too real for comfort, too real for delight. A person who enters the world of Elie Wiesel's tales can never be the same again.

Wiesel, born in 1928 in a small Hungarian town, was deported to a concentration camp in 1944 with his family, of whom he is the sole survivor. After the war, he moved to Paris, where he studied and began to write—in French—of his personal and his people's tragedy. With eight books to his credit (his first novel appeared in 1958) Wiesel has become one of the most eloquent and impassioned writers in contemporary letters. His mission: to be the spiritual archivist of the holocaust; his themes: man's inhumanity to man and, concomitantly, the problem of man's dialogue with the Divine in a post-crematoria era; his genre: the novel; his instrument: a pen of fire.

Wiesel's personal memories of the holocaust are the substantive core of his works, all of which are variations on the same basic set of facts, either real or imagined: his childhood in his native Hungarian town, his Jewish education, the concentration camp, and his postwar experiences in France, Israel, and the United States. Supplementing these facts is their spiritual interpretation, inspired by Wiesel's familiarity with Hasidism, mysticism, Jewish legend and history.

One key to the proper understanding of Wiesel is to know that varying fragments of his autobiography symphonically interact and reappear in his works. His first novel, *Night*, the opening movement of Wiesel's *oeuvre*, sets the tone in theme and characters, as well as, to a degree, the manner of narration, for the works that follow. With a stark simplicity that cloaks the anguish, the book tells the story of a young boy who is taken with other Jews of his town to a concentration camp. He recounts their ordeals until the day his father dies, shortly after which the camp is liberated and the young narrator is saved. But is he really? For Wiesel would have us know that survival means some sort of compromise with those who were killed. We see motifs and figures from *Night*

CURT LEVIANT is the editor of *Masterpieces of Hebrew Literature: A Treasury of 2,000 Years of Jewish Creativity.*

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

25 **"A Beggar in Jerusalem,"** by Elie Wiesel

28 **Book Forum: Letters from Readers**

29 **Perspective:** J. H. Plumb reviews **"A Little Commonwealth: Family Life in Plymouth Colony,"** by John Demos

30 **"The Rockefeller Report on the Americas: The Official Report of a United States Presidential Mission for the Western Hemisphere,"** by Nelson A. Rockefeller

32 **"Biafra,"** by C. Odumegwu Ojukwu

34 **"Westward to Laughter,"** by Colin MacInnes

35 **"All on a Summer's Night,"** by Maurice Edelman

36 **Pick of the Paperbacks,** by Rollene W. Saal

38 **Criminal Record**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

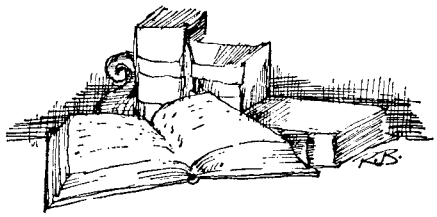
in the other novels, refracted through different lenses. as though the author was not content with one portrayal, but must probe the same man or situation from various angles until he has divined its essence.

In his next novel, *Dawn*, Wiesel moves to Palestine, accompanied by his physical and metaphysical past. The narrator, Elisha, survivor of the holocaust and now member of the Jewish underground, is assigned to kill a British officer, the hostage for a captured Jewish terrorist who has been sentenced to death. Elisha's assignment to take an innocent man's life is an agonizingly difficult one, and in his excited imagination he hears the accusing voices of parents, teacher, friends, and a younger form of himself.

Without Elie Wiesel's artistry, *Dawn* would be a melodramatic work, accenting such plot questions as: Will Elisha kill the Englishman? Will a last-minute reprieve be granted to the Jewish terrorist so that the Englishman will be spared? But the eternal problems of guilt, morality, and duty elevate the work from story to parable. At the center of the book is the moral encounter between victim-turned-executioner and his own harrowing past, and we watch the reaction not so much of the man who is going to die as of the sensitive man who will do the killing. Nevertheless, the parallel between German killers doing their duty in *Night* and the Jewish survivor doing his duty in *Dawn* is inescapable. And once the deed is accomplished, Elisha realizes that each murder is suicide, that each man is his fellow man.

The Accident, Wiesel's third novel, pursues the theme of the holocaust in a slightly different vein. At the beginning, the narrator is struck down by a cab and taken to the hospital, where he is miraculously saved. As he recuperates and converses about life and death with his surgeon, we see that the narrator willed the accident because he found himself cornered into accepting life. Finally, salvation comes in the guise of his vibrant, life-loving artist friend, Gyula—one of those strong companions whom the protagonists of Wiesel's novels continually seek out.

Wiesel here takes a simple enough event—an accident—and converts it into a dialogue between the living and the dead. The narrator, guilty at having been the sole survivor of his entire family, cannot accept love and life. He is haunted by the past and calls himself a man who "is a grave for the unburied dead." In every woman he meets he sees his grandmother in her black shawl, the novel's symbol of the holocaust. Even on the operating table, he does not work with his doctor, but sides with the enemy, Death. Toward



the end of the book the narrator says to Gyula that the dead have no friends but him. But Gyula, who paints a portrait of him, counsels: "You must chase them from your memory. With a whip if necessary." And when Gyula burns the death-haunted portrait of the narrator he symbolically rids him of the past and prepares him for a future wherein death is banished.

Compared to Wiesel's first three novels (more precisely, novellas), which averaged about 100 pages, *The Town Beyond the Wall* (178 pages) is a long work. It focuses on the postwar return of Michael, a concentration camp survivor, to his native town in communist Hungary.

In this novel Wiesel presents the narrative on three levels, which interlock and explain one another until they converge. The first centers on the Hungarian prison where Michael is tortured by being forced to stand without moving until he reveals why he returned; the second level, told in the first person (in italics), is the continuing dialogue between Michael and his friend Pedro; the third probes scenes from Michael's childhood. The dramatic highlight of the novel is Michael's search for a man—we realize that he is also Everyman—who used to stand every day by the window across the street from the synagogue square and watch Jews being reviled, beaten, and deported. Michael's real reason for hazarding the illegal border crossing into a communist land is his desire to meet and shame this man. He is the symbol of the world's indifference to injustice; the spectator who was neither victim nor killer, a man who feels no emotion, no remorse, because, as he readily admits, for him it was all a game. Indeed, it is this man who alerts the police to Michael's presence in the country, and is directly responsible for Michael's imprisonment.

Wiesel's fifth novel, *The Gates of the Forest*, extends from wartime Europe to postwar America. After hiding in a cave, Gregor goes to the village of his family's maid and is welcomed by her. But he must play the role of a mute to avoid exposing his foreign origins. Soon he is chosen for another role, that of Judas in the Passion Play—the novel's crucial symbolic scene—during which he is insulted and beaten by the players and audience. Then, dramatically, he breaks his silence and reveals himself, but is saved from the spectators' maniacal wrath by the mayor, who brings him to Jewish partisans. These are some of the journeys and metamorphoses that the young survivor must undergo in order to discover himself and his true identity.

Elie Wiesel's only work of nonfiction is *The Jews of Silence*, a factual account of his trip to the Soviet Union. Whereas the physical destruction of European Jewry is the recurrent theme in his fiction, the spiritual annihilation of Judaism in the Soviet Union and the Jews' refusal to die comprise the theme of *The Jews of Silence*. There are two carefully balanced weights in the book: one is despair over Babi Yar, outside Kiev, where more than 100,000 Jews were machine-gunned to death or buried alive by Germans and local Ukrainians; the other is the description of the Simchat Torah celebration at the Moscow synagogue. There hope engulfs anguish when once a year silence bursts into song, gates of fear unlock, and Moscow's Marranos become Jews once more. The singing and dancing of 30,000 Jewish youths teaches Wiesel that despite indoctrination and the proscription of formal Jewish education, the Jewish youth want to return to the faith of their fathers.

In *Legends of Our Time* Wiesel treats the holocaust theme in several brief, novelistic essays, variations of which have appeared in his other works. For instance, the death of his father in the concentration camp, already described in *Night* and *The Town Beyond the Wall*, is here analyzed from another point of view: Wiesel's reaction to it, and the question of whether or not he should say Kaddish on the anniversary.

In one chapter Wiesel not only accuses the Germans and indigenous local populations in Central and Eastern Europe of murder; he accuses others of silence. He maintains that Hitler formulated his plans step by step, waiting for world reaction. When there was none, Hitler interpreted it as a signal to proceed. Wiesel also accuses the Church of silence, and Churchill and Roosevelt of not heeding a plea to bomb the railway tracks to Auschwitz. He castigates the American Jewish community for not protesting long or loudly enough. He even criticizes the Jewish leaders of Palestine of foot-dragging during the latter part of World War II, stating that "people in Palestine behaved as if what was happening [in Europe] did not concern them too much." Wiesel tells of an Israeli poet and journalist who was covering the Eichmann trial. One day this writer left the courtroom and looked up the 1943-44 copies of a leading Tel Aviv newspaper. He was shocked to find that front-page headlines during those years featured small-town

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

local elections, while news of the German extermination of the Lublin and other ghettos was buried in an inside page.

Elie Wiesel's latest novel, *A Beggar in Jerusalem*, is in many ways a finale to the interlocking symphonic movements of his preceding works. It contains familiar characters, scenes, and narrative devices: his parents from *Night*, *The Town Beyond the Wall*, and *Legends of Our Time*; a postscript about the informer in the Kiev synagogue, first mentioned in *The Jews of Silence*; the exchanging of personalities and names; the narrator's need for a teacher and friend (a motif in all his novels), and the by now occasionally sententious epigrams, Hasidic-like profundities in compressed form.

No writer can be true to his artistic integrity unless he strives for the limits of his imaginative capacities, and beyond. This Elie Wiesel has done in *A Beggar in Jerusalem*. It is a daring book, for it seeks to combine many kinds of storytelling under the unifying theme of Jewish history, the epiphany of the Six-Day War, and the rejoining of the Western Wall to the heart of Israel.

The book, well translated by the author and Lily Edelman, opens with beggars who sit near the Wall after the Six-Day War and tell how they helped Israel win. David, the protagonist, sits with them, recalling his missing soldier friend Katriel. Interspersed with flashbacks into the holocaust period there is a quest for Katriel, upon whom is superimposed a messianic quality that is never quite believable.

As usual, Elie Wiesel writes superbly and brings to every human act and thought in peace and war a thorough metaphysical dissection. But, accustomed as we are to the clean architectonics and economy of means in his other works, *A Beggar in Jerusalem* presents us with a problem.

One of the chief faults of the novel is that the storyteller has been superseded by the sage. This predilection for the epigrammatic, evident in much of Wiesel's work, is usually overwhelmed by the greater magic of story and theme. Here, however, it seems to proliferate unchecked. Sometimes it appears in paragraphs:

> He who says "I" has said everything. Just as every man contains all men, this word contains all words. It is the only word God uttered at Mount Sinai. Yet one must know how to pronounce it as He does. He says "I" and it means: I who am with you, within you. We say "I" and it means: I who am opposed to you, all of you.

Sometimes the borderline between "wisdom" and inanity becomes blurred:

> I remember a conversation before the war:
> "What do you expect of life?"
> "Life itself."
> "And of love?"
> "Love itself."

Even at the height of an artillery duel the muse of abbreviated wit does not desert the narrator. He leans over to Katriel and says, "Do you know what war is? A journey to the end of silence."

Many of the characters—mother, Hasidic rebbe, mysterious beggars, preachers, friends—speak in the same pithy, aphoristic tone, which makes it difficult to separate them. We are forced to assume that they are all alter egos of the author, who is here setting down a series of proverbial statements collected over the years.

In contrast to his other books, *A Beggar in Jerusalem* etherealizes real characters to a point where their speeches sound stiff, as if recited from some old parchment. Ideas are tossed about and placed in the mouths of men, but they remain disembodied, abstract and impersonal.

In Wiesel's previous works, ideas and story fused, becoming the fire of life; in this one ideas overwhelm story. Instead of working out a philosophy for his tale, Wiesel has tagged a story onto bits of philosophic and mythic lore, and has blended fictive memory with journalistic accounts of recent events that still need the leavening of time.

A Beggar in Jerusalem is an ambitious attempt to show how Jewish spirit and ideology brought victory in June 1967. It is thoroughly Jewish in theme, content, character, and imagery (one wishes that some of the Israeli writers would utilize Jewish literary tradition as frequently as does Wiesel). But despite its intense moments, imaginative slant, and dazzling speculation on Jewish destiny, the novel does not succeed. Wiesel's fusion of disparate subgenres and styles (myths, Midrash, folktales, philosophic dialogue, Jewish history, journalism, epigrams) seems artificial. Instead of an organic whole we get brilliant fragments. Entire sections are so self-contained they could be removed or placed elsewhere without doing harm to the narrative. For example: the Jewish community in David's home town going to their deaths singing and defying their killers; the encounter in Hungary of bloodthirsty villagers with the strong-willed young gentile woman who has hidden David; the Israeli army's race to Old Jerusalem during the Six-Day War. All these are isolated incidents forcibly anthologized into the book; hence there is no

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

FEARFUL SONNETRY

The first line in each of these unrhymed couplets is actually the first line of a well-known sonnet that *concludes* with the second line of another couplet (ignoring the original punctuation). Timothy O. Devlin of Pasadena, California, wants you to rejoin the sundered and return the lines to the correct poet. Answers on page 38.

1. Brooke ( )
2. E. B. Browning ( )
3. Donne ( )
4. Keats ( )
5. Meredith ( )
6. Milton ( )
7. Shakespeare ( )
8. Shelley ( )
9. Wordsworth ( )
10. Yeats ( )

a) I once thought how Theocritus had sung:
b) "They also serve who only stand and wait."
c) On a starred night Prince Lucifer uprose
d) Before the indifferent beak could let her drop.
e) Earth has not anything to show more fair:
f) The lone and level sands stretch far away.
g) A sudden blow, the great wings beating still,
h) The silver answer rang . . . "Not Death, but Love!"
i) If I should die, think only this of me:
j) "And all that mighty heart is lying still!"
k) I met a traveler from an antique land,
l) Silent, upon a peak in Darien.
m) This is my play's last scene; here heavens appoint
n) The army of unalterable law.
o) Much have I traveled in the realms of gold
p) To love that well which thou must leave ere long.
q) When I consider how my light is spent
r) In hearts at peace, under an English heaven . . .
s) That time of year thou mayst in me behold,
t) For thus I leave the world, the flesh, the devil.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dramatic and intellectual cohesiveness, and because it ranges so far afield—describing how some American Jews reacted to the May 1967 crisis and how the Kiev synagogue got rid of its informer—the novel lacks an esthetic center.

Elie Wiesel has stated his avowed purpose: "I had one desire, to make [the tales] mine, all of them." We hope he continues this effort, but not all in one book. If in his next work he once again permits the novelist in him to subdue the sage, belles-lettres will have won an important contest.

Like Faulkner or Dostoevsky, Wiesel has taken one theme, one event, with ramifications in many locales, and assiduously pursued it through many variations. There are countless questions in his works—one might say six million of them—but the principal ones are: How can man live in a world where God is alive but morality is dead? How can man speak to the God who never slumbers, when He actually slumbered a generation ago? How can man go on living and loving when he bears within himself an awful burden, the ashes and smoke of his relatives and friends? Wiesel does not provide the answers; in true Jewish fashion he offers only the questions. Along with the great Yiddish poet and novelist Chaim Grade (who has yet to be discovered by American publishers), Wiesel gives life to the drama of ideas, and makes the interchange of thoughts as exciting and suspenseful as action.

Another motif in his works is the necessity of remembering: to remember is to resurrect, to forget is to consign to eternal death. And Wiesel has made a vow to go on remembering and telling; taking the most anguished theme, he has been exploring its manifold depths, examining areas of suffering and guilt, religious ecstasy and doubt, and the intriguing notion of transference of personality.

Reading Elie Wiesel is not an easy experience. It is certainly by no means an act of escape, the traditional function of literary entertainment. His works touch all of one's fibers. One's head reels, one's soul is haunted, one is tempted to cry out, enough! But after we have listened to what Wiesel has to say, other literature seems meaningless. For he writes about the central event of our time, in which one-third of the Jewish people, or, as Chaim Grade has said, one-third of each of us, was killed. One realizes that though the fires are long extinguished, the flames still burn, and the further one gets from them the hotter they become.

Elie Wiesel is a writer with a soul on fire, and it is his mission that we, his readers, become souls on fire too, if only for a moment.

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Lecture/Exam Procedure

WILLIAM WIECEK'S REVIEW of Martin Duberman's *The Uncompleted Past* [*SR*, Jan. 3] is an informative piece as long as the reviewer sticks to his and Duberman's views of history, its utility and place in the search for truth. But in venturing into the area of pedagogy, Professor Wiecek's prejudices and naïveté seem to predominate over a reasoned treatment. Why is it so automatic that "An experiment like [Duberman's seminar] would have to be a disaster to be a worse method of education than the lecture/exam procedure . . ."? Such experiments as Duberman's have been conducted before, at least as early as the mid-Thirties in the School of General Studies at the University of Minnesota and uncounted times since then. They represent an excellent change of pace in the average student's curriculum, but it is mainly in this way that they contribute positively to educational method.

Somehow I wish that Wiecek had questioned the Duberman assumption that "the accumulation and dissemination of knowledge" is not consistent with or productive of "individual growth." The truth is that most college young people both want and need to increase their knowledge in specialized areas in college, and that this is in fact their basic tool for individual growth. The pedagogic validity of lecture/exam is established. It is the most expeditious way to transmit broad experience from one person to many others, and the fact that it is effective is evident throughout our culture and our technology.

That this is more true of some disciplines than it is of others is undoubtedly correct, and that all teaching/learning situations need variety to temper pedantry and to stimulate responsive interest is not to be denied. But the bull-session seminar that fails to recognize and provide for the counter demands of other courses or for comprehensive exposure to relevant topics fails just as impressively as the unrelenting lecture/exam procedure, and maybe more so.

A. NELSON DINGLE,
Dexter, Mich.

Remarkable Landlubber

IN HIS SPIRITED ESSAY-REVIEW of two recent presentations of Antonio Pigafetta's account of the first circumnavigation [*SR*, Dec. 20], my friend Commander Alan Villiers is more than generous to the editors, somewhat less than just to the author.

Pigafetta was (let us agree) a landlubber who "never got a maritime clue." He displays little understanding of the physical, political, and technical tasks which Magellan faced in his grim adventure. His narrative is woefully inadequate as testimony to the scarcely conceivable hazards faced by the small Spanish ships and their crews, or to the triumphant fortitude and skill which surmounted them and brought Elcano's ship round the world and back to Europe. These defects in Pigafetta's record are not brushed under the carpet in the introduction to the Yale edition. A reviewer is justified in drawing attention to them. Judged only as the chronicle of an oceanic voyage and of the navigation by which it was made, Pigafetta's *Relation* would hardly deserve reprinting.

But the landlubber happened to be a young man with untiring curiosity, a special aptitude for sympathetic dealing with native peoples, and powers of observation and reporting which have produced (in his editor's words) "one of the most remarkable documents in the history of geographical and ethnological discovery." His *Relation* earns him a high place among European observers of the South Sea and its island societies, and no student of Pacific history can afford to ignore it. There is infinitely more here than "marvels now unknown" and tall stories about "nail-stealing virgins."

Pigafetta and his reviewer are plainly at home in different elements. I recall a remark made by Alan Villiers to me some years ago in a train between Greenwich and London: "Tahiti—no place for a sailorman!"

If the essay-review touches Pigafetta and his narrative only tangentially, this is nevertheless to the great advantage of your readers. Commander Villiers's penetrating and perceptive analysis of the great pioneering voyage and of Magellan's "conception and performance" of it could have been made only by a man with personal experience of all-weather navigation under sail in the same waters and coasts. It vividly explains why the first circumnavigation, which a contemporary thought "a thing surely most wonderful, and in manner incredible," seems no less "miraculous to a modern seaman." Landlubbers everywhere are in debt to Commander Villiers for so masterly a demonstration of the miracle.

R. A. SKELTON,
Farnham, England

Hopis

WE WISH TO TAKE EXCEPTION to a review regarding Frank Waters and the paperback publication of the *Book of the Hopi* [*SR*, Oct. 25]. We resent the fact that Mr. Waters takes full credit for the research, whereas the material was given to him by White Bear.

Mr. Waters did not, as your critic states, spend most of his life on the Hopi reservation nor with the Hopis. The Elders do not know him, and the tribe did not entrust their secrets to him nor their most mystic rituals.

WHITE BEAR FREDERICKS,
Naomi White Bear Fredericks,
Oraibi, Ariz.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Perspective

J. H. Plumb

Human beings are addicted to anniversaries, centenaries and national festivals, but we love also to break up the lengthening vista of our lives by making the most of a decade. We try to give the Thirties, Forties, Fifties, Sixties a special flavor—an attitude which would have struck our ancestors as bordering on lunacy. In the seventeenth century there were plenty of jeremiads about the wickedness and lewdness of the age as a whole—usually from the pen of a passionate preacher or sour old man—but decade followed decade with so little change. This has been brought forcefully home to me by one of the finest pieces of local history that I have read in years, John Demos's *A Little Commonwealth: Family Life in Plymouth Colony* (Oxford, $6.75). By use of court records, wills, inventories and artifacts, Demos reconstructs the family life of the Pilgrims in the Old Colony. He gives this study true universality, however, by bringing to bear on his material not only a perceptive imagination but also a sound grasp of modern developments in sociology, anthropology, psychology, and demography. Because Demos writes a clear, terse, flowing prose his book will be a delight to the general reader as well as the scholar.

In Plymouth scant change was noticeable as decade succeeded decade with a steady extension of farming, slow rise in population, occasional readjustments with the Church and the government of the colony to meet new needs and a more complex society. The growth in sophistication and education was hardly perceptible. If one compares the 1630s with the 1640s or the 1660s with the 1670s, the tenor seems even; only if one looks back from 1690 on the whole history of the colony are innovations apparent.

Demos's portrait of family life is captivating. It possessed a strong structure. A child's will was broken early; obedience and conformity were the desirable social virtues. Adolescence was not recognized (what a blessing, one might think!). Anger and strife and violence were regarded as more grievous sins than illicit sexual indulgence, although marriage and procreation were prime social goals. For those who regard New England as a bourgeois society dominated by the principles of the marketplace this book will be a salutary antidote; implicit in the family was an attitude as patriarchal and as hierarchical as any seventeenth-century English conservative could have desired. But the volume's greatest value is the light it throws on an aspect of history that is particularly obscure—the nature of early family life and its influence on social structure. The renewed interest in this and the history of education is one of the happier historical developments of the Sixties.

And what changes the 1960s have brought in American historical writing! The most dramatic has been the end of the prevalence of consensus history and the rise of new radical history. The issue of slavery, the role of the Negro, the economic base of the classic historical American themes—revolution, Jacksonian democracy, the Civil War, Progressivism, the New Deal, etc.—have all been subjected to vigorous analysis, influenced but not dominated by Marxism or by sympathy with black protest. Three exceptionally fine historians particularly concerned with the debate about slavery emerged in the Sixties: David Brion Davis, Eugene Genovese, and Winthrop D. Jordan. Yet perhaps the best history of a radical nature came from an older generation—Barrington Moore, Jr.'s *The Origins of Social Democracy*, a work as outstanding in its intellectual analysis as in its range of scholarship. It will be fascinating to see if some of the younger historians will consolidate their reputations in the Seventies or whether a new swing in social interest will leave them as stranded as some of their older colleagues have been the last ten years.

Equally important and fascinating has been the steady growth of interest in the history of ideas. What must rank as among the liveliest historical journals in English, the quarterly *History and Theory*, is the child of the 1960s. Nothing bears witness to the range, variety, and analytical vigor of American scholarship so well as these studies in the philosophy of history. I feel there is so much absorbing material buried in publications such as this periodical issued by Wesleyan University Press that they would attract a wide, sophisticated reading public if they were available more cheaply. There is a strong case for the revival of annuals devoted to the best in academic history, the best in local history, the best in social history, and the like.

The most outstanding work of the Sixties, however, has not been buried in journals. Three major American

(*Continued on page* 38)

"An intellectual adventure and exciting experience."
—C. VANN WOODWARD

J. H. PLUMB'S

the death of the past

In a profoundly important new book, one of England's most distinguished historians asks the fascinating question: *Is man's belief that the past holds the key to his destiny fading away?* To his analysis of this intriguing probability, Professor Plumb brings a wealth of scholarship and insight. Provocative and timely reading. $5.00

Houghton Mifflin Company

SPECIAL WINTER SALE!
LIMITED TIME ONLY... $17.98
(regularly $29.98)

WORLD'S FIRST LOW COST
FLAME GUN
Melts Ice Fast...
Burns Up Snow!

Never slip again, avoid dangerous falls—costly law suits! This quality jet-rod Flame Gun clears stairs, walks, driveways of even heaviest snow, thickest ice in seconds, frees "snowed in" cars. No heart-taxing shoveling—no bending. Easy, one-hand operation from comfortable standing position. No cumbersome cords, expensive batteries, or costly fuel. Less than 2 pts. of low-cost kerosene gives 30 minutes continuous use. Completely safe; under 5 lbs. IN SUMMER, kills weeds, insect nests; trims borders. Simple instructions included. Only $17.98 *plus $1.00 shipping.*

Prompt shipment. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Check or M.O. Write for FREE color catalog.

HOBI INC Dept. SR-10, 7 Delaware Dr. Lake Success, N.Y. 11040

Coming February 21
***SR*'s Educational Travel Issue**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An essay review of "The Rockefeller Report on the Americas: The Official Report of a United States Presidential Mission for the Western Hemisphere," by Nelson A. Rockefeller (Quadrangle-New York Times, 144 pp., $5.95, paperback $1.25)

The Rocky Way to Latin Liaison

by DAN KURZMAN

Since Fidel Castro established the first communist state in Latin America a decade ago, the United States has taken an interest in that region which she had never previously shown. The Latin American nations could no longer be considered simply a source of quick, easy profits and guaranteed support for Washington's international policies.

Castro opened Yankee eyes to the fact that Latin America, finally awakened from a long sleep, had begun to churn with social, economic, and political ferment; that unless the United States could funnel the burgeoning forces of revolution into peaceful, moderate channels, more Castros would move into power.

President Kennedy, on taking office, therefore began building on a policy of cooperation that had its roots in Franklin Roosevelt's Good Neighbor Policy. FDR had ended the tradition of "gunboat diplomacy" and open intervention in Latin American domestic affairs that had characterized United States domination of the hemisphere in her own economic and political interests.

In inaugurating the Alliance for Progress in 1961 as a spur to "peaceful revolution" in Latin America, Kennedy said, "We must not forget that our Alliance . . . is more than a doctrine of development—a blueprint of economic advance . . . It says that in our hemisphere no society is free until all its people have an equal opportunity to share the fruits of their own land and their own labor. And it says that material progress is meaningless without individual freedom and political liberty."

The Alliance, in a sense, was a negation of the Good Neighbor Policy, from which it sprang. The latter permitted the United States to embrace any fawning dictator who might come to power. (Typically, Roosevelt is reported to have said of the Dominican Republic's Rafael Trujillo: "He may be an S.O.B., but he's *our* S.O.B.") The Alliance enabled Washington to exert pressure for the establishment of constitutional governments. Kennedy thus reintroduced the principle of intervention, but this time mainly in the service of the Latin American people rather than of U.S. special interests. He firmly tied economic aid to strings intended to extract from the ruling régimes vital social, economic, and political reforms, and in his fervor went so far as to suspend aid to and to withhold recognition from juntas that had ousted constitutional governments—in line with suggestions made by Dr. Milton Eisenhower, brother of the late President, that the United States remain aloof from the dictators.

When President Johnson took office he gave lip service to the same principles, but in fact let Thomas C. Mann, his powerful Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, concentrate more on the economic aspects of the Alliance and less on the social and political goals. Mann ordered his ambassadors to stop harassing the stubborn oligarchs, and listened more closely to private American interests, in one case suspending aid to the then constitutional government of Peru because it would not come to "acceptable" terms with U.S. oilmen in that country. Bogged down in apathy and red tape, the "peaceful revolution" became "pragmatically" evolutionary, little more than the "doctrine of development" Kennedy had rejected.

In spring and summer 1969 President Nixon sent New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller on a quick tour of Latin America to prepare recommendations to guide him in revitalizing United States relations with that region. Accompanied by some twenty advisers, Rockefeller flew from capital to capital, where they were greeted mainly by nervous Latin American strongmen (the democratic leaders of Venezuela and Chile and the reform-minded military chiefs of Peru asked that he skip their countries). The Rockefeller party, which was also confronted by crowds of anti-American rioters and demonstrators, was impressed by the messages of both groups: it became convinced that the Castro-communist threat was rapidly growing. Appropriately, Rockefeller in this report urges an upgrading of Latin America in United States policy considerations, which would include the appointment of a new Secretary of Western Hemisphere Affairs. At the same time he recommends that future policy be determined largely by one guideline: more "pragmatism."

"The United States," the report maintains, "cannot allow disagreements with the form or the domestic policies of other American governments to jeopardize its basic objective of working with and for their people to our mutual benefit." If this recommendation, which in effect calls for a reversion to the central principle of the Good Neighbor Policy, is adopted, Washington will presumably no longer impinge on the sovereignty of Latin American nations in carrying out its aid program.

In some respects this doctrine might greatly improve United States relations with Latin America, especially in so far as it applies to the principle (also backed by the report) that "United States national interests must supersede those of any domestic special-interest group in the conduct of Western Hemisphere relations." Thus Rockefeller—who has considerable economic interests of his own in Latin America—courageously seeks, together with a general loosening of trade restrictions, the suspension or modification of the Hickenlooper Amendment, which calls for a cut-off of aid to any country expropriating American property without "just" and "prompt" compensation.

Other "special-interest" strings attached to aid would also be eliminated: the provision that half the exports financed by the United States must be shipped in American freighters; the requirement that imports must be purchased in the United States regardless of price. Such restrictions, the report indicates, may have profited American companies—but at the expense of the nations being helped.

Unfortunately, those requirements

DAN KURZMAN, 1965 winner of Long Island University's George Polk Memorial Award for his Latin American reporting in *The Washington Post*, is the author of *Santo Domingo: Revolt of the Damned*.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

originally meant to serve United States as well as Latin American *national* interests would also be removed, if they have not already been—to the probable benefit of the communists, whom such policy is supposed to counter. For one thing, the report would have the United States no longer press for democratic government but deal with dictators and democrats on an equal basis—formalizing Mann's more subtle regression to the past.

This recommendation is likely to disappoint many Americans who have felt, as President Kennedy did, that the Alliance for Progress should be more than a simple aid program. And it will surely seem callous to numerous Latin Americans who have long suffered under brutal dictatorships and blame the United States for supporting them. These people reason that even if American unfriendliness to dictators did not always produce free elections, it placed an unrelenting pressure on such rulers to ease their oppressive policies, and gave the oppressed an ideological objective other than communism on which to pin their hopes. Certainly the communists must have enjoyed the much publicized photograph showing Nelson Rockefeller and Haiti's gangsterlike President François Duvalier linking arms in Port-au-Prince.

Nor is it clear that "pragmatism" is the only factor behind this recommendation. Fear is probably another. Ever since Kennedy announced the Alliance, Washington has found itself on the horns of an uncomfortable dilemma. On the one hand, it wants to promote democracy as an alternative to Castro-communism. But, on the other, it fears democracy, particularly in the less-developed Latin American countries, since it feels in many cases subconsciously that inexperienced democratic régimes will prove less resistant to communist infiltration than the rightist military régimes with which American diplomats have dealt for so long.

Conditioned by the diplomat's ingrained reluctance to gamble on unknown quantities—and democracy in Latin America is largely an unknown quantity — many American officials, when they perceive the slightest danger of a communist advance, veer almost reflexively toward the strongman rather than the democrat for suppression of the threat. And they are encouraged in most cases by the natural tendency of the democrats to assume a more independent and nationalistic attitude than the rightist dictators, who, usually lacking popular support, must often depend on American backing to stay in power.

But even on grounds of pragmatism the Rockefeller proposal appears shaky. It might make sense in theory: after all, the Latin Americans have no democratic tradition, and anyway why deprive hungry, impoverished people of aid simply because they are led by a tyrant? The trouble is that this question is usually irrelevant, since aid must be funneled through the existing government, and experience has shown that little remains for the people by the time it trickles through the totalitarian machinery. Corruption, of course, is no stranger to constitutional Latin American régimes, but most of them have tended to make far more efficient use of aid funds, if only as a means of winning the next election.

Moreover, the problem of waste—and outright theft—would be further aggravated by another provision in the report, which calls on the Latin American nations to "assume direction of their own development efforts." The United States, the report says, has only caused resentment in these countries by intervening in their economic policies and programs. The provision suggests that Rockefeller and his advisers did little research in the field on this question, which is not surprising in view of the lightning nature of their tour.

Certainly the Latin leaders and bureaucrats have been resentful of American "intervention" in their affairs, particularly where money is concerned. But this reviewer, while covering Latin America for several years, listened to dozens of people with no pockets to line—workers, peasants, shopkeepers, slum-dwellers, and others for whom American aid is presumably earmarked—complain that the United States makes too little effort to see that this aid reaches down to them. The proposed new policy would reduce this effort even further than did Thomas Mann's, at the expense not only of the intended recipient but of the hard-pressed American taxpayer.

Nor is the proposal for fewer controls conducive to the social and economic reform necessary to render aid funds effective, particularly in countries with traditionalist dictators. The Kennedy policy of using aid as a carrot to achieve such reforms, long dormant anyway, would be killed outright by the report. Once again it must be asked whether this is fair to the American taxpayer.

Is it fair for him to finance economic projects in a nation whose wealthier citizens stash away their own tax-free money in Swiss banks while blocking all efforts at tax reform? Is his contribution helping to contain communism if used, say, for an irrigation system that adds to the wealth of some absentee landlord but only to the working hours of the hungry, sickly, landless peasant?

It would, of course, be intervention for the United States to insist on agrarian reform that would give such a peasant a stake in the improved land. But who would complain other than those resistant to reform? Not likely the peasant. Or the American taxpayer who wants something to show for his money. Moreover, is not such minor, constructive intervention on behalf of the people preferable to the military brand Washington thought necessary during the 1965 Dominican revolution —the brand that results from popular revolt against the status quo? It is interesting to note that President Kennedy was probably the most popular United States President in history among the Latin Americans, despite—or, perhaps more accurately, at least in part because of—the pressures he exerted on Latin governments, pressures which had begun in some cases

–Calogero Cascio, Rapho Guillumette.

Peasants on a sugar cane plantation in Pernambuco, Brazil—"Why deprive impoverished people of aid simply because they are led by a tyrant?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to crack the feudal mores that dominate the continent.

A particularly controversial aspect of Governor Rockefeller's plan for greater pragmatism is his recommendation that the United States be permitted to sell modern aircraft, ships, and other major military equipment to Latin American armies without the aid-cut penalties currently imposed. Such sales should be allowed, his report says, "when these nations believe this equipment is necessary to protect their land, patrol their seacoasts and airspace, and otherwise maintain the morale of their forces and protect their sovereignty."

It is understandable that the United States should supply the Latin American military with such items as trucks, Jeeps, helicopters, and communications equipment needed to fight guerrillas. But it is hard to envision the use of such sophisticated weaponry as jets, tanks, and warships—except for regional conventional wars like the recent Honduras-El Salvador conflict, or to keep a hostile, oppressed populace in check. Must the American taxpayer, simply to maintain the morale of a bloated, privilege-loving military class, also pay for such expensive, unnecessary, lethal playthings—in effect, subsidizing their purchase by contributing aid for other projects? Is such a policy pragmatic in terms of American interest—even on the morally questionable grounds that the generals might buy arms elsewhere— when possibly the bitterest factor in Latin anti-Americanism is the belief that the United States is helping to maintain in power suppressive military dictatorships?

This question assumes an added dimension in the light of a new, highly distressing dilemma now facing the United States, one that is perceptively stressed in Tad Szulc's excellent introduction to this *New York Times* edition of the report. Rockefeller's willingness to supply the militarists with modern arms is consistent with the traditional American policy of depending on the Latin American armies, even in the few democratic states, as the ultimate safeguard against a communist takeover. But in recent months a new kind of reformist military leadership has emerged in Latin America, the kind that expropriated American property in Peru and Bolivia. This leadership is enjoying the popularity that goes with ultra-nationalism and anti-Americanism. And its influence may well spread—not unlikely, in proportion to American support for the champions of the status quo. The old military, which has traditionally allied itself with the feudalistic oligarchies, may not hold power much longer. Can the United States pin her ultimate hopes for resistance against communism on military establishments that thrive on anti-Americanism?

Actually, such armies might prove more effective than the conventional ones as a barrier to communism—if they really implement the reforms they decree. For communism feeds best not on reform but on reaction, as was so dramatically demonstrated when an American-backed Batista paved the path to power for Castro. Yet the dilemma is real to Washington. And there is considerable truth in the Rockefeller observation that such "authoritarian governments, bent on rapid change, have an intrinsic ideological unreliability and a vulnerability to extreme nationalism. They can go in almost any doctrinal direction."

One recalls the Eisenhower administration's offer of arms in the 1950s to Middle Eastern countries willing to join a pro-Western Baghdad Pact. In 1958 a group of ultra-nationalist officers took over Iraq in a bloody coup, using the American weapons to destroy all pro-Western leaders. It is to be hoped that the Nixon administration will keep that ironic event in mind when considering the recommendations of the *Rockefeller Report*, some of which are wise, but some of which have been spawned from superficial and dangerously outdated logic.

BIAFRA

by C. Odumegwu Ojukwu
Harper & Row, 613 pp., $12

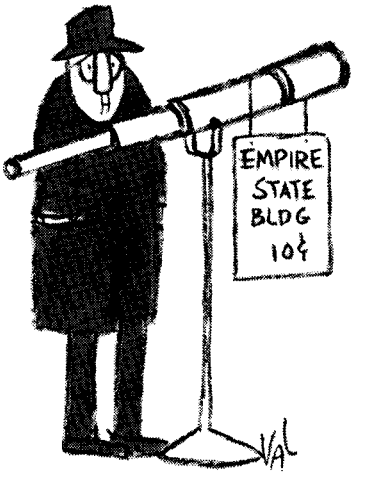
EARLY IN July of 1967 I passed through Nigeria on a brief business trip. The Biafran civil war was then only hours away, so to speak, and nearly everyone I met between Lagos and Katsina assured me that the secessionists would fold within a week. Personally, I wasn't so sure. Biafra's military governor, Colonel Odumegwu Ojukwu, struck me as a determined and resourceful leader, and his people seemed behind him to a man. I felt quite confident that Biafra was capable of holding out for as long as two or even three months. Today, just two and a half years later, Biafra's resistance has finally cracked, but for a while it looked as if Ojukwu and his beggars' army were going to be engaged in a perpetual last stand.

During those same two years Ojukwu, now a general, somehow found time to shore up the national morale with a large number of speeches and other public statements in his hard-pressed enclave of defiance. These words have recently been published in book form, and although some of their immediacy has been removed by Biafra's demise, they remain a praiseworthy chronicle of a lost but lofty cause.

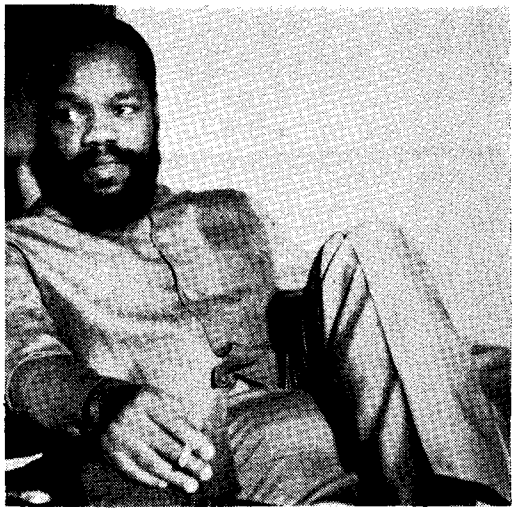
It should be said that Ojukwu's spirited declaration of independence contains more than one shortcoming. Among other things, I found it regrettable that the publishers didn't see fit to perform some sort of amputation on the text. As it stands, Ojukwu is allowed to run off at the mouth for more than 600 pages, creating the probably misleading impression of an African Castro who has become mesmerized by his own repetitions.

Inconsistencies also mar the testimony. Ojukwu warns of a communist threat to Africa—embodied in Soviet aid to the Federal Government—while simultaneously hailing Red China's support of Biafra. At every opportunity he reminds us that he is the sworn foe of imperialism, neo-colonialism, and police-statism, yet he tells us nothing about the assistance his government has received from Portugal. (And he openly welcomes Biafra's recognition by Haiti.) I was not impressed, either, with Ojukwu's persistent claim that Biafran secession in particular and Balkanization in general are a good thing for African unity. It is of course true, as Ojukwu and many others have pointed out, that most African states are artificial creations, and it may also be true that their borders require readjustment to conform with national realities. However, I can't consider myself party to a "despicable falsehood" for wondering whether Biafra's rebellion might not encourage the wrong kind of boundary revision on a continent already being dismembered by every manner of mindless tribal, regional, and religious antagonism. This in fact is a principal reason why I always favored—however reluctantly—the Federal rather than the Biafran cause.

Yet kibitzing comes easy in an ivory tower. Anyone fighting with his back to



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—*Wide World.*

C. Odumegwu Ojukwu—"no option but to fight for their very survival."

the wall must inevitably view his predicament in the perspective of crisis. And it should be emphasized that many of the arguments that Ojukwu has set forth for Biafran independence—while they may now seem academic—are far from groundless.

One certainly can't deny the basis of his case, which is simply that Nigeria has never been a nation in any meaningful sense but, rather, a constitutional patchwork of tribal groups—dominated by northern Hausa-Fulanis, western Yorubas and eastern Ibos—holding few common interests and much mutual animosity. Against this background of disunity, Ojukwu puts forward three further claims that carry considerable weight. One is that the seeds of revolt were sown by a long-standing northern resentment of eastern initiative, a hatred that boiled over in the massacre of 50,000 Ibos in 1966. From this point on, says Ojukwu, "we were convinced beyond doubt that our security was entirely in our own hands."

Secondly, Ojukwu contends that the east was virtually dragooned into secession when General Yakubu Gowon, the head of Nigeria's military government, refused to implement unifying agreements arrived at unanimously during the Nigerian "summit" conference held on neutral ground in Aburi, Ghana, in January 1967.

Ojukwu's third major point is an indictment of the British government for its support of Nigeria—motivated by "the gigantic financial interests of . . . big British commercial firms."

Another issue persistently raised in Ojukwu's speeches concerns Nigerian war policy. Since the onset of the fighting, he charges, the Federal Government has pursued a deliberate policy of genocide, leaving Biafrans with no option but to fight for their very survival—especially since it was his belief that little if any credence could be placed in Nigerian assurances of amnesty. "Biafrans," Ojukwu told his Consultative Assembly in 1968, "can never again entrust their safety and security to people outside their homeland."

Finally, apart from any grievances, Ojukwu has steadfastly maintained that Biafrans are less a tribe than a people, and as such merit nationhood on the principle of self-determination alone.

While not all of the above is irrefutable, neither is it totally invalid. Ojukwu is even able to give force to what may be his least tenable points. Talk of genocide, for example, probably borders on hysteria, yet considering the astronomical casualties among Biafran civilians during the war, one can't but pay heed to the assertion that "no people within recent history, with the possible exception of the Jews during the Second World War, have . . . faced such a grim possibility of certain death and extermination." (Indeed, while further mass slaughter in the now defeated region seems unlikely, there is still a temptation to keep one's fingers crossed.)

Biafra's ostensible oneness also finds Ojukwu on thin ice—and skating off it. When he speaks of "Biafrans" he is often accused of referring only to the Ibo people, who represent about 60 per cent of the east's population. The Federal Government has always charged, not altogether irresponsibly, that a sovereign Biafra would simply have meant Ibo despotism over some six million or so Efiks, Ijaws, Ibibios, and members of other smaller tribes. However, it is significant that Lagos never saw fit to accept Ojukwu's proposals for a plebiscite in which the tribal minorities "should negotiate and decide their own future." The suggestion of a referendum, it should be added, was only one of numerous conciliation offers that were held out by Ojukwu—quite understandably eager to end the struggle by negotiation rather than endure a prolonged siege. His stand for the most part was far more accommodating, in my judgment, than Nigeria's, for while he firmly ruled out Biafra's re-entry into the old Federation, he often voiced his readiness to join some sort of politico-economic union. "What I mean is a commonwealth that specifies the two countries, with the nature of their relationship to be negotiated and defined at the conference table . . . . Nature has put us geographically side by side with Nigeria. The only way for the two countries to remain side by side is to remain good neighbors."

On the other hand, the harder-line Federal position (which amounted to little more than the demand for unconditional surrender) can at least be appreciated, if for no other reason than that Biafra probably holds the key to Nigeria's well-being. Before secession, Nigeria was the world's tenth largest crude oil exporter, and thirteen of her twenty-one operating oil fields were situated in the east. But for the war, oil might today be bringing Nigeria annual revenues in the neighborhood of $100-million. What developing African nation could have been expected to part with such a treasure unless it was wrested forcibly from her? Ojukwu himself has stated that the Federal Government's principal war aim has been "to maintain the economic integrity of the old Nigerian unit."

Thus the prospects of peaceful settlement hardly appeared bright at any time. As Ojukwu saw it, an equitable solution might have been forthcoming from London. "This war will not end," he once said, "until Britain wants the war to end. The day Britain feels that enough is enough, Gowon cannot continue for six hours." He also voiced the belief that if the United States, "without even going into the merits and demerits of the struggle," had spoken out for negotiation, "a statement of that nature would probably bring this war to a grinding halt." Yet while Biafra would no doubt have benefited from either development, one does not easily imagine Ojukwu as having held his breath for a Whitehall or State Department *volte-face*. In fact, now that the Biafrans have surrendered, it is probably safe to say that they never really had a hope.

The few days that elapse between the writing of this review and its publication can witness any number of surprises, but this hardly appears likely. It would seem more reasonable to ask whether Biafra will be treated as a conquered nation or whether she will be encouraged to rejoin Nigeria in a climate of fair play.

Ojukwu's future, too, remains a question mark. It is certainly most unlikely that he will be invited to participate in whatever plans the Federal Government may entertain for the east, and while this is no more than understandable it is also rather a pity. For if Ojukwu accomplished nothing else during the two and a half years of Biafran secession, he showed himself to be one of the more capable and honorable leaders in a country where, to use his own words, "squabbles for parochial and commercial patronage" far too often take the place of "purposeful coordinated service of the people."

Charles Miller

Charles Miller is a free-lance writer specializing in African affairs.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fiction

WESTWARD TO LAUGHTER

by Colin MacInnes

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 238 pp., $5.95

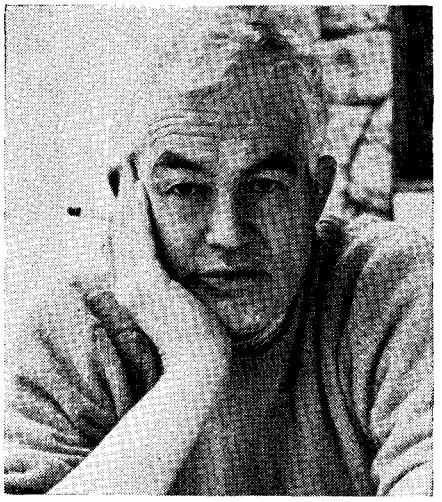
COLIN MACINNES HAS BEEN WRITING angry, sparkling novels about London pimps, hippies, and blacks for more than a decade, and a trio of these, *The London Novels of Colin MacInnes* (1969), has been published in this country. Thus MacInnes is increasingly winning larger audiences and accolades. *Westward to Laughter* is an ambitious variation upon the author's usual contemporary themes, for it seeks to recapture the zest and madness of eighteenth-century rogue novels that we associate with Voltaire, Fielding, and Smollett.

The time is 1752, and out of Scotland's civil wars and rebellions emerges a defeated Calvinist youth of sixteen, Alexander Nairn, who is promptly sold by his uptight mercantile uncle and shipped out on a slaver bound for the Caribbean isle of St. Laughter. In retrospect the religious, political, and merchant wars dividing England and Scotland come to appear to Alexander genteel, for the Caribbean teems with butchery, bestiality, and hate. English scorn French, planters despise shippers and soldiers, slaves abhor the establishment, Carib natives loathe every intruder, and pirates rather grandly hate all mankind. At one or another moment Alexander functions as sailor and slaver, merchant, houseboy, slave, rebel, pirate. In a world so fraught with upheaval it is small wonder that Alexander survives a mere two years before he is hanged in St. Laughter's lovely capital village, Joie. To his own fragmented "story," which he writes in prison, is appended a matter-of-fact explanatory epitaph by the local Presbyterian minister.

Unlike the *Bildungsroman*, which traces a hero's maturation, this novel celebrates the inverted growth of Alexander Nairn, who flowers in the grave. As a version of the picaresque, *Westward to Laughter* is suitably various, episodic, fleet. The plot, though pretending to adventure-story consequence, is decisively fantastic: characters storm in and out with incredible coincidence and magic; people rely upon blind intuitions that prove absolutely correct. As in much satiric fiction, the characters are barely developed, and the protagonist is a crippled romantic hero destined for defeat. With all too little conviction or wit Alexander stumbles passively through the action.

Despite all its sardonic lilt and vigor, the book at times is weak. Much of this is owing to MacInnes's attempt to produce a period novel; he lacks John Barth's versatility and stylistic control, which might have made his flirtations with eighteenth-century diction and usage more effective. Moreover, the repeated playing with terms like *joie* and *laughter* reminds us that *Westward to Laughter* is deficient in fun. Aside from a few parodic scenes of nonsensical posturing (as when schemers "play" at being pastoral lovers, or when two dedicated liars take mock-serious oaths with fingers crossed), the novel does not attain to Swiftian comedy or farce. Nor does it ever quite attain to Swiftian force. It becomes almost too much immersed in its own freaks of action and adventure. The book aspires to post at the gait of *Candide*, yet too often decelerates to cherish scenes of intrigue and melodrama. At such times the novel appears to be taking itself seriously as romantic entertainment, and we detect, not the smiles of Democritus and Petronius, but the labored seriousness of Defoe or Stevenson or Samuel Shellabarger.

In spite of all, however, *Westward to Laughter* achieves a large measure of success. It obtains its finest effects in still-life portraits and their symbolic suggestiveness. Repeatedly we are confronted by three archetypal figures of the Ruler. Diana, the planter's haughty daughter, is the perennially tainted heiress, epitomizing deceitful beauty and authority; she is seen as forever tyrannizing slaves, confiscating plantations, manipulating the strings of the white colonial world . . . "because she must." At the opposite pole we encounter Daniel, black priest and slave, the "brains" to all the black "comedians," a prophet and a Moses out of Africa, who ever scorns the white dominion and, as rebel-general, is ultimately portrayed drilling clandestine armies of runaway slaves and displaced Carib Indians, preparing to reconquer the Western world.



—*Jerry Bauer.*

Colin MacInnes — "aspires to post at the pace of 'Candide.'"

Between these two stands Captain Nayle, the pirate chieftain, as fiendish and monolithic in his quest for loot and treasure as Ahab was for his whale. Nayle represents thievish anarchy and rebellion against the white establishment, but he also emerges, paradoxically, as Europe's avatar; his crew is a paradigm of mixed races, and his ideal remains seamanship, discipline, order. A soft-mannered gentleman with spectacles, Nayle maneuvers "in a calm and patient style, his hands clasped . . . like a Minister." Indeed, at the climactic moment he metamorphoses into the British establishment itself. In his determination, as admiral, to combat Daniel's rebellious army of slaves, Nayle becomes a kind of "patriot," and his last act, significantly, is the destruction of his own ship, that the enemy might not prevail.

Diana, Daniel, Nayle — these three stand poised in our recollection as in a tableau. As the smoke of the last battle rises, all of them are mysteriously gone from the story. But somehow we feel that this trio, like the invisible British Authority on Resurrection Island, which governs all, is destined to rise again, indestructible, the triple-pronged forces of the New World.

Indeed, there's not much among the three for us to choose, and it is pertinent that Alexander Nairn is half in love with each and religiously believes in them all. Like the sea, Alexander

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1382

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1382 will be found in the next issue.

AG ZM NLR IS GLDOPT, ZM TNSDOR PLXM OMTT YOMLT-DJM AI ISPAFAIW PNSTM SG SPNMJT.

—OL JSFNMGSDFLDOR

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1381

A fanatic is a man that does what he thinks the Lord would do if he knew the facts of the case.

—FINLEY PETER DUNNE.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shifts and swings beneath Diana's lunar light, revives and aspires under the mystical influence of Daniel's miracles in the lion's den, and then again suffers domination under the intellect of Captain Nayle.

> It seemed that, ever since I had been summoned by destiny to St. Laughter, I was doomed to belong to no sure party, possess no secure friend, be buffeted between every kind of interest and passion, having none left of my own.

Alexander determines "to remain neutral in this [last, primordial] battle" of giants, but like a schizophrenic lover, he remains substantially true to all.

In the final rebellion of slaves striving to secure the pirate's ship, the allegorical suggestions of underdeveloped nations besieging imperial Europe and Commonwealth England become perfectly clear:

> . . . it seemed to me . . . like a kind of fable. Here was the ship, the pride of Europe and its skills; defended by an Englishman whose will and power ruled a motley crew of every race that he had brought here. And swarming about it, hating it yet envious, were the furious dispossessed, fighting to regain their birthright by possession of the white man's floating citadel.

This vision of the power of blackness has about it the raw power one associates with Golding's *Lord of the Flies* or Melville's *Typee* and "Benito Cereno." The journey of Alexander Nairn certainly topples downhill: from the determined Calvinist spouting articles of predestination he becomes at last a convert to *obeah* and African magic; the priest he would call to his death cell is the obese African witch Mrs. Obidiah.

Or has this been a descent at all? For, just as the Calvinists conceive of themselves as an "Elect," so do European colonials consider themselves sacred in the New World, as, similarly, do the heroic Negroes and proud Carib Indians.

It is this journey into grotesque circularity that should promote all the sacred hilarity on the island of St. Laughter. The last to cackle is, appropriately, the pious and somber Presbyterian minister, Alexander Yule. The regal snicker in this book is Nabokovian dark laughter, the strident *hé hé hé* of a vexing black humorist pelting the Age of Reason and Colonialism's whited sepulchers.

John R. Clark

John R. Clark teaches English at New York University. He has just completed a book on Jonathan Swift, to be published next month.

ALL ON A SUMMER'S NIGHT

by Maurice Edelman

Random House, 240 pp., $5.95

MAURICE EDELMAN IS A MAN of many talents. As a Labour M.P., he has represented the district of North Coventry in Parliament for more than twenty years. He is handsome, urbane and athletic. He does some amateur painting. Finally, he is a fiction writer of considerable celebrity—probably the first British politician since Disraeli to find the time and the creative wellsprings to pour out novel after novel, many of them to be adapted successfully to television and the stage. Two of his books, *The Prime Minister's Daughter* and *The Minister of State,* both of which appeared in the early 1960s, attracted much attention in this country, the latter winning favorable comment by our leading reviewers. Another of his novels, *A Call on Kuprin,* was produced as a play on Broadway.

In his new novel, *All on a Summer's Night,* Edelman has shown his ambition once more. His former works, which bear a superficial resemblance to the novels of C. P. Snow, traveled down the corridors of power, exploring and exploiting the conflicts set up when the struggle for public power clashes with the pangs of private conscience. In *The Prime Minister's Daughter,* the Prime Minister—no less—is forced to stand firm on a matter of principle, while Parliament debates such scandalous affairs as automobile accidents under dubious circumstances, and the alleged use of hard drugs. But with this current book, *All on a Summer's Night,* politics are put aside, and Edelman has a go at the business establishment instead.

Maurice Edelman—"may become a novelist of major dimension."

In a way, of course, the shift is not so radical as it seems. Power is still the abstract concept that Edelman finds fascinating, only this time the power is of the business kind—the kind that accrues to a restless, brilliant businessman who seeks to take over an old British corporation being run badly, and, it turns out, with considerable personal venality. Like Edelman's knowledge of politics, his knowledge of business comes from his own experience: North Coventry is a heavily industrialized region of England. Perhaps among Edelman's constituents there is a Harry Levenson, the merger king, the Jew who challenges the old order that resists him, in part at least because he is Jewish.

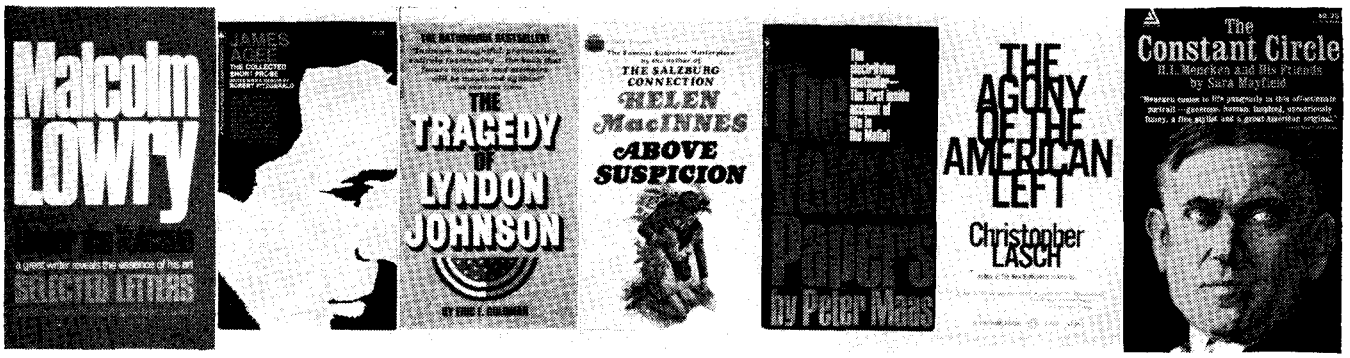
Levenson confronts two major tests, which try and reveal his character. One of them comes from the owners of the company he is seeking to acquire, especially a pukka-sahib type named Orme-Campbell, behind whose security and pomposity lies uncertainty (too much whisky, of course); as Levenson tells him, "you'd like to . . . wipe out your debts, purge [yourself]—something like that—of all the guilt that's grown on you over the years." The second challenge comes from Levenson's wife and son, Isobel and Jonathan. Isobel has a fleeting affair—an odd, ephemeral relationship, really—with a romantic boy who is a friend of Jonathan; Jonathan himself avoids and dislikes his father, while leaning, a bit too heavily, on his mother's side. The action is punctuated by several melodramatic scenes—some of them between Levenson and Orme-Campbell—and culminates in an even wilder one between Levenson and his wife, with some incredible dialogue. ("You've got everything in the world, but you're afraid. Afraid of a boy. . . . You're afraid I'll discover one day that there's something better, someone more capable than you. . . . Go on, hit me again. Prove how brave you are.")

Edelman has accomplished all this, even the heightened and impossible scenes, with considerable finesse. He has the gift of craftsmanship. As in his other books, though, the characters are walking conventions rather than people. They talk like machines and make love like puppets. If Edelman ever succeeds in making people come to life, without forgetting how to engage issues, he may become a novelist of major dimension. He has not yet achieved that distinction.

Walter Guzzardi, Jr.

Walter Guzzardi, Jr., assistant managing editor of Fortune magazine, is the author of "The Young Executives."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

With a perfectly straight face (and meaning it), Bruce Jay Friedman says, "I consider myself a very serious fellow. I guess I have a certain view of life which just tends to come out funny." It came out very funny indeed in his first novel, *Stern*, just re-released in paperback (Pocket Books, 95¢); his second, *A Mother's Kisses*; in two collections of short stories, *Black Angels* and *Far from the City*, and in *Scuba Duba*, his hilarious comedy about some surprising perils, marvels, and relationships among Americans on the Riviera.

His grotesque characters are charter members in the hall of black-humor fame. The gargantuan mother in *A Mother's Kisses* is all-embracing: she buys popsicles for a whole fraternity. Stern, beneath his hypersensitive, middle-aged suburban skin, is violent to the point of lunacy that is funny in detail and horrifying generally. "I don't think of myself as distorting reality so much as hallucinating reality," declares the thirty-nine-year-old Friedman. "I think we can see things more truly in the language of dream-reality. It's a way of putting reality under the magnifying glass and enlarging it to the tenth power to achieve greater clarity."

Friedman is dead center of the storm of comedy which has been gathering for some time. Humor as a serious vehicle has made a strong comeback in the theater of the absurd and in the stories of Donald Barthelme and John Barth. The trend is intensified in such movies as *Catch-22, Mash, Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*. Even Neil Simon in his most recent play, *The Last of the Red Hot Lovers*, has succeeded in presenting something more than a fluent relay of gags.

"Most of the writers I care about seem to be writing in a comic vein," says Friedman. "But they are desperately serious. Like Jules Feiffer in *Little Murders*. It's a play about violence, which is what the novel I've just finished—*The Dick*—is all about, but I suppose that's funny too." *The Dick* is based on material he uncovered when he hung around some Chicago homicide detectives while working on a magazine article.

Friedman knows a lot about magazines. Until he turned full time to writing on his own, he earned his living and supported his wife and three sons, now aged fourteen, eleven and nine, by editing adventure magazines. He lives sedately in suburban Great Neck, just a nineteen-minute train ride from Manhattan, in case he should make the trip. He will, now that his new play is just finished. "I'm starting to cast it. It's called *Steambath* and it's got some of the background of my local athletic club. You know, funny. But I really think it's about life and death."

Rollene W. Saal

Fiction

Malcolm Lowry fought the devils of drink and despair most of his life. He died in England in 1957 at the age of forty-eight, leaving behind a growing literary reputation based largely on *Under the Volcano*. Now two works have been published that give further insight into his particular and unique talents. *Hear Us O Lord from Heaven Thy Dwelling Place* (Capricorn, $2.25) is a posthumous collection of short stories and novellas. Equally interesting is *Selected Letters* (Capricorn, $2.95), edited by Harvey Breit and the author's widow, Marjorie Bonner Lowry, for the light they shed upon Lowry as a conscious artist forever battling against the depression from which he would emerge into cheerfulness and dazzling creativity. Another valuable posthumous collection is *James Agee: The Collected Short Prose* (Ballantine, $1.25), edited by Robert Fitzgerald, who has written a lengthy and illuminating memoir. Gathered here are early stories, outlines for films, some magazine articles. Especially notable is a richly textured piece on Brooklyn.

The 1969 Pulitzer Prize for fiction was, surprisingly, given to a first novel, *House Made of Dawn* (Signet, 95¢), written by a Kiowa Indian, N. Scott Momaday. It's about a young Indian who returns home from war and finds himself torn between the culture of his own tribe and a beckoning modern civilization.

Marjorie Kellogg's charmingly titled *Tell Me That You Love Me, Junie Moon* (Popular Library, 75¢) might almost have been written by Carson McCullers. Only almost, because this is a slender story, but it tenderly explores the relationships of an uncommon trio of misfits who take up housekeeping together.

For those aficionados who deplore her recent tendency toward slickness, *Above Suspicion* (Crest, 95¢) is an example of vintage Helen MacInnes. There are no tricks and little confection in this spy story about a young English couple traveling in Europe just before World War II. *The Most Dangerous Game* (Avon, 75¢) is a thriller by Gavin Lyall, a master of the genre. Neither his best nor worst, it concerns a private pilot entangled in a web of family intrigue in the far wastes of Finland. Lionel Davidson's *Making Good Again* (Ballantine, 75¢), like his *The Menorah Men*, is in a class by itself when it comes to suspense. Here the author manages to utilize the artifacts of the medium while penetrating areas far more engrossing, in this case neo-Nazism in Germany.

USA

One of the most revealing books about the criminal underground ever published is Peter Maas's *The Valachi Papers* (Bantam, $1.25), which startled the public with its disclosures about Cosa Nostra. For thirty years Joe Valachi, who makes some amazingly benign, grandfatherly statements, was a militant "soldier" in the Mafia war against society. Many people tried to have the book suppressed, including

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Justice Department and various groups who feared that its publication would be harmful to Italian-Americans. To that charge Valachi himself replied, "What are they yelling about? I'm not writing about Italians. I'm writing about mob guys."

If Valachi gives an impressive picture of Cosa Nostra activities (it clears $250-million in the New York City numbers racket alone) and its interference with legitimate businesses, he also provides a depressing inside look at prison life. In Dr. Karl Menninger's important new book, *The Crime of Punishment* (Viking, $1.95), the distinguished psychiatrist examines public attitudes toward criminals (he indicates that we all have a strong desire for vengeance). He also exposes the overcrowding and disease in our jails, which, he says, "are operated for the wrong purpose and in the wrong spirit."

MIT linguistics professor Noam Chomsky is concerned about apathy in his controversial book of essays *American Power and the New Mandarins* (Vintage, $2.45). Chomsky deplores the dulling of our sensibilities to the point where countless Americans now accept atrocities as a necessary part of war. The recent polls taken sampling public reaction to the Songmy massacre support his thesis. Chomsky's disgust with the contemporary climate of opinion is alleviated only by his approval of the New Left, which he greets as "the most promising development of recent years." In *The Agony of the American Left* (Vintage, $1.95) Christopher Lasch defines the radical tradition in this country, and shows how today's leftist ideals differ both from the populism of the past and from the black militancy of the present.

Two recent books about the Presidency are Eric F. Goldman's long-awaited *The Tragedy of Lyndon Johnson* (Dell, $1.25) and Patrick Anderson's *The Presidents' Men* (Anchor, $1.95). Historian Goldman was called to the White House as a special consultant to Lyndon Johnson. Actually, he was supposed to keep the President in touch with the intellectual community that had flocked so eagerly to the Kennedy administration. The book is rather disappointing in its totality because of Goldman's ambivalence toward LBJ, but it includes such engrossing vignettes as Lady Bird worrying about her speech to the Eastern establishment at Radcliffe, and LBJ wistfully saying, "I don't think I will ever get credit for anything I do in foreign policy because I didn't go to Harvard."

Anderson discusses a whole series of Presidential aides, from Franklin Roosevelt's Missy LeHand and Louis Howe to Eisenhower's Sherman Adams and Kennedy's supposed *alter ego*, Ted Sorensen.

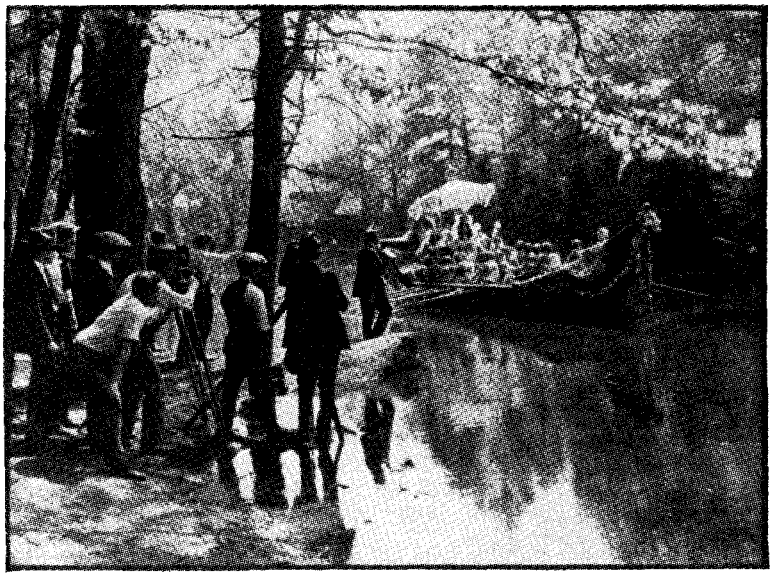
Some People

André Malraux's novels read like autobiography, and his *Anti-Memoirs* (Bantam, $1.65), translated by Terence Kilmartin, often sounds like fiction. Few cats have had as many lives as Malraux: as revolutionary in China in the 1920s, pilot in the Spanish Civil War, World War II Resistance leader, brilliant art historian, De Gaulle's minister of culture. His book, a series of interrelated essays, recalls with Gallic coolness his past "lived in the shifting realm of intellect and imagination, then in the realms of combat and history."

In his *Memoirs* (Eagle Books, $1.25) Arthur Krock remains primarily the reporter who for sixty years witnessed the Washington political scene, mostly for *The New York Times*. He knew eleven Presidents, which by itself must count for something, and he discusses all of them, from Theodore Roosevelt to Lyndon Johnson. His own favorite seems to be Woodrow Wilson, though Krock's longest in-service at the White House was with FDR. He discloses the telling details of their "dog-and-cat" relationship.

Sara Mayfield knew most of the imposing literary people of the 1920s. She was a girlhood friend of Zelda Fitzgerald, a schoolmate of H. L. Mencken's wife, Sara Haardt, and obviously an intelligent woman herself. In *The Constant Circle: H. L. Mencken and His Friends* (Delta, $2.25) she has written a charming account of a man who, at least to his wife and their intimates, was anything but the tough iconoclast he presented himself as being in his prose. Those were the years when Mencken, together with George Jean Nathan, edited *The Smart Set* and paid $30 to Scott Fitzgerald for his first commercially published story. (Fitzgerald spent the money on a pair of white flannel trousers for himself and a magenta feathered fan for Zelda.) In 1923 Mencken took over *The American Mercury*, and most of the writers of the time—Sinclair Lewis, his wife Dorothy Thompson, Theodore Dreiser, Ellen Glasgow—appeared in his drawing room, as they do in these chatty, thoroughly pleasant recollections.

The American theater in the first half of the century was shaped by a curious trio. *The Brothers Schubert* (Ballantine, $1.25), by Jerry Stagg, tells the story of those Jewish Horatio Algers, Sam, Lee, and J. J. (Jacob), whose theaters in New York and across the country presented a Who's Who of show-biz greats. Except for serious theater buffs the text is perhaps too detailed. The photographs—Fanny Brice and Bob Hope in a Ziegfeld Follies revue, Texas Guinan, and the greatest money-maker of them all, Al Jolson—are a gallery of theater history.



The world of the silent film is nostalgically evoked in Kevin Brownlow's *The Parade's Gone By . . .* (Ballantine, $3.95). It's a great big book—more than 700 pages—full of firsthand reminiscences about the stars and producers who were cinematic pioneers. Abundant photographs sample the movies of 1916 to 1928, from the dramas of D. W. Griffith to the highjinks of Mack Sennett, which even today stand as modern art in the making.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Criminal Record

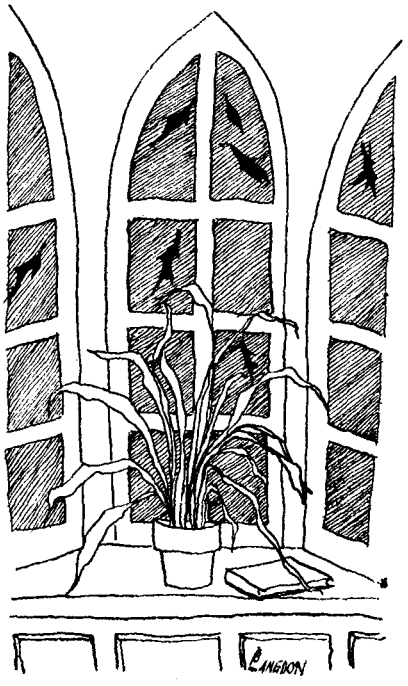
Fact

The Assassination of Heydrich. *By Jan Wiener. Illustrated. Grossman.* $6.95. To the wartime population of Prague Reinhard Heydrich was known as "Hitler's Hangman." He exquisitely personified the power and the brutality of the invading Nazi horde. The author of this absorbing book was twenty-two when Heydrich was eliminated, and states that he played only a minor part in the event. After the assassination the Czech village of Lidice became a center of disaffection, and Nazi punitive squads sought vengeance; for a time Lidice must have been the most famous community of its size in the whole of the inhabited earth.

Wiener later made his way to Wales, where he joined the 21st Czech Squadron and flew twenty-four missions over Europe. In 1965 he and his wife emigrated to the U.S. Today Jan Wiener is a teacher in a select school in the calm of the Berkshire hills; his subject, naturally, is modern European history.

Fiction

The Ghosts' High Noon. *By John Dickson Carr. Harper & Row.* $5.95. Here is a pleasant period piece that includes some real people of the period, notably George Brinton McClellan, a New Jersey colonel who was once president of Harper & Brothers and editor of *Harper's Weekly*. The place is New Orleans, the time is 1912, when telephones hung on walls and topflight executives functioned at rolltop desks. There is, of course, a spot of homicide (1912 had some swell ones). Automobiles are all over the place, and their makes are identified, but many of them, alas, are no longer with us.



Corpses in Corsica. *By Shirley Deane. Vanguard.* $5.95. You'll simply have to forgive the corny title of this item and get on with the story, which is A-OK. The tale serves as a sort of sequel to the author's *Corsican Village*. Here, once again, we meet up with the awfully agreeable Terry Bronson, who courteously supplies first aid to end-of-season tourists.

Green Grow the Graves. *By M. E. Chaber. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $4.50. Member of Congress, political persuasion not specified, is knocked off while making a speech in Cleveland. Milo March, New York insurance ace, tries to finger the culprit but is almost overwhelmed by a cloud of the driest of dry martinis.

Detection Unlimited. *By Georgette Heyer. Dutton.* $4.95. Reading from left to right: the squire, the vicar, the family solicitor, the chief, and the body on the garden seat with a bullet through its brain. Now who could ask for a finer curtain-raiser than that?

Carnavaron's Castle. *By Jean Francis Webb. Meredith.* $4.95. This castle is not in Wales but in Casco Bay, Maine. There are many apt quotations from the works of Edwin Arlington Robinson, an authentic Maine product, in this admirable example of the American Gothic.

The Leopold Contract. *By George Wolk. Random House.* $4.50. Rome *à l'américaine*, they say, was not built in a day, but the hired hands of American Intelligence get a good start on the job and an even better follow-through.

The Name's Death, Remember Me? *By Stanton Forbes. Crime Club.* $4.50. High-school classmates turn out for a reunion; violent death occurs on the high seas.

Sergeant Cuff

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1 ir (*The Soldier*), 2ah (*From the Portuguese*, 1), 3mt (*Holy Sonnets*, 6), 4ol (*On First Looking into Chapman's Homer*), 5cn (*Lucifer in Starlight*), 6qb (*On His Blindness*), 7sp (No. 73), 8kf (*Ozymandias*), 9ej (*Composed Upon Westminster Bridge*), 10gd (*Leda and the Swan*).

Perspective

Continued from page 29

historians have consolidated and enhanced their reputations: Richard Hofstadter, Bernard Bailyn, and Peter Gay. At the close of the decade Hofstadter produced two outstanding studies—*The Idea of a Party System* and *The Progressive Historians*, in which he evaluates the work of Turner, Beard, and Parrington. In a particularly astute assessment Hofstadter makes us realize the true significance of Turner, who brought American historical scholarship much closer to the developments that were taking place in Europe: the change from annalistic and biographical history to the investigation of analytical concepts and the mechanics of social change—a revolutionary step in American historiography, which Hofstadter skillfully explores. Writing as well as he ever did, but with greater authority, he offers in *The Idea of a Party System* a stunning exposition of the origins of the American political system.

As for Gay, no other American historian has shown such mastery of the history of ideas or so vast a range of scholarship. His big two-volume work, *The Enlightenment*, is an imposing contribution. Nevertheless he could take a cue from Genovese and sharpen his interest in the relationship of ideas to social structure.

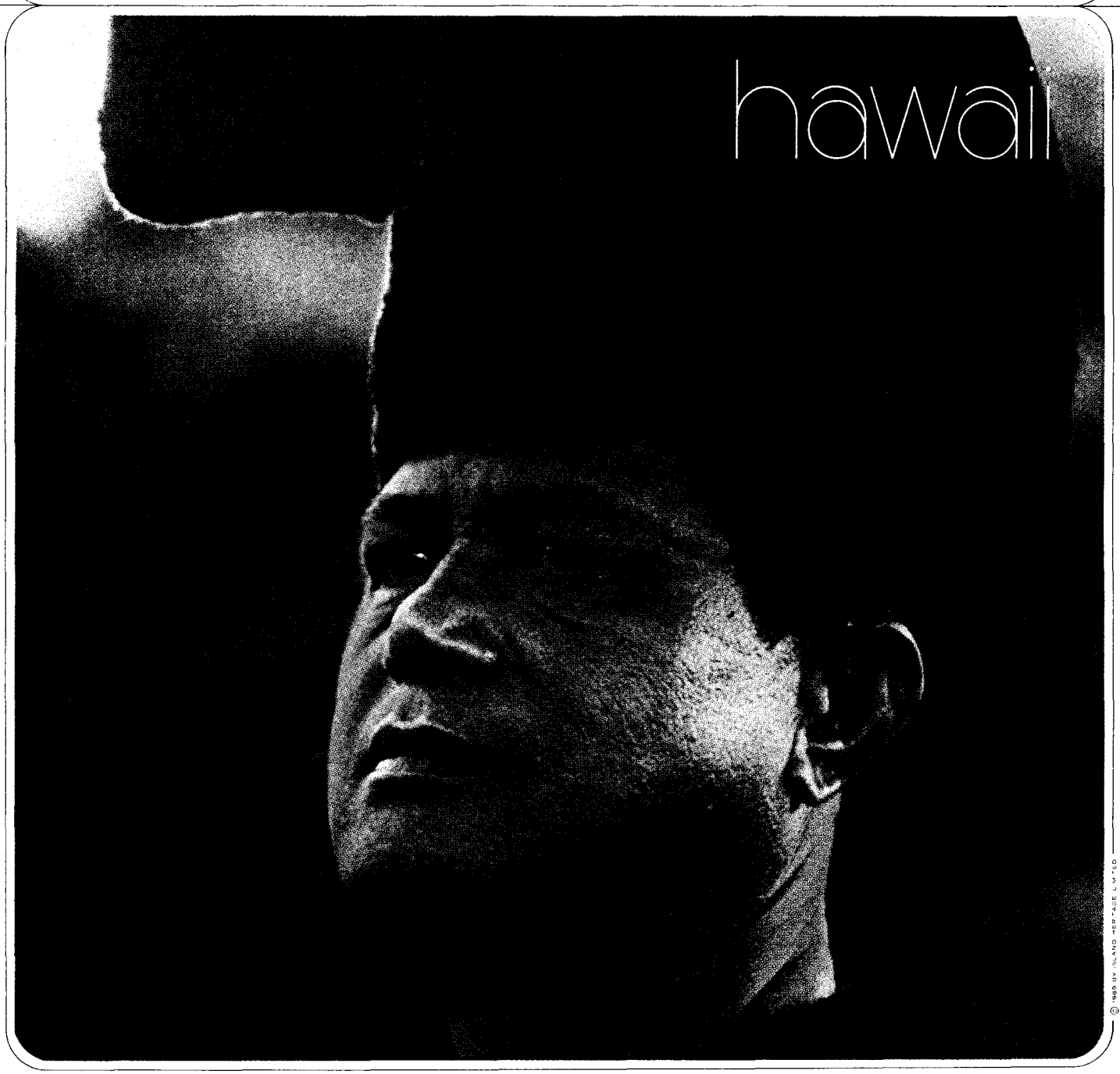
Bailyn, who opened the Sixties with a most impressive but all too little known essay, *Education in the Forming of American Society*, later produced *The Ideological Origins of the Revolution*, a major work and an apt symbol of the decade's trends. A model of the comparative method, it deals with the sociology of ideas, stressing the political and cultural connections between the United States and Britain.

Finally, let us salute the revival of interest in British studies. During the late Fifties scarcely an aspect of history was more moribund; now the field is studded with young and brilliant historians. Indeed, this is true of history as a whole. A decade ago, except among a handful, American historians lacked sophistication; many were little better than purveyors of a manufactured past, making benign obeisances toward the nation's myths. This approach has been replaced by a critical eye.

All societies need perspective, particularly those that are in turmoil and realize that they cannot accept the interpretations of their predecessors. A new sense of the past is long overdue. America certainly has historians capable of providing one that will serve black as well as white, poor as well as rich, outcast as well as privileged.

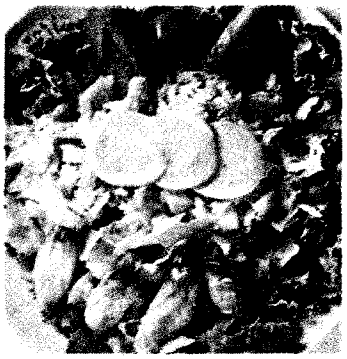
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

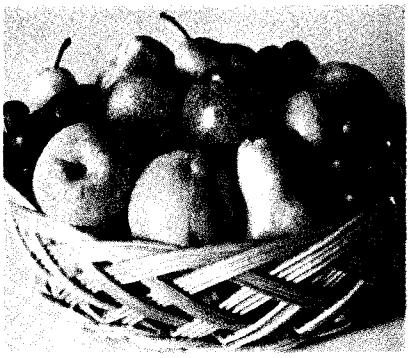
Land of the Golden People



© 1969 BY ISLAND HERITAGE LTD

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



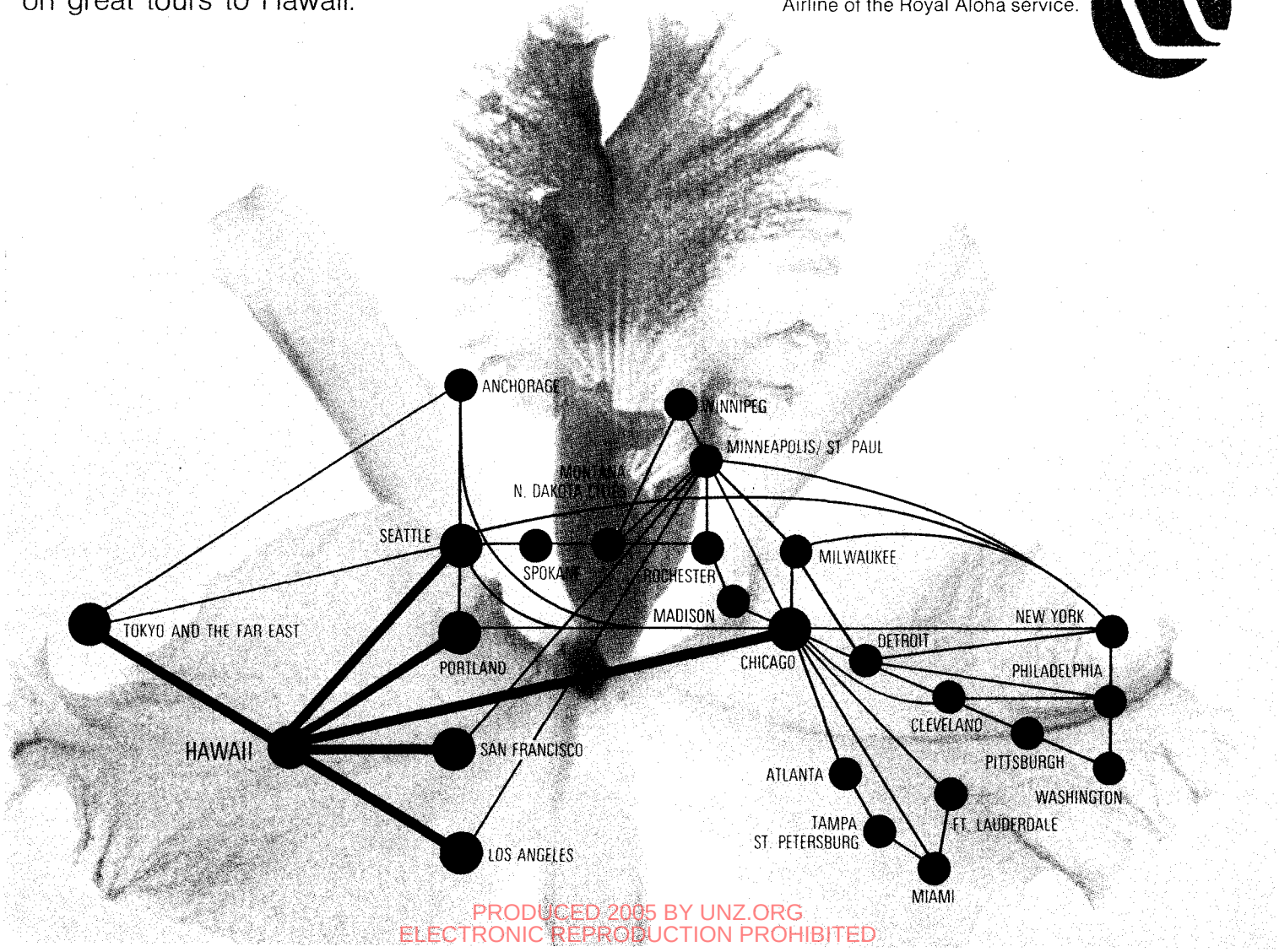


The Royal Aloha service to Hawaii is free champagne, hot scented oshibori towels, hors d'oeuvres and salad and a choice of entrées like stuffed loin of pork and tenderloin steak with sauces and things, luscious desserts, candy and nuts, a free gift for the ladies and orchids, orchids all the way to Hawaii. In First Class, we add the luxury of silver and china service, and complimentary Mai Tai cocktails.

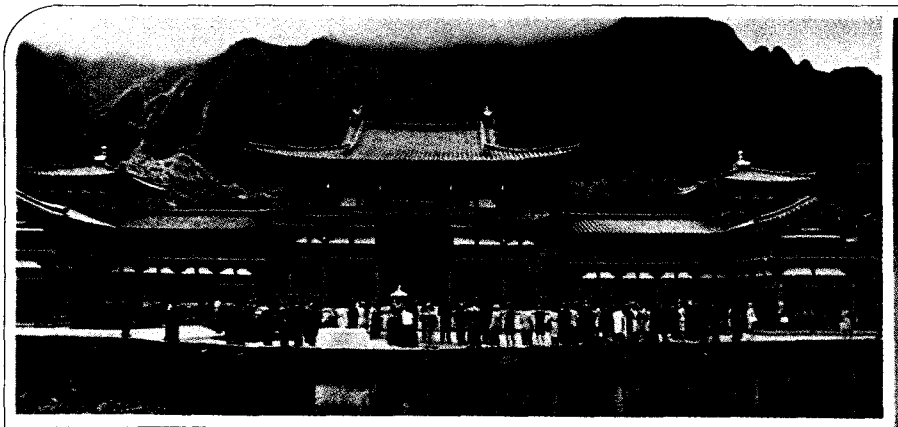
And it's nonstop all the way to Hawaii from five mainland cities. Here's another good group: New York, Cleveland, Detroit, Milwaukee, Minneapolis/St. Paul, Spokane. For any of them, it's just one stop to Hawaii. And lots more cities along our routes have convenient connections to our Hawaiian gateways. A call to your travel agent or Northwest Orient will get you a "royal aloha" and a free booklet on great tours to Hawaii.

FLY NORTHWEST ORIENT

Airline of the Royal Aloha service.



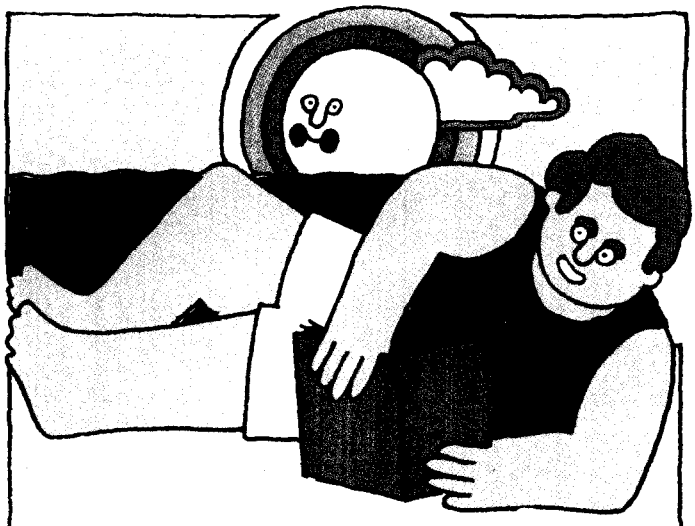
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



It all begins with journeying . . .
we arrived across so many years
and by so many paths, knowing home
when we saw it, thousands of miles
from nativity, yet happy in the land . . .

AN ADVERTISING SECTION PUBLISHED BY THE HAWAII VISITORS BUREAU AND THE STATE OF HAWAII

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A festive land...
frequently in splendid,
colorful burstings of guitars
and gaiety—
or with masks,
firecrackers and
multi-lingual chantings...

A new service—

Your travel agent can confirm your hotel in Hawaii *before you turn this page!*

Reserve any of thousands of hotel rooms in Hawaii. Call your travel agent *for confirmation in seconds* via the new *American Express Space Bank*. An IBM computer searches all room availabilities "stored" in the SPACE BANK℠—helping you choose the exact Hawaii location and price range you want. Call your travel agent now. Finish your magazine on the way to Hawaii!

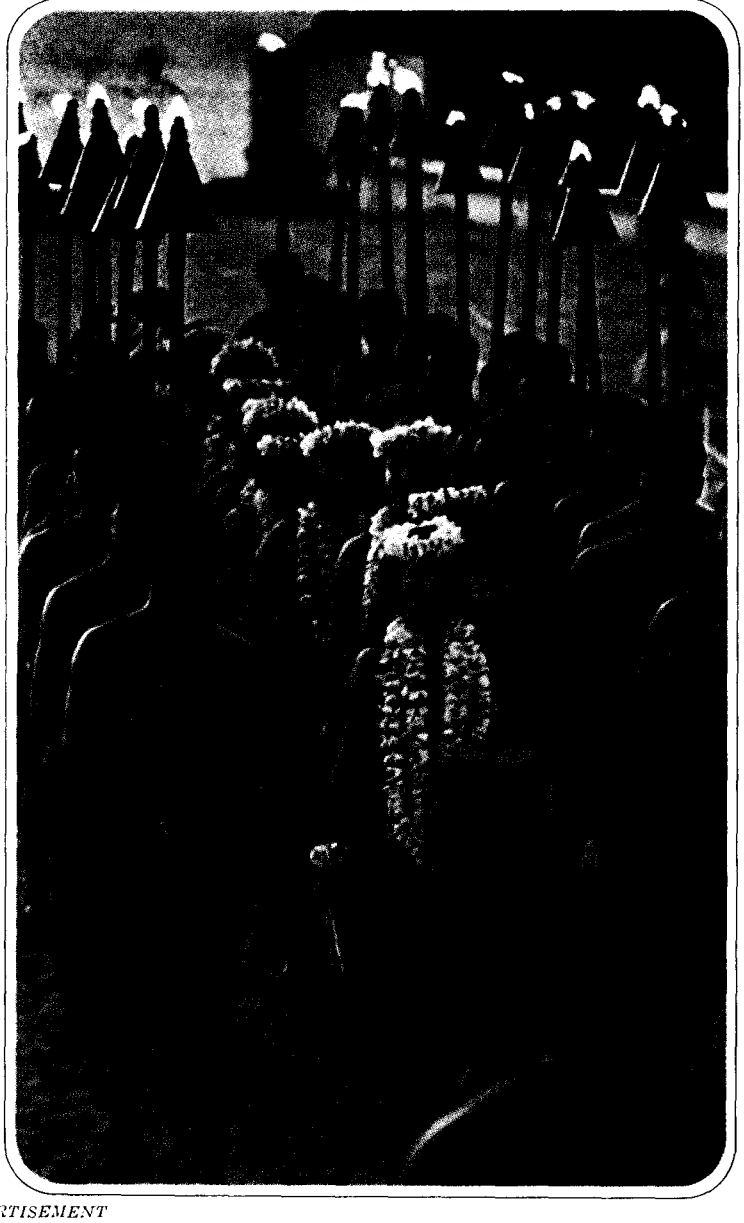
The American Express Space Bank network now includes 26 hotels in Hawaii...thousands of rooms...and more added almost every month!

Ambassador	Halekulani	Molokai
Breakers	Hawaiiana	Pagoda
Colony Surf	Ilikai	Queen Kapiolani
Coral Reef	Kaimana Beach	Reef
Coral Seas	Kauai Resort	Reef Lanais
Driftwood	Makaha Inn &	Reef Towers
Edgewater	Country Club	Waikikian
Foster Tower	Makani Kai	Waikiki Grand
Rodeway Waikiki	Maui Beach	Waikiki Surf

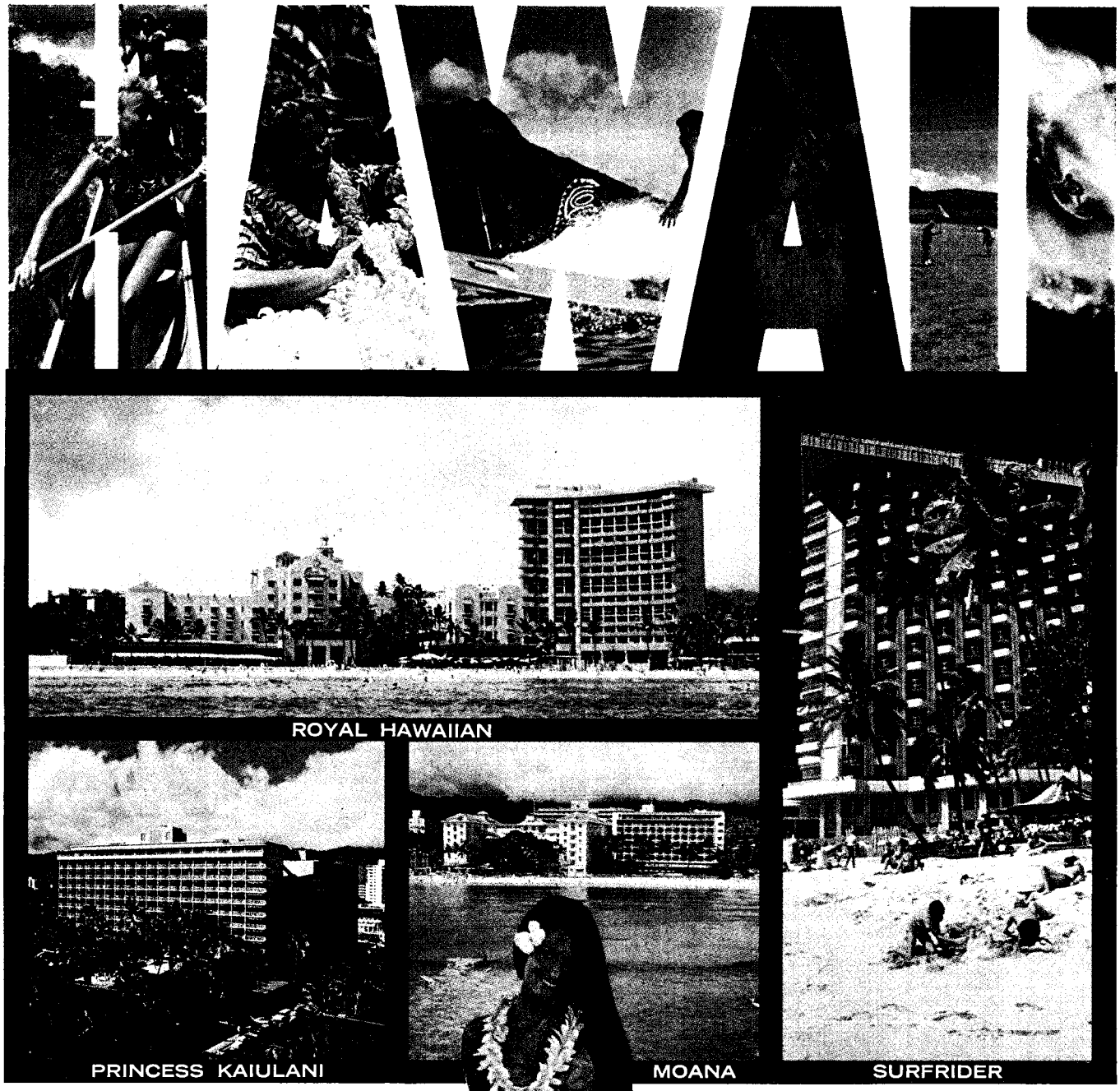
American Express Space Bank℠

Am-Ex Express Reservation Services, Inc.

Hotel/motel rooms also available now across the U. S. and Britain. In coming months, the Space Bank network will include the Caribbean, Mexico, the Far East, and additional countries in Europe. Your travel agent can obtain confirmations *in seconds* via the American Express Space Bank!



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



This year go to the beach.
Sheraton's beach.
Waikiki.

Four Sheraton hotels, all within a block of each other, put you in the center of Waikiki excitement.

Daytime surfing, swimming, sunning. Nighttime dining, entertainment, dancing. That's Waikiki Beach. Sheraton's beach.

Stay at one. Play (and charge) at all four.

The best of Waikiki, at a wide variety of accommodations and prices, is yours at any one of the four Sheraton Hotels.

Insured reservations at guaranteed rates. Call your travel agent or any Sheraton Hotel.

Sheraton Hotels in Hawaii

SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS. A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

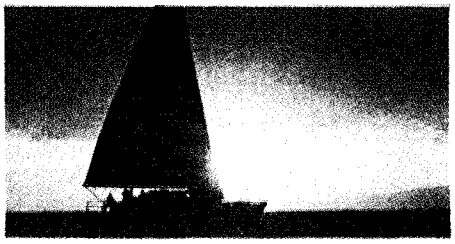
VISIT NEIGHBOR ISLANDS, TOO . . . AND ENJOY SHERATON'S OTHER MEMORABLE BEACH HOTELS: **SHERATON-MAUI** ON KAANAPALI BEACH, MAUI AND **SHERATON-KAUAI** ON POIPU BEACH, KAUAI.

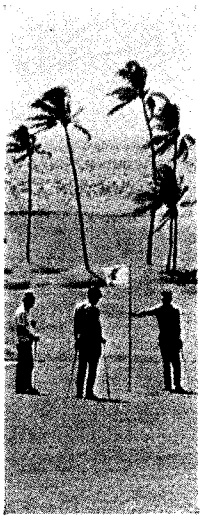
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

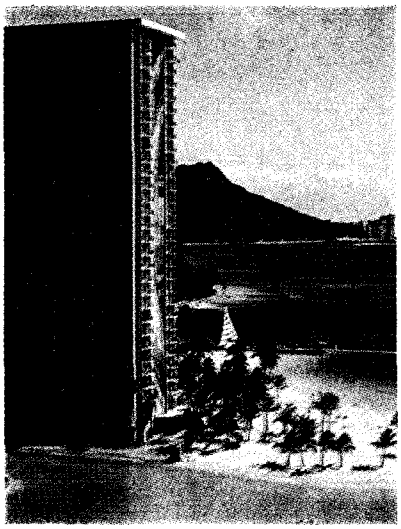
It is a marvel now, the qualities we have created
a montage of minorities, a bounty of cultures . . .

ADVERTISEMENT
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ALL THIS. AND HILTON, TOO.

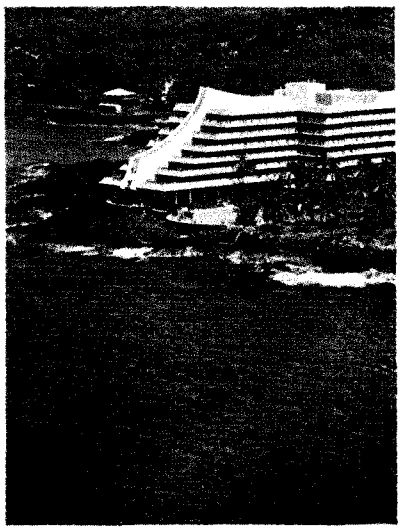






Hilton Hawaiian Village fronts the surf in bright, swinging Waikiki. Our 20 acres host 4 pools, beach, lagoon, private dock and 5 nightspots.

Maui Hilton borders scenic, secluded Kaanapali Beach on the Valley Isle of Maui. Relax. Or visit the nearby championship Royal Kaanapali Golf Course.



Kona Hilton guards the spectacular Kona Coast on the Orchid Isle of Hawaii. This resort has all the charm of Old Hawaii.

Hilton is Hawaii at its best. Air-conditioned, too. Call your travel agent or Hilton Reservation Service and ask for us by name.

HILTON HAWAII

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

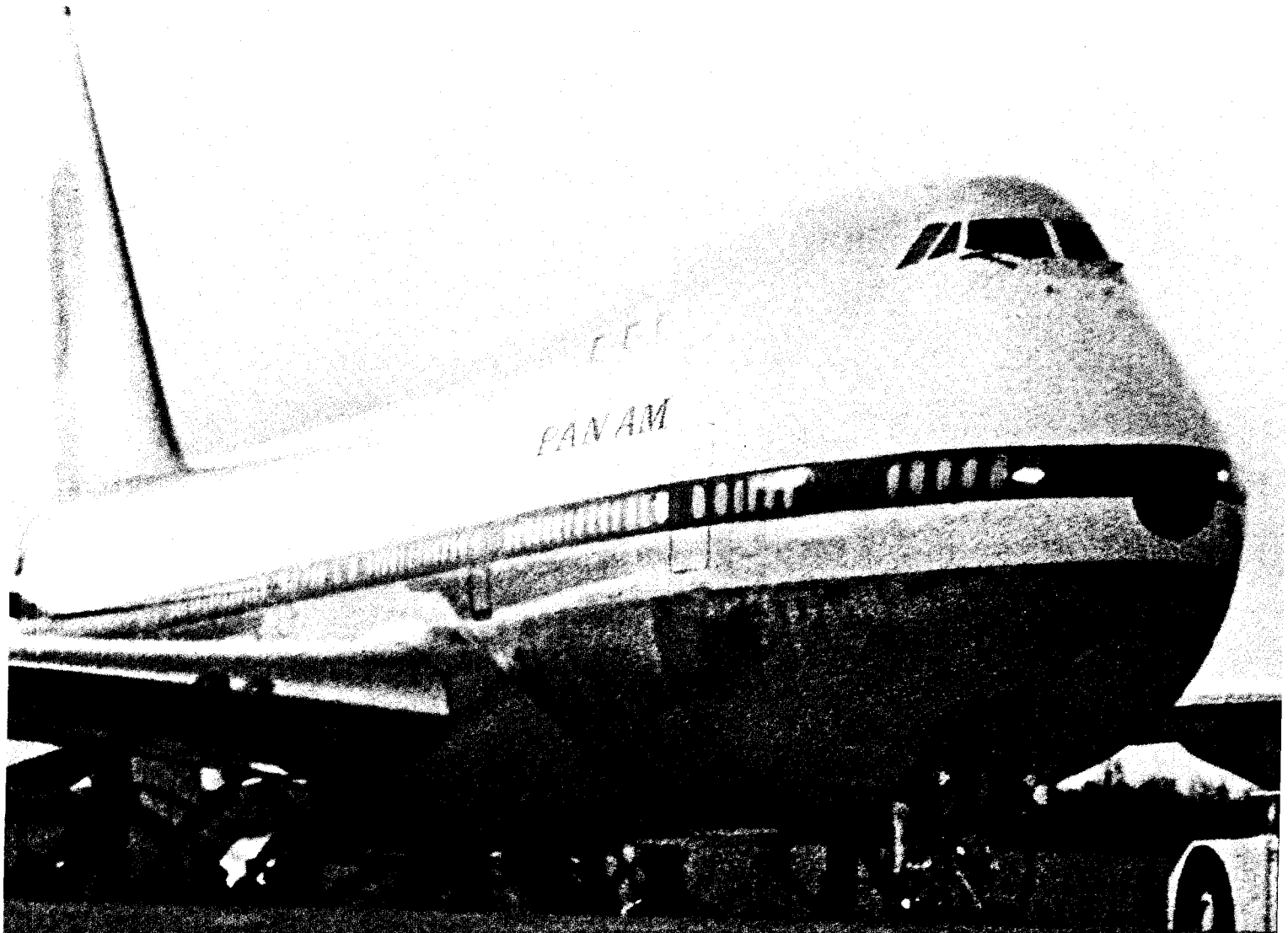
The first 747s to Hawaii are flying Pan Am.

And you can fly along. From San Francisco or Los Angeles to Honolulu. On one lulu of an airplane. The Pan Am 747.

It's the fastest, most comfortable ship you've ever taken to Hawaii—or to anywhere else in this world for that matter.

You'll have four sections to choose from. Three living-room-size compartments. Each with two aisles. Each with its own galley, its own movies, its own complement of stewardesses and its own claim on the best service ever to Hawaii.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The fourth section is in a First Class by itself. It's an up-front, double-decker complete with upper-deck lounge, bar and the kind of ambiance you can find only on the world's most experienced airline.

But, why read about it. Come see it all for yourself on the way to Hawaii.

Tell your Pan Am® Travel Agent that you want to fly the plane that's a ship, the ship that's a plane. The Pan Am 747.

Pan Am makes the going great.

PAN AM

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We go to Hawaii with all we've got.

With Coach and Economy seats as wide as First Class. Lower fares than ever before. Wide screen color movies with three screens in each plane for all to see. We even have a Director of Passenger Service in the cabin, along with our helpful hostesses, to make sure everything's just right. And more. Go with the airline that goes them all one better. Continental Airlines serves Hawaii from Los Angeles, Seattle/Tacoma, Portland, Denver, Chicago, Kansas City, Houston, Phoenix, with convenient connections from Dallas and other major cities. Aloha!

CONTINENTAL

The Proud Bird with the Golden Tail

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We move daily in an
extraordinary spectrum
of colors and feelings . . .

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ala moana hotel

A Flagship★Hotel—subsidiary of American Airlines

NEAREST THE FUN in Honolulu

Soon in Hawaii. A resort close to the exotic sights and sounds of the real Hawaii. A summer palace, a Buddhist Temple and more, are all minutes from its location overlooking the tranquil waters of Ala Moana Beach. And, it's adjacent to an international bazaar of shops. The fun includes 5 superb restaurants, cocktail lounges and a huge pool and sun deck. Silent air-conditioning and a sweeping view come with every room. Sun, swim, shop and see most of Honolulu from this very special place — nearest the fun.

OPENING JUNE 1970

Guest rooms from $9 per person, double occupancy. For reservations see your travel agent, the Flagship Hotel nearest you, or any American Airlines office.

And if you
have mana,
a spirit with
the land,
every
morning
is an
anniversary.

ADVERTISEMENT

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here's Lokelani arriving in Hawaii on a big beautiful Braniff Hawaiian Feast Flight.

Your Travel Agent can get you one of Braniff's reserved rooms in a glorious beachside hotel.

At any of the incredible orchid farms you'll wander through a lifetime of corsages.

One evening you may take the dangerously romantic sunset cruise and explore the island.

And you can see a different Hawaiian show every single night. (That's showstopper Ed Kenney.)

The next day you'll be inspired to take your first hula lesson. (You men, too.)

You'll shop for exotic bargains from the handsomest, friendliest people in the world: Hawaiians.

Braniff packs day after day with adventure, but leaves you plenty of beach time for your Hawaiian tan.

Braniff jets to Hawaii non-stop from Dallas/Fort Worth, Houston, Atlanta. Direct from New Orleans and Miami/Fort Lauderdale. Plus connections from all over the eastern U.S.

Braniff International BI

DIRECTOR—TOURS, EXCHANGE PARK, DALLAS, TEXAS 75235

Please send me free, Braniff's booklet of surprisingly low-cost tours.

MY NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE & ZIP

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TWA WILL SHOW YOU ALL AROUND HAWAII THREE HOURS BEFORE YOU GET THERE.

Fly TWA to Hawaii and you're in luck. Your vacation is going to be your kind. Not somebody else's. Because we have a way to keep you from wasting a lot of time or money on things that aren't for you.

In flight we'll show you a special film. A film on the sights, sounds, places and people of Hawaii. A film that can help you decide beforehand what you'll want to see and do. And what you won't.

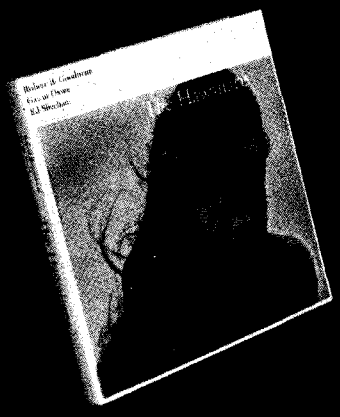
Naturally, TWA also gives you a first run, first rate, full length movie. Plus the best food ever. Plus great service by people who have a lot more to gain by giving it than any other airline.

But, in case you want us to carry your enjoyment further, TWA continues from Hawaii with the only direct flights to Guam, Okinawa, Taipei and Hong Kong.

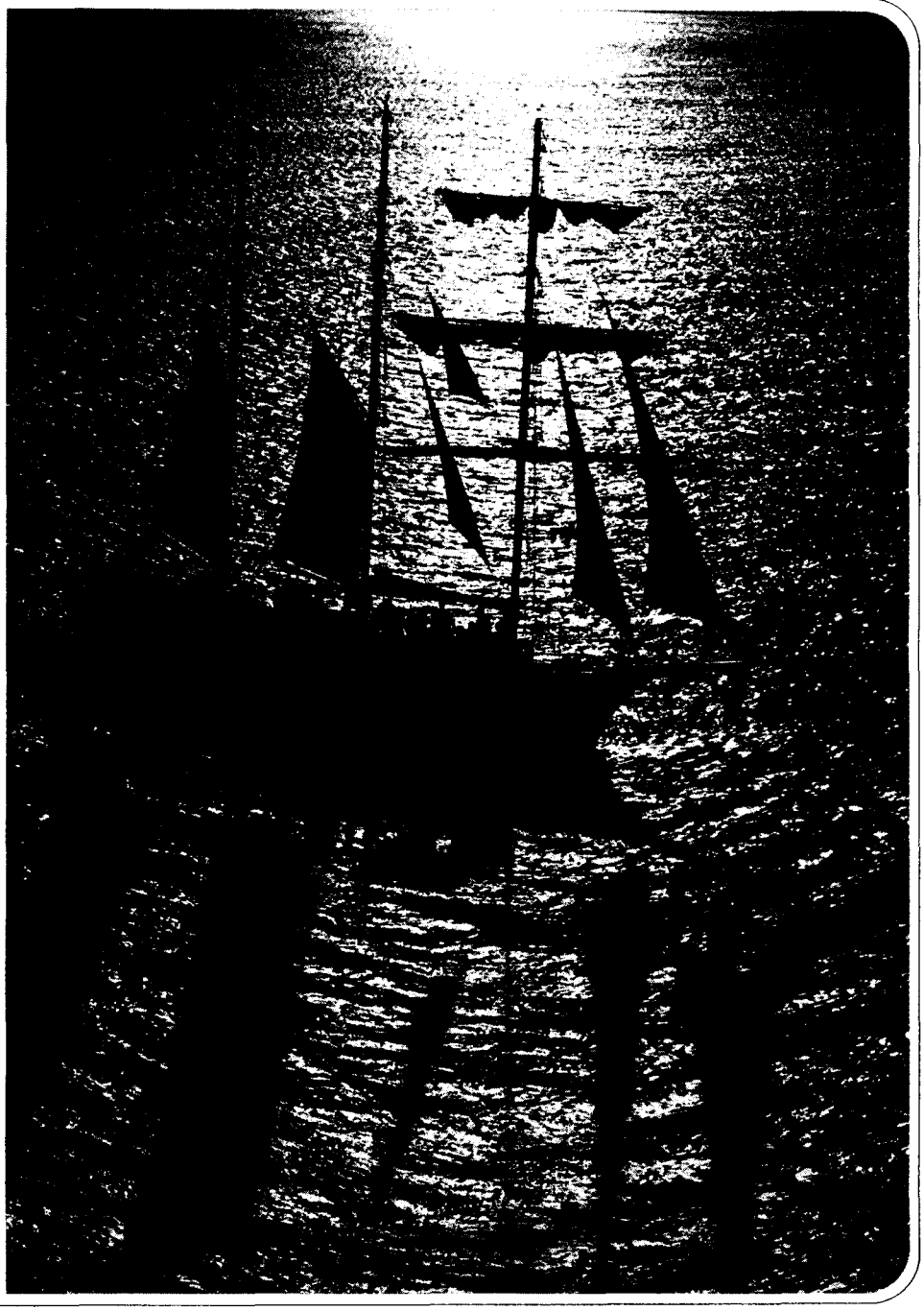
TWA TO HAWAII

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It all begins with journeying . . .



The text and photographs in this special section are from the forthcoming book, "The Hawaiians," with photographs by Robert B. Goodman and produced by Island Heritage Ltd. The book, written by Ed Sheehan and Gavan Daws, will be published worldwide in the Fall of 1970.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Your Travel Agent will help you discover our little corner of the world.

Our little corner of the world is Hawaii.

We call it "ours" because United flies more people to Hawaii on more nonstops from more cities than any other airline. And we've been doing it for over 22 years.

Years of friendship with the Hawaiian people.

Today you can fly to Hawaii on a DC-8-62 Jet. It's the world's longest-range commercial jet, designed for comfort. And United flies it.

On the way, you'll enjoy our famous Royal Hawaiian Service (Hawaiian food and drinks, Hawaiian stewards, orchid decorations, even stewardesses in native dress).

And Jetarama Theater offering music and movies to make a short flight even shorter.

When you land, our years of experience really pay off in our many Hawaiian vacations. From a simple, sunny week at Waikiki to a fortnight tour of all six Islands. United was the first airline to offer a complete six-Island tour.

It stands to reason we know the Hawaii only Hawaiians know: that's our little corner of the world.

Make it yours, too. Call your Travel Agent today.

fly the friendly skies of United.

"We thought we'd come over to brighten your corner."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Bernstein's "Fidelio"; Horne in "Orfeo"; Davis

A CONCERT performance of Beethoven's *Fidelio* with a cast of prime soloists, a great orchestra and conductor is self-explanatory in any year. A concert performance of *Fidelio* with post-graduate student vocalists and the New York Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Leonard Bernstein is hardly explanatory in any year, let alone a Beethoven centennial year.

The official characterization of it was to "Salute The Juilliard School in Its First Year at Lincoln Center," on behalf of the members of its American Opera Center, who were drawn upon as performers. It also served to fill a sequence of four Philharmonic subscription concerts and a TV taping. Finally, and not incidentally, it provided Bernstein with the opportunity to prepare himself publicly for the performances of *Fidelio* he will do in Vienna during the Beethoven commemoration next May and June.

Rather than a muffled salute on behalf of The Juilliard, some would have preferred a full, regal twenty-one-gun salvo on behalf of Beethoven's single theatrical project, whose demands can be worrisome to the best of professionals. Each of the young performers showed credentials for a professional career, but in most instances they are yet to be stamped "Valid for use in *Fidelio*."

One can imagine a conductor greatly indoctrinated in the mood and manner of *Fidelio* surrounding such performers with a net of authority that would snare the desired results. Bernstein cast his net, but it had too many gaps to encompass all the diverse elements within it. It was entirely by the book—which is to say, the Eulenburg score—an accurate, clear, and generally praiseworthy instrumental effort (the horn section had a bad night at the first performance). But it lacked the sharp thrust of drama or the soft curve of sentiment to define the human emotions Beethoven poured into this subject. Too often (as in pronouncement of Pizarro's objective as "Morden!" or in the *sfz* accents in the strings during the "Dungeon Scene") guarded effort replaced the all-out commitment that was in order.

If some of this was an act of consideration on behalf of the less than wholly experienced singers, then he should have insisted on wholly experienced singers. In the first cast, the aptitudes were fairly split between accomplishments based on present abilities and those suggesting future promise. In the first category was Anita Darian, a soprano with vocal substance and some sense of style whose credentials include several Broadway musicals. Her vocalism was well disciplined and possessed of valid drama, but it was—in the exacting "Abscheulicher"—also marked by shortness of range (at the low end). In the second category were Howard Ross as Rocco and David Cumberland as Pizarro. Both have substantial low voices and, if they maintain a suitable diet (caloric as well as musical), could grow to meaningful artistry. In an undefined, intermediate status (as of now) were Jacquelyn Benson, a Marzelline rather too cute both in appearance and vocal delivery, and Forest Warren, the Florestan in all the performances. Essentially, a student Florestan (like a student Leonore) is a contradiction in terms. What Warren provided was assurance, intelligent musicality, and a strong but light tenor sound that might, in other circumstances, make him a very good Jaquino. Indeed, had the whole been offered in the academic surroundings of the nearby Juilliard, some more complimentary things could have been said. On the downtown side of 65th Street, as part of the Philharmonic's own subscription sequence, it was no more or less than inadequate. (P.S. Vienna papers, do not copy.)

Otherwise, Lincoln Center had some happenings of operatic note across the Plaza, especially in the Metropolitan's Saturday broadcast of *Die Zauberflöte*, in which Teresa Zylis-Gara was heard as Pamina and Walter Cassel as The High Priest under the direction of Stanislaw Skrowaczewski. Both performed with solid professionalism that was contributory to an ensemble based on Nicolai Gedda as Tamino, Hermann Prey as Papageno, and Jerome Hines as Sarastro. Miss Zylis-Gara's good sound is a little heavy for the Mozartean line with which she was concerned, but Cassel's gave evidence that he has profited from a stretch of activity in Germany to gain both weight and confidence in this role. For those looking for a touchstone of operatic quality, Prey's Papageno can be heartily recommended. To the virtues of sound and appearance previously commended, he has steadily added little sophistications of action, verbal emphases, and facial expressions wholly appropriate to this least sophisticated of operatic characters. This is the way great impersonations have always been built up, and Prey's Papageno is honestly entitled to inclusion among the great birdcatchers of recent times. Skrowaczewski's direction sounded a shade more relaxed than previously, but it has a fair distance still to go where humor is concerned. The audience gave repeated evidence of great enjoyment not only of the skillful performance but also of the fanciful décor of Marc Chagall.

For those who have not had the opportunity to hear the New Jersey Symphony Orchestra at home, Henry Lewis offered an alternative in a Carnegie Hall concert that also projected Marilyn Horne (his wife) as soloist in the second act of Gluck's *Orfeo* and a series of excerpts from Rossini's *Siege of Corinth*.

Truly qualified performers of Gluck's imposing creation being rare, Miss Horne's effort was a command to the attention. It had, in essentials, the vocal resource to satisfy all the requirements of the music she performed—power, thrust, amplitude of range. But, as of now, she is still too involved with demonstrating vocal means properly to serve dramatic ends—or, to put it more bluntly, the order of leadership available did not develop the stress, the tension, or the changes of mood to take advantage of the resources she possesses. Lewis drew a broad, rather conventional outline for his performance, achieving some excellent results in the music of the Blessed Spirits. Joanne Bruno was the soprano voice for Euridice, expressive in itself but rather broad for this music. Lewis utilized all the strings of his capable ensemble in this scene, which could be well served by half as many. Donald Erb's *The Seventh Trumpet* was heard between the Gluck and Rossini.

The kind of super-facility embodied in Ivan Davis's recent *The Art of the Piano Virtuoso* for London Records (see page 71) was available live in New York for the first time in five years, courtesy of Byron Janis, whose illness provided Davis's inclusion in a Philharmonic Hall recital series. The kind of exuberantly accurate execution Davis provided in Czerny's "Variations on 'La Ricordanza'" was the mirror image of his recording of it, and there were comparable feats of fleetness in Beethoven's Second Sonata in A (Op. 2). Here Davis had almost too much virtuosity at his disposal, stressing execution rather than illumination of the work's content. When the two elements were in balance, as in the following B-minor Sonata of Liszt, the order of mastery was impressive.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Battle Stations

AT THE FCC these days, people are saying that the new chairman, Republican Dean Burch, is in a tough spot. He has announced publicly that he means to settle the long-standing Hatfield-McCoy feud between the cablecasters and the over-the-air broadcasters.

Actually, the Nixon administration itself is faced with having to decide within the next year or so whether it wants to preserve the monopoly of the currently dominant television industry that operates on a limited number of channels and whose licensees can be politically intimidated by the administration in power, or to unshackle a new, competitive cable television industry with virtually unlimited channel capacity that would offer greater access to more diverse voices in the political spectrum.

The latter alternative could conceivably free politicians of their fears of the power of the present over-the-air broadcasters; but it would also tend to diminish the control of the government of the day over the flow of information.

Former FCC chairman Rosel Hyde, the Republican who preceded Burch, turned his back on CATV during his tenures under Democratic and Republican administrations. Hyde gave it no more encouragement than was absolutely necessary to maintain a posture of fairness to contending factions in the broadcasting business.

The issue of whether or not CATV should be given the green light has dragged on, shuttling torturously between the industry itself, the Congress, and the commission. Finally, the Senate Subcommittee on Patents, Copyrights, and Trademarks, under the chairmanship of Arkansas Democrat Senator John L. McClellan, undertook to resolve it, because copyright payments to program owners were involved. McClellan's committee has recently reported a bill that may reach the floor of the Senate for debate in March. The bill would hardly unshackle CATV, but it would offer it the chance to become a viable industry and to grow.

FCC Chairman Burch, one guesses, is hoping that the proposed McClellan bill will become law, thus saving him the problem of having to settle the dispute without offending either of the disputants. The bill's passage, however, is by no means assured; the same, powerful contending forces are lining up for yet another major battle. There will probably be jurisdictional struggles among several Congressional committees, for the bill transcends copyright problems and deals with communications issues. If Congress fails to legislate in this matter, Chairman Burch's FCC will most likely be compelled to make the decision. Three of the present commission's members are Republicans (Burch, Robert Lee, and Robert Wells); four are Democrats (Johnson, Cox, Bartley, and H. Rex Lee). This summer, a fourth Republican will most likely replace Commissioner Kenneth Cox, whose term will have expired.

Cox has been a consistent advocate of the over-the-air broadcasters on the CATV issue, although he has voted against them on other major regulatory matters. Republican Robert Lee has also voted with Cox against CATV.

Failing passage of the McClellan bill, what position will Chairman Burch take—with a Republican majority? Burch has already shown a friendly attitude toward CATV by proposing administrative changes within the FCC that would favor the cablecasters. Would his Republican colleagues balk at following their new chairman? As for the Democratic members of the commission, it seems likely that they would vote for CATV in view of its promise of providing more channels, more diversity of programs, and more opportunity for minority voices to be heard.

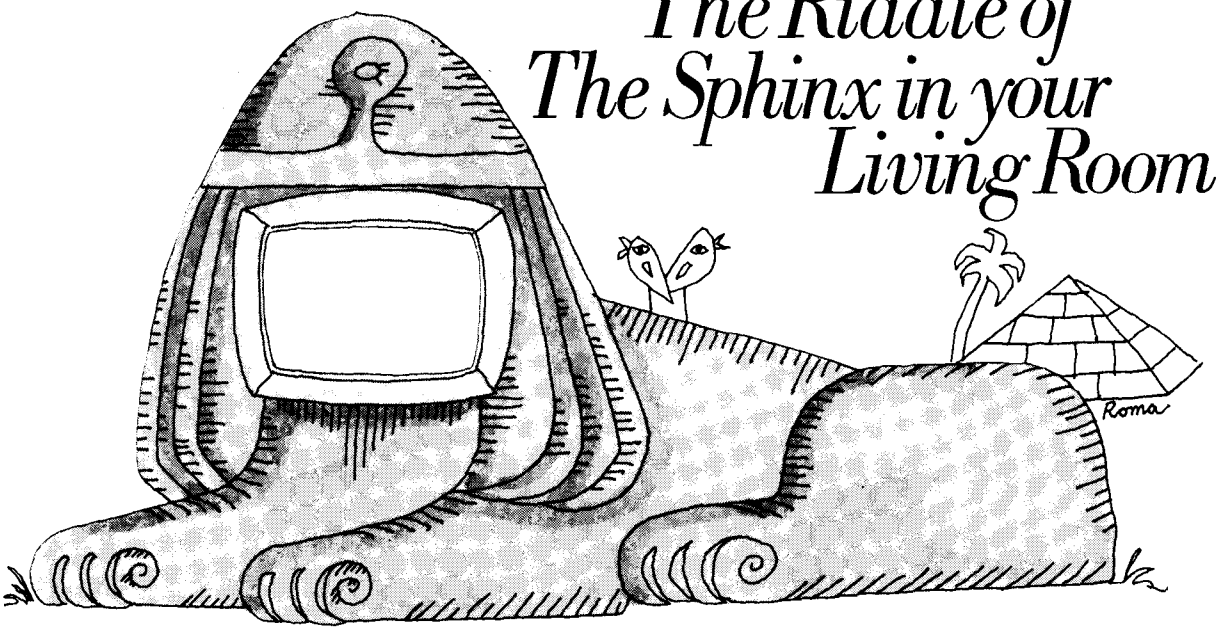
The situation would be ironical: A Republican majority opening the way to a freer flow of information in our society, and opting to break up the control of the influential, over-the-air broadcasters. It seems to check nicely with the thesis of Vice President Agnew in his celebrated attack on television newsmen. The value to any administration, however, of an over-the-air system based on a limited number of channels is that the licensees are more vulnerable to intimidation by just such public polemics as the Vice President's. A proliferation of cable systems, many of which provide common carrier services to a multitude of communicators with immediate access to broad-band channels, would offer, on the other hand, serious obstacles to executive control at the federal level. On so weighty an issue, the wire would undoubtedly stretch from the FCC to the White House. The scenario is intriguing. The President, it is said, is a realist responsive to such national urgencies as environmental pollution. It remains to be seen what his position is on over-the-air pollution.

"A crown roast, please."

Cooperate
With the Zip Code Program
Of the Post Office Department
Use Zip Code Numbers
In All Addresses

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Riddle of The Sphinx in your Living Room



I sit quietly until you are ready for me, but when you need me most, I am prepared.
I soothe your weariness. I exercise your emotions when you languish.
I keep you aware of people, and the people behind the people, so that you can make up your own mind.
Within me are all possibilities.
I am your jester, your advisor and your catalogue.
Like Puck, I race world-round to bring you news.
I am many answers to the question, "What's happening?"
I am a corner of your life.
If I were kept silent, you could be in the dark.
Who am I? An oracle? A chameleon? A kaleidoscope?

In February 1970, these are some of the things I am:

Discovery. Anacostia Neighborhood Museum; The Changing Face of the Desert; Nature's Strangest Monuments; School for Snowfighters. Sundays, Feb. 1, 8, 15, 22 (11:30-12 Noon).

Directions. Easter Island: The Puzzle of the Pacific; The Meal; Flatboatman; El Greco. Sundays, Feb. 1, 8, 15, 22 (1-1:30 pm).

Tell It Like It Is. Folk musical with Kurt Kaiser Singers and Gilbert Price. Sunday, Feb. 1 (4-5 pm).

The Last of the Westerners. A look at frontier life through the eyes of the people who lived it. Wednesday, Feb. 4 (8:30-9 pm).

A Storm in Summer. Hallmark Hall of Fame—Rod Serling drama of relationship between a shopkeeper and a Harlem boy. Starring Peter Ustinov, Marlyn Mason, N'Gai Dixon. Friday, Feb. 6 (8:30-10 pm).

LBJ: The Decision to Halt the Bombing. Second of series exploring Lyndon Johnson's career. Friday, Feb. 6 (10-11 pm).

Return of the Sea Elephants. Undersea World of Jacques Cousteau examines unique lifestyle of shy sea mammals. Sunday, Feb. 8 (7-8 pm).

Wild River. National Geographic Society explores Salmon River in Idaho. Tuesday, Feb. 10 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Day Before Sunday. CBS Playhouse—Uta Hagen, Martin Balsam, Farley Granger, Cloris Leachman in drama about emotional awakening of a 40-plus bachelor girl. Tuesday, Feb. 10 (9:30-11 pm).

Survival on the Prairie. The rolling, open plains in Middle America are explored. Hugh Downs, host. Friday, Feb. 13 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Dream on Monkey Mountain. NBC Experiment in Television—Old man in Trinidad fantasizes about becoming an African chief. Sunday, Feb. 15 (5-6 pm).

He's Your Dog, Charlie Brown. Spotlighting Snoopy with the "Peanuts" kids. Sunday, Feb. 15 (7:30-8 pm).

The Man Hunters. G-E Monogram Series—Search for clues to prehistoric man and implications his emergence may have for mankind's future. Tuesday, Feb. 17 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Journey of Robert F. Kennedy. A biographical study of the late Senator, written by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. and narrated by John Huston. Tuesday, Feb. 17 (8:30-10 pm).

Annie, The Women in the Life of a Man. Anne Bancroft acts and sings with guest stars Lee J. Cobb, Robert Merrill, Arthur Murray, Dick Smothers, David Susskind. Wednesday, Feb. 18 (9-10 pm).

Born Free. Film based on best-seller about lion cub raised in human environment. Starring Virginia McKenna, Bill Travers. Sunday, Feb. 22 (7-9 pm).

The Boston Spy Party. American Rainbow—Fact-based story of actors who spied to help George Washington. Saturday, Feb. 28 (12 Noon-1 pm).

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo

Tuesday: First Tuesday (appearing first Tuesday each month)/CBS News Hour

Saturday: The Banana Splits Adventure Hour/Jambo/ABC's Wide World of Sports

Sunday: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up And Live/Camera Three/Bullwinkle/Discovery/Frontiers of Faith/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Directions/Issues and Answers/G-E College Bowl/Wild Kingdom/The Wonderful World of Disney

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

Television Information Office
745 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

World of Dance

Walter Terry

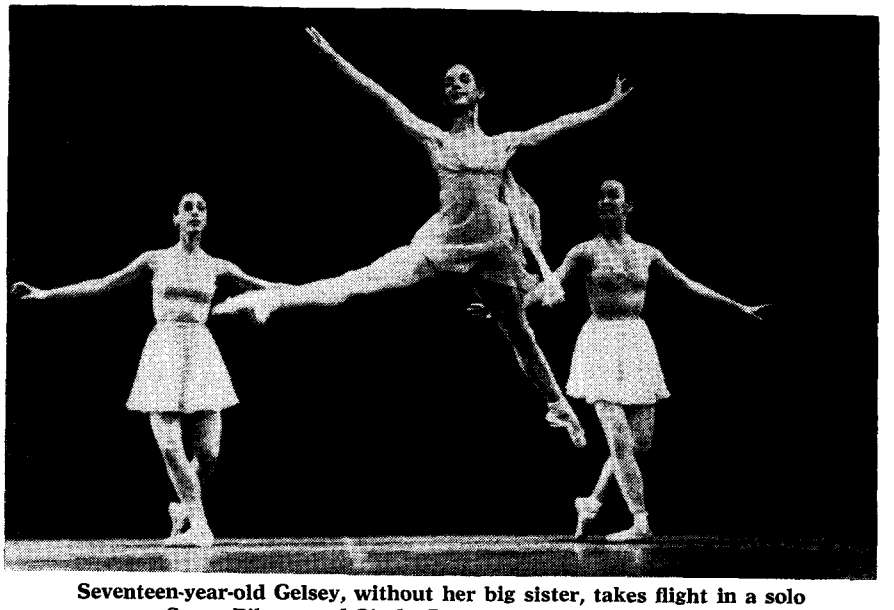
Accent on Youth

THE LOVELY limbs of youth were given special celebration in the program that the New York City Ballet elected to present at the New York State Theater as it returned to repertory following forty performances of *The Nutcracker* (WORLD OF DANCE, Jan. 10). Spirits, on this occasion, seemed especially high—as were the leaps and leg extensions—because the dancers had survived the routine of all those Christmastime *Nutcrackers*, because they had broken all existing box-office records by racking up a whopping 107,436 paid admissions in those forty performances, and because they could now, for the rest of the engagement (through February 15), savor the joys of choreographic diversity.

Except for the closing ballet, George Balanchine's *Firebird* (created for Maria Tallchief twenty-one years ago), headed by the company's undesignated but very real *prima ballerina*, Melissa Hayden (a priceless member of the troupe for twenty years), and Francisco Moncion (who joined the Balanchine-Lincoln Kirstein ballet enterprises nearly a quarter of a century ago), the rest of the program (three ballets) was centered on youth. John Clifford, Balanchine's favored junior choreographer, was represented by two ballets, the month-old *Reveries* (Tchaikovsky, first, third, fourth, sixth movements of Suite No. 1) and the older *Fantasies* (Ralph Vaughan Williams).

—Photos by Martha Swope.

Johnna and Gelsey Kirkland, teen-age sisters, dance together in the new "Reveries."



Seventeen-year-old Gelsey, without her big sister, takes flight in a solo passage. Susan Pilarre and Giselle Roberge are her attentive attendants.

The third piece was Balanchine's *Valse Fantaisie* (Glinka), a suite of dances for two principals and an ensemble of four girls, not to be confused with an earlier Balanchine-Glinka ballet of the same name from the 1950s. In this, Clifford, barely into his twenties, was on hand as a dancer, and an exciting one he is. He is a virtuoso who never has to fret about multiple turns, big jumps, flying leg-beats, or, say, a batch of aerial spins ending on a knee. With this physical prowess, he also has theatrical flash, more so than the majority of the young dancers in this company, who are spirited but inclined to be a trifle *raffiné*. Clifford, the performer, youthful arrogance and all, is an asset to the New York City Ballet.

As a choreographer, he is also valuable. He hasn't turned up with a masterpiece yet, but he dares to tackle his choreographic projects with gusto; he seems unafraid of being pitted against the works of the City Ballet's chief choreographer, Balanchine, who is not only a master maker of dances but a genius in the arts of today; Clifford does not shy away from occasionally imitating (as in *Reveries*) Balanchine (which may be politic); and he is steadily displaying increased command of the craft, if not always the art, of choreography.

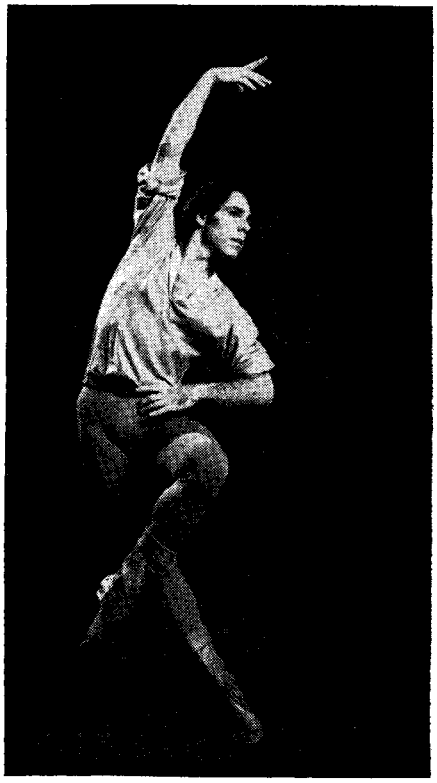
In *Reveries* you will experience motor echoes of, say, Balanchine's *Serenade* or other ballets in the music visualization genre, but there is a buoyancy to it, a sort of movement thrust that is Clifford's own. The very special junior dancer here was Gelsey Kirkland, just turned seventeen, who would appear to be the chief contender for the post recently vacated by the Balanchine favorite, Suzanne Farrell. Little Gelsey is as lithe, as limber, and as daring (she zooms in and out of movement difficulties with no fear at all) as Miss Farrell. Her nearest teen-age rival in this new production is her big sister (all of nineteen), Johnna Kirkland, a delightful dancer.

You would also note, in the corps, still other fetching teen-agers, among them the long-legged, coltish, and talented Colleen Neary, whose own big sister, Patricia, has already made a name for herself in Europe as well as

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in America. Suki Schorer, as youthful and as pert as she was just a few years back, was Clifford's co-star in *Valse Fantaisie*; and in *Fantasies* Kay Mazzo, who first impressed Jerome Robbins when she was only fifteen, once again made it abundantly clear that her shy, elfin demeanor, coupled with her stylish movement mastery, makes her an important member of the company.

Among other slightly senior dancers on this occasion were Sara Leland, who first displayed teen-age talent with the Boston Ballet; Conrad Ludlow, once the brightest teen-age principal of the San Francisco Ballet; and Anthony Blum, a product of New York City's own High School of Performing Arts. All performed well, and Blum, dancing in both of Clifford's ballets, was particularly impressive. Since his teens, he has climbed slowly and steadily to a plane of high accomplishment. The beginnings were not splashy, and I'm not at all sure that many balletomanes looked at him years ago and said, "Keep your eye on him." But Blum kept an eye on his own career, and today the fans come to see him dance, and they feel, as we all do, privileged to be exposed to his consistently growing art as a performer. Now a venerable thirty-one, Blum more than holds his own with the bright newcomers of the New York City Ballet. So, if you didn't say it before, say it now: "Keep your eye on him."



Anthony Blum — "Since his teens, he has climbed . . . to a plane of high accomplishment."

SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

The Power and the Gory

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX is becoming title-conscious. When its Gertrude Lawrence musical failed to click as *Star!*, it was sent around again as *Those Were the Happy Times*, and with ads that made it look like a remake of *The Sound of Music*. No chances are being taken with its impressive biography of the World War II commander, Gen. George S. Patton, Jr. It has been called *Patton: A Salute to a Rebel*. To what degree those sought-for young audiences are going to identify with "Old Blood and Guts" remains to be seen, for Patton was hardly of the mold from which today's rebels are cast. In fact, he was anything but a rebel. He was a military commander of the old school, and his personal flamboyance was confined to little more than wearing a pair of ivory-handled revolvers.

There is no doubt that he was one of the best commanding generals produced during World War II. The statistics of the kind he himself was fond of citing bear this out. When his forces moved against the enemy, they tended to move faster and kill and wound and capture more of the enemy than a comparable force, and usually with fewer casualties of their own. The ratios, so to speak, made him look good. However, when he opened his mouth publicly, he usually managed to make himself look bad. Fox is lucky to have, for its portrayal of Patton, George C. Scott, who with a bit of nose remodeling gets fairly close to a look-alike, but, more important, gives a rounded and decidedly colorful portrait of the man. He hasn't neglected to give Patton all the airs of a general while making him human and crustily likable.

But there is very little that is reverential in this movie treatment (written well, accurately, and quite honestly by Francis Ford Coppola and Edmund H. North), and if it weren't punctuated from time to time by battle sequences it could be regarded as, primarily, a character study. There are no false heroics here: Patton doesn't charge across a shell-torn landscape brandishing his two revolvers. If there is an exaggeration at all, it is in the importance given Patton by the German general staff, which had a lot of others besides Patton to worry about. Meanwhile, our own general staff had plenty of cause for worry from him, because he could behave with almost unbelievable stupidity. The movie doesn't duck portraying the incident that nearly ended his career long before D-Day—the slapping of a disturbed GI for his "cowardice." And it also points up his Russophobia.

I happened to come under Patton's command after the invasion, about the time of the "Bulge." Assigned as a combat historian and occasional liaison officer to one of his corps, I moved back and forth between Third Army headquarters and various parts of the shifting front. I glimpsed him frequently, and once managed to slip into a conference he held for the visiting Secretary of War. What I learned about him came more, though, from studying the large situation maps showing the movements of such powerhouse armored divisions as the Fourth and the Sixth. There was no question that he could make his divisions move, and here I think it was a matter of his influence on subordinate commanders. He could not only whip them into action, but they, in turn, would then whip those below them in the chain of command.

Patton adapted well to the mechanical complexities of World War II-type warfare, but, like most generals relatively remote from where it was actually happening, he didn't know all that happened. Just after the war, another combat historian and myself were assigned to a study of Patton's dash across France, eventually to be halted —for lack of gasoline—near Metz. We have since been told by historians that Germany might have been brought to its knees earlier if Patton's Army had not been stalled by the diversion of fuel to Montgomery in the North. But my fellow historian and I found another reason for the halted tanks. As our GIs proceeded across France, they were met by crowds of Frenchmen offering gifts of Calvados. In return, our soldiers handed them, with wanton generosity, five-gallon jerricans of gasoline. And so the Third Army ran out of gas sooner than Patton had figured. Just one more footnote to history, and now it's another time and another war, but there's still good reason to see this well-made study of a general and the command mentality, not just for the out of the ordinary fidelity with which it has been directed by Franklin J. Schaffner, and not only because it is replete with absorbing incident, but because it is of importance for us to know what makes men like Patton tick. The movie does give us some inklings.

An entirely different and perhaps

(*Continued on page* 63)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Fine Arts

Katharine Kuh

Buying and a Sense of History

The art market is steeply inflated these days, but there are still excellent works that can be bought for considerably less than a king's ransom. This does not mean merely tracking down out-of-fashion oddities; it presupposes the ability to evaluate history so that the entire spectrum of art becomes a continuing experience rather than an episodic one. Only then can individual works from all times and places be judged comparatively. To be frozen into any one period, whether past or present, is as stifling in the fine arts as it is in music and in literature. The whole world of man's creativity, from prehistoric times to 1970, is open for the taking. I do not deny that present-day art is closest to us and demands our serious attention, but surely not our exclusive attention.

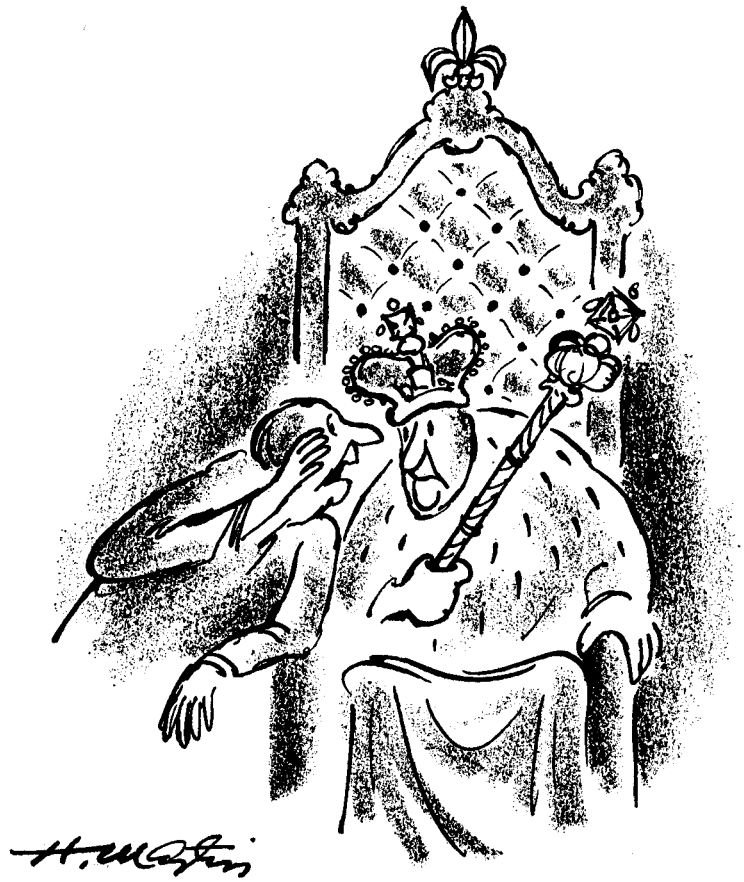
Why certain sculpture and paintings are currently out of favor is a question worth investigating, for what we neglect is as revealing as what we pursue. Any number of causes can elevate art prices. It is not just supply and demand that determine what we pay. Jazzed-up promotions, earlier influences that either parallel or predict current moods, novelties that titillate, art as an investment, the collector's personal prestige, tax considerations—all can influence prices. In addition, there are people who simply buy what they like or what looks best in their homes. Finally, however, it is quality that counts. Just what quality means is anyone's guess; perhaps it is the magic imponderable that makes for staying power.

This article is not intended as a practical manual for the young collector, or for the older, better-heeled one either. The acquisition of art by the unwary and, indeed, by the wary is full of pitfalls. Even blue-chip names can discolor. Two don'ts, however, might alleviate a few perils. First: Don't buy art as an investment. It's not that viable. Precisely when you want to convert a work into cash, the market for it may have temporarily or permanently evaporated. At the risk of seeming a pseudomystic, I am convinced that paintings languish, fade, disintegrate, when relegated too long to safety deposit vaults. Like people, art needs attention and affection. Then, too, there's something repugnant about viewing art as a purely monetary commodity; it was never intended to double for stocks and bonds, even though there are moments when it outshines them economically.

In the end and despite recently organized art investment combines, I feel the whole idea will boomerang, if only because well-trained experts refuse (let us hope) to cooperate. Without benefit of specialized knowledge and wide experience, the most ambitious investment houses are apt to lose their cool when confronted by questions of authenticity and quality. And the second don't: Never buy art as decorations to fill empty walls or to add that "dash of color." Any painting worth its salt has too strong an identity to accommodate such simple-minded demands.

One acquires art differently for different institutions. In museums, it is sometimes those very areas already best represented that determine acquisition policies, for well selected concentrations can make more sense than thin historical surveys. Museum curators buy in relation both to strengths *and* to weaknesses; they fill gaps and they broaden specialized collections. Universities have other needs, chiefly those of their students. Ideally, a university gallery provides art for study purposes, and for the enlightenment of the entire academic community. In corporate institutions, in banks, hotels, stores, and other business establishments, art plays a humanizing role. It can civilize forbidding surroundings and give pleasure to employees, visitors, and clients. I see no reason why these institutions need limit themselves to contemporary works, as so many do. A broader visual base makes for broader visual participation. Specially privileged, however, is the private collector who buys solely for himself, and who is restricted only by funds, space, taste, and knowledge.

Today, the objects most pursued, not unexpectedly, are the most inflated. I think, for example, of the French Impressionists. Shortly before these men crystallized their own style, several lesser known artists, such as Gustave Doré, Georges Michel, and Eugène Isabey, antedated them in France. Too romantic for modern tastes, the earlier painters were nonetheless highly accomplished. Yet, a fine picture by one of them often brings considerably less than one-hundredth the sum recently paid for a Renoir. Opening the end of



"Certain persons are using the Xerox machine for non-sovereign affairs."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this month in New York, a prophetic exhibition at the Shickman Gallery features neglected French painters of the nineteenth century. In addition to the three men mentioned above, the show includes such names as Théodule Ribot, James Tissot, Antoine Vollon, Gaston Latouche, and Jean François Raffaelli. There is no doubt that several of these artists already occupy assured slots in history, though they are still not "in" as far as public popularity is concerned. One need only refer to the luminous landscapes of Doré and Isabey to realize how much both men foretold Impressionism. It is absurd to think that distinguished oils by Doré sell for less than feeble pencil scratches by some of our here-today gone-tomorrow idols, a situation, I predict, that will be drastically reversed in less than a decade.

And for that matter much of contemporary art is overpriced. Lest we appear "old-hat" by boycotting anything "new" (shades of the late nineteenth century), we embrace the present with permissive indulgence. At times astronomical figures are justified when artists emerge as indisputable giants, but this is hardly a daily occurrence. Too often plush prices result from artificial publicity and overcredulous purchasers, though this is not to say that many unknown painters and sculptors today deserve the anonymity they receive.

If one cannot glibly generalize about the current scene, one can about earlier American art, which is escalating out of all reason. I question whether the exalted six figures attached to certain nineteenth-century native paintings can endure. If supply is the answer, then they can, but if comparative quality is, then they cannot, for, although these works have a fenced-in American audience, someday they must be judged in relation to their European contemporaries. At present, they have little meaning and no market abroad. After all, it was not painting in the United States that changed the course of nineteenth-century art; it was painting in France and, to a lesser degree, in England.

Other works with sharply and sometimes irrationally rising prices are original prints, whether lithographs, linoleum cuts, etchings, engravings, or woodcuts. The thousands of dollars paid for certain modern graphics, as well as the soaring price level for the entire medium, seem unreasonable to me. Prints were originally intended for a large audience, which is why they were produced in multiple issues, but recently the emphasis on small editions and on the preciousness of individual examples is subverting the *raison d'être* of printmaking. Graphics, in many cases, are becoming more costly than original drawings. The latter, by the way, are among the best buys available today, and this includes a variety of drawings from a wide chronological range. Those with world-famous names attached are the expensive exceptions, though even here an occasional windfall is possible. I know of a fine Giandomenico Tiepolo that was acquired a few months ago for half the cost of an Oldenburg drawing or for the same price as one by Ellsworth Kelly. And last winter several large pencil studies by John Singer Sargent went for less than signed reproductions passing for original prints.

Just as certain precursors of Impressionism were too romantic for present consumption, so drawings are perhaps too intimate and often too small. Art is going public these days: It is big, brassy, and basically architectural. Drawings are the opposite: introspective, tentative at times, and always best when frankly personal. In addition, they are frequently limited to black and white, which may explain why contemporary prints are more popular. With their strong emphasis on color and size, graphics decorate a wall; they come out to meet you whereas drawings recede, almost demanding to be tracked down.

Yet, drawings at least rarely present the tricky problems that plague the print market. One need not worry about restrikes, about reproductions being pawned off as originals, about falsely numbered editions, about lack of supervision by the artist. And while we are on the subject, the whole gamut of silk-screen prints bears careful reclassification. Drawings, on the contrary, are unique statements that provide valuable clues to the artist's working processes. Over the years some of the most knowledgeable collectors in history, notably the English, have concentrated in this field.

London currently offers the best hunting for good out-of-fashion paintings. Here one can encounter excellent seventeenth-century still lifes by reputable if not always famous artists from France (rare), Holland, Belgium, Spain, England, and Italy, the last particularly well represented by Naples. Still lifes of fruit and flowers are in great demand, but compositions of animal, fish, and "vanitas" themes are available at relatively modest sums, and frequently surpass in intensity the blander, more popular subjects. One can acquire sober, beautifully painted seventeenth-century English still lifes of inanimate objects such as books, pipes, and table ornaments by respected artists for a fraction of what similar subjects by certain late-nineteenth-century American *trompe-l'oeil* painters bring—an illogical situation if the works are dispassionately compared.

Another field still underpriced is Far Eastern Indian sculpture, much of which is perhaps too intricately symbolic for contemporary Western audiences that prefer a more immediate attack. We like to be shocked into seeing. The Indian artist with his complex hierarchy of sophisticated gestures persuades us to see. And yet he is franker about life and love than we are, although he adheres to ceremonial procedures that must be decoded to be understood.

Different ages respond to different stimuli. Where art is concerned, the wise buyer will go beyond the obvious favorites of his own time and country to consider less thoroughly exploited periods. As for museums, wealthy ones that acquire million-dollar treasures are fortunate but not always as astute as smaller galleries that at times lead the way by recognizing the importance of neglected works. Some years ago, the art museum at Oberlin College purchased most expeditiously a major painting by Hendrick Ter Brugghen. The artist was then little accepted in America, but now this Northern follower of Caravaggio is highly prized, and museums throughout the country openly compete for his work. It is ludicrous that institutions and collectors receive more acclaim for paying exorbitant prices than for acquiring "good buys." To obtain a top work of art advantageously requires expertise, temerity, and a sense of history. Sometimes a modest budget is a benefit. It forces us to operate underground where uncovering hidden treasures is one of the few adventures left in the cynical world of art.

Academic

by John Frederick Nims

Professor Clunk, he's honored. "Given a chair."
It's not his head they're honoring. And that's fair.
Use your best part, Professor. Rest it there.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Booked for Travel

David Butwin

A Babe in Slatland

THE MENTION of Haystack Mountain would hardly start the adrenalin flowing through Killy's Prestone veins. Even to the eyes of rank beginners—as we wobbly-legged skiing infants are designated—Haystack's peaks appear within reasonable, if not conquerable, distance. Yet, one needn't graduate from the gentlest of novice runs, nor, for that matter, emerge from the base lodge bar, to realize Haystack has earned that divine status: a skier's mountain.

The realization dawned on me long before the station wagon I was sharing with seven others (ages ten, twelve, thirteen, sixteen; the rest on the dark side of thirty) began to ascend the Green Mountains of Vermont, of which Haystack is a southern sentinel. There was, on that chill Friday night in January, only one enforced stop between Manhattan's West Side Highway and the little A-frame headquarters we established for the weekend beside the mountain, and it came well advertised by those among us who had made the four-and-a-half-hour journey before. Calling at the McDonald's on the freeway edge of Springfield, Massachusetts, cut the drive neatly in two, but we tarried just long enough to contribute to the sum of the restaurant's daily hamburger sale, now five million according to the marquee. Then the mule skinner up front pushed northward, one hand on the wheel, the other on a McDonald's Big Mac.

Saturday morning came up bright and very cold, the thermometer outside our window struggling barely over the zero mark. On a shopping excursion to the nearby town of Wilmington we watched the night's deposit of snow dance up in phantom whirlwinds, dying suddenly before reappearing far across the steep drifts. Martha, the ten-year-old beside me, shivered aloud at the thought of bucking heavier winds on the mountainside (for she has long been elevated from Haystack's sheltered beginners' slope), but she quickly brightened when her mother suggested she show this stranger through her favorite Wilmington landmark, the 1836 Country Store. We two jumped off at the store and commenced to browse through a wonderland of sundries: barrels of gingerbread men, boxes of coonskin caps, packages of coffee "ground the way Grandpaw liked it," a bookrack holding *Valley of the Dolls* beside a tender blue volume called *A Little Treasury of Hope*. We passed through an adjoining woodcraft shop, strained together at a rope strung across a stairway leading to the second floor where, Martha's eyes told me, lay greater treasures, and then retraced our steps over the plank floor to take in everything again.

Suddenly our path was blocked. Before us, hands on hips, stood a clerk we'd seen in the woodcraft shop. "I'm sorry," the woman said to me, "but you're not allowed to take notes in here. We have orders from the boss to take away anything our customers write down. . . ."

"And destroy it," came a voice from below. I looked down to see a young girl stooping beside a shelf, a vacuum cleaner in her hand. "He doesn't want people coming in here and copying down the brands and labels," the girl went on.

I assured them my interests were not competitive. They relented rather gracefully, suggesting I wait around to meet the proprietor when he came to work. But Martha's mother was waiting.

We three rode out of Wilmington past white steepled churches (at least three) and stalwart frame houses, their roofs leavened with snow and hung with jagged rows of icicles, Martha doubtless dreaming of the toy pig she couldn't afford to buy in the country store, my thoughts turning ever closer to a date with destiny I had put off far too long: an initiation to skiing.

In the five years since it opened, Haystack has won a reputation as a no-frills ski area where experts mingle easily with innocents, and the sport takes precedence over the scene. Its ski school provides relatively easy sledding for beginners, has a way with very young children, and trains the handicapped with special lessons directed by a one-legged expert named Jim Gardner. Because Haystack generally shuns the floss of the more fashionable Vermont resorts, its instructors have time and space to give beginners the attention they need. And the rank beginners' slope is far enough removed from the expert runs that a man is free to suffer those first bungling steps in relative privacy.

Amid the clatter around the base lodge's ski school office, I presented myself with open-handed innocence to Bruce Gavett, the director. His clear-eyed, taut-jawed countenance obviously was cut from the same quarry that has produced every other skier on this earth. My apparel may have suggested more a walk in the woods than a first fling at a ski slope, but Gavett, on this numbing day, provided a pair of billowing green warm-up pants to cover my levis, and I passed muster with a borrowed jacket and slightly citified pair of gloves. He couldn't fault my green wool cap with red mapleleaf design, a copy of the style worn by the Canadian team at the last winter Olympics, a souvenir of a non-skiing visit to Mont Tremblant in the Laurentians.

Haystack's nursery turns its pupils loose on the slopes at a tender age.

Ski purists prefer Haystack for its short lift lines and rustic setting.

At some ski resorts, a person dare not appear in anything less than Saks. At Haystack, they call such places Mascara Mountains. One detects a sort of reverse snobbery at this more rustic outpost. "If a girl comes out in bright ski pants," a Haystack instructor told me, "we laugh and say she must have taken the wrong turn on the way to Snow or Sugarbush."

From his roster of instructors,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whose shining, uncomplicated faces beamed down from a photo arrangement above the counter, Gavett selected for my very own a certified little bundle of nylon and charm named Ann Tumavicus. Fresh from the slopes, she peeled off her cap, shook down her golden sheepdog locks, and confided: "I've taught physical education and dance, and I'll tell you: Skiing is the most unnatural sport there is."

With that, we went downstairs to pick out a pair of boots and skis, a mission that was to evoke something of those long-ago shopping excursions, late in summer, when my mother would take me downtown on the streetcar to buy a pair of Oxford shoes for the approaching school year. Then as now, it was up to me to squeal if the shoe didn't fit, but otherwise the lady was boss. Ann allowed me to do nothing so much as buckle my boots, and when a pair of skis of appropriately modest length had been chosen, and a pair of poles, she propped them on her shoulder and led me outdoors.

Class began well down the rank beginners' slope on a level patch where the day's high, biting winds could not assail us and I could take my first steps without danger of plunging headlong to the bottom. It is difficult, on reflection, to call back those momentous opening stages, for all I retain is a speeded-up slapstick image of legs and arms, poles and skis, shooting off at mad angles. Yet, somehow, after Ann had patiently guided me through the barest rudiments — locking into the skis, turning about in place, sidestepping down the fall line inches at a time, skimming a few feet across the slope—she pointed me and the skis down the hill and issued a last warning to bail out if the snowplowing method wouldn't brake me. I was off on my own. I don't know how fast I was going—perhaps a jogger in Central Park could have passed me—but at that moment I felt free as the wind, heard myself yelp with glee, and realized in an instant why skiers put up with so much hardship, expense, and inclemency to take one swipe down a mountain. Then the laughter was frozen on my lips, and I was flying along, out of control, unable to snowplow, and somewhere far behind me — perhaps she was right there—Ann was yelling to fall down. I pitched forward into a drift beside the trail, and before the snow sifted back to earth I was checking, almost reflexively, for broken bones. Fully intact, unable to right myself, I lay back and laughed. After helping me up—rising is harder than falling—Ann delivered a cryptic observation: "You're not afraid to make mistakes, to admit you have no experience." I shrugged. How else could the rankest of beginners behave? "So many guys," she said, "are hung up and self-conscious, afraid to show me, a girl, how little they know about skiing. I seldom go out on a lesson with a guy."

"I've got a male ego," I said, "but you've got that little patch on your jacket that says you're the boss."

We attacked the slope several times again, Ann riding herd from behind, shouting encouragement, praise, directions. Gradually I found the going smoother. She didn't take me beyond snowplowing, the first step in the American-style technique. "Great! Fantastic!" she chirped when I caught the T-bar and rode it up the hill without a hitch, an act that seemed too elementary for such praise. In fact, my male ego might have been slightly twanged. But Ann insisted many a beginner has leaned back on the bar and collapsed.

The rest of the weekend was après-ski, there being places to see and Super Bowls to watch. Late Saturday afternoon, I squeezed into the area's most celebrated singles mill, a John-meets-Mary establishment called the Sitzmark. Mary wasn't there. Dinner was at a quiet, homey, family-run restaurant named Neil's, but on this night the peace was shattered by a tipsy interloper who, when he failed to get the immediate service he demanded, weaved his way to a serving table laden with dishes and pulled the pile down in a splintering crash, not one stride from my seat. He bolted out the front door, but his rubbery legs carried him only halfway across the snowy parking lot before the bartender nailed him from behind, and the chef, a huge, gravel-voiced tackle of a man, applied the clinching blow. It was, though I didn't know it then, a sort of prelude to next day's Super Bowl. Just as one-sided.

Part of Sunday was spent at the Disneyland of ski resorts, Mt. Snow, whose fine slopes are somewhat overshadowed by such trappings as heated, kidney-shaped swimming pools, indoor skating rinks, Japanese baths shaded by live tropical foliage, outdoor sundeck, and some of the sweetest snow bunnies hippety-hopping about Eastern ski lodges. Walter Schoenknecht, Mt. Snow's founder and whirlwind promoter, may yet turn a few tricks Disney never dreamed of. His plans for a self-sustaining commercial village adjacent to the present layout—if they reach fruition—will put six acres under glass with palm trees lining a 500-foot swimming pool. His rationale for the project resembles a commercial I've heard somewhere: "We can't bring Vermont to the Caribbean, but we can bring the Caribbean to Vermont." Who's to argue?

Movies

Continued from page 59

considerably more refreshing attitude toward war is embodied in *MASH*, another Fox film. We move on to the Korean War, and specifically to a Mobile Army Surgical Hospital (MASH) on the 38th Parallel. The "heroes" in this case are not generals, but the surgeons who must cope with an endless variety of gruesome wounds. Crazily enough, *MASH* is a comedy, except it doesn't make you laugh until it hurts; it makes you hurt while you laugh.

Medics, of course, have rarely been known for their military pride and bearing, or for bloodthirstiness. These medics, played with a kind of dedicated madness by Donald Sutherland, Elliott Gould, and Tom Skerritt, among others, are thoroughgoing civilians at heart. Once temporarily away from their hacking and chopping and stitching in their improvised operating theater, they are all fun and games.

Naturally, it is sex that is on their minds a great deal, and Mobile Army Hospitals do have nurses; civilian responsibilities such as husbands, wives, and devoted fiancées do tend to be forgotten in a time and place of war. It is almost impossible to explain the kind of idiot fun that goes on in this film, such as the amplified ecstasies of a head nurse in the throes of passion with an overly pious major, but a great deal of the time the comedy works, and for this we must give credit to Robert Altman, who directed, and to Ring Lardner, Jr., who wrote the screenplay—based on a novel written by a former Army surgeon. The dreadful thing is that, though it all seems exaggerated to the point of farce, *MASH* gives a more effective and realistic picture of an aspect of war than all the heroics of a John Wayne. We've tried everything else. For a change, why not try laughing war to death?

EUROPE by CAR

Write for FREE 70 Page Full Color Catalogue
Savings on Car Rental and Purchase

VOLKSWAGEN VOLVO
MERCEDES JAGUAR
CITROEN PEUGEOT
RENAULT, SAAB, MG. ETC.

EUROPE BY CAR, Inc.

The Oldest & Largest Overseas Delivery System
630 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. 20 TEL. LT 1-3040
9000 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles Tel. 272-0424

CAR (S)_____
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ SR-31

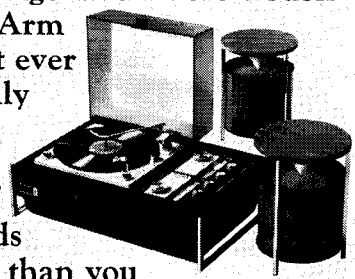
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You'll never have to face the music again.

Imagine. Stereo that lets you sit where you want. Move where you want. Look the other way, if you want.

With Zenith Circle of Sound® modular stereo, it still comes out stereo. Twin 360° speakers drive the sound outward in all directions, surrounding you with perfectly balanced stereo anywhere in the room.

The system you see here is The Troubador, model Z590. It comes with 100 watts peak power, full FM/AM/Stereo FM, tape and headphone jacks, plus Zenith's Stereo Precision record changer and Micro-Touch® 2G Tone Arm that won't ever accidentally ruin your records.



And if that sounds like more than you need, there's a full line of Circle of Sound radio and phono stereo systems to choose from.

At Zenith, the quality goes in before the name goes on.

ZENITH®
CIRCLE OF SOUND

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR: RECORDINGS

65 New Means for New Music—II
by Robert Jacobson

68 A Caper by Mauricio Kagel
by Oliver Daniel

69 Double Rich, Double Good Ludwig-Berry-Bernstein Mahler
by Robert Lawrence

70 Recordings in Review
by Irving Kolodin

72 Recordings Reports I:
Orchestral LPs

73 Beethoven Bookshelf by Elliot Forbes

74 Recordings Reports II:
Miscellaneous LPs

76 Jefferson Airplane: Where We've Been Today by Ellen Sander

78 Video Tape: This Year Won't Quite Be "Next Year" by Ivan Berger

79 A Letter from Herman A. Gray

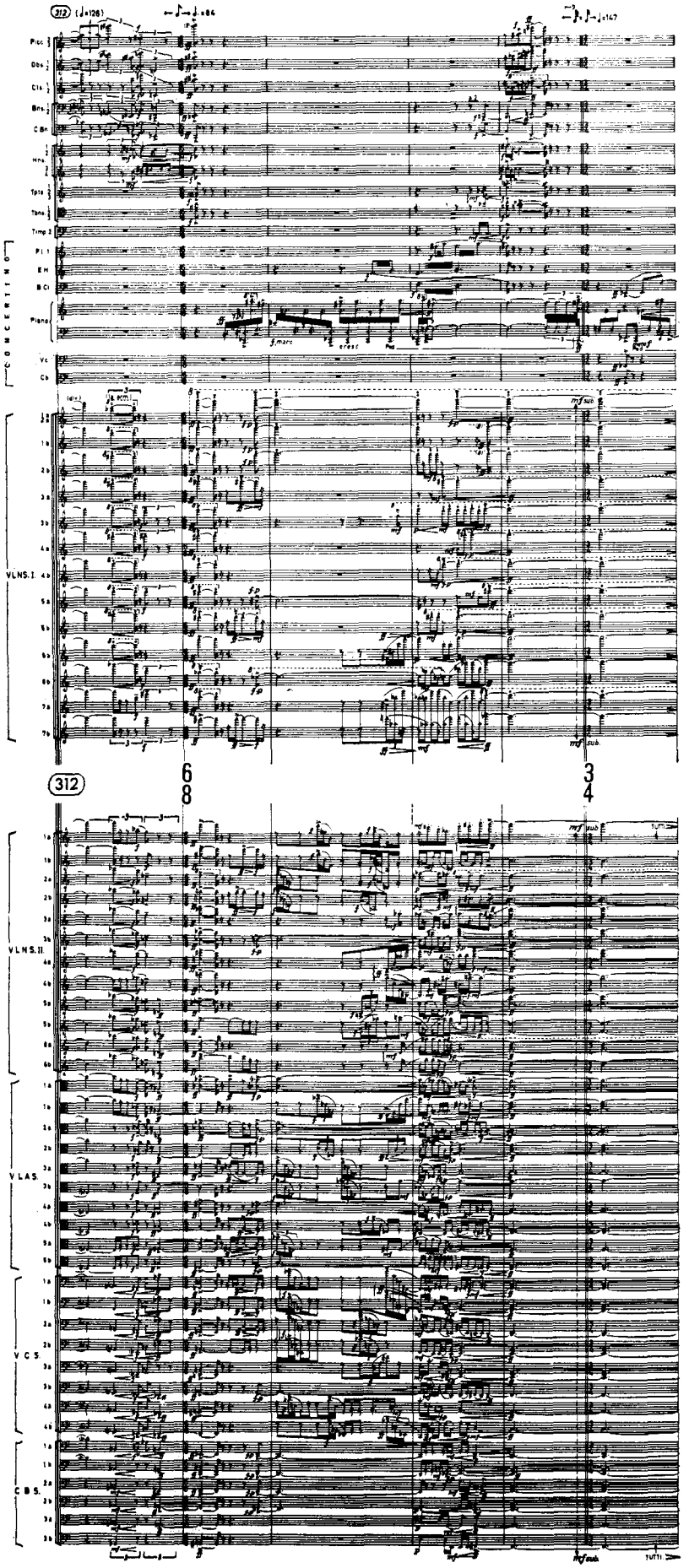
80 Letters to the Recordings Editor

NEW MEANS FOR NEW MUSIC—II

by ROBERT JACOBSON

As the Sixties were becoming the Seventies and an unknown new decade was opening its doors, stock was being taken wherever one looked, even in music. The irrefutable conclusion would have to be that serious music has continued to increase in complexity and diminish in accessibility, that the gap separating the composer from the public has steadily grown in the twenty-five-year postwar period. As Ernst Roth has written in *The Business of Music:*

> It must be said quite brutally that the new serial, electronic, improvised, determinate or indeterminate music has no public—or at least no public which could keep both that music and its composers alive. There is a fundamental difference between the new visual arts and new music. Economically and artistically it is sufficient for a new painting or sculpture if a single enthusiast or eccentric millionaire or even



"Even skilled musicians are finding an increasing challenge in arriving at a judgment of what the written symbols really signify." (Page from the full score to Elliott Carter's Piano Concerto. © copyright 1967 by Associated Music Publishers, Inc.)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

speculator is found to pay a high price for a few blobs on a canvas or an unidentifiable lump of stone. But music needs tens or hundreds of thousands to understand and appreciate and pay for it. As a publisher I cannot be misled by the fact that now and then a hall is filled with curious people and perfunctory applause. Scales and performance figures speak a language which cannot be silenced by even the most vociferous propaganda.

This is very strange. I must insist again and again that this new music is what it must be, the legitimate child and the true expression of our time. Therefore, there ought to be a deep understanding between composers and public, and the urge which compels the composer to compose should encourage the listener to listen.

As described in these pages ("New Means for New Music") in September 1968, grants for composing and recording new music since the war have come forth to sustain the composer and expose his music to a public that should be interested in hearing it.

As yet, however, music has shown no signs of giving up the ghost. During the past decade it lost such respected masters as Poulenc, Hindemith, Kodály, and Moore—but Barber, Britten, Copland, Ginastera, Harris, Milhaud, Shostakovich, and Stravinsky survive (to mention but a few). Others—Henze, Penderecki, Richard Rodney Bennett, Berio, Boulez, Lees, Rochberg, Takemitsu—gained in prominence and promise. And there was the newer generation of Wuorinén, del Tredici, Crumb, and many others. Thus, there has been the coming to age of a new coterie of compositional personalities, whose period of prominence is as yet too brief to determine whether it is comprised of creators or merely constructors, innovators, or experimenters. And with this came the Moog synthesizer and its pointing to a new, more direct road to creation. For men such as Stockhausen, Xenakis, Babbitt, Ligeti, Berio, Maderna, and Cage, electronic adjuncts are available that enable them to by-pass the whole mechanism of scrutiny, selection, and sponsorship by which composers normally have works performed. Their link to an audience has come by means of such mechanical intermediaries as records, tapes, and cassettes—packages for home consumption rather than live performances in a concert hall. Together with the eventual development of complete home-entertainment units, where complete filmed performances of operas and symphonic programs could be purchased like records and tapes, there are those who forecast the steady decline of live performance in the decades ahead.

But the very nature of new music and the apathy it induces among the public pose a very real dilemma about its life span, if any. The idiom *is* formidable, and most outsiders have chosen not to familiarize themselves with it. Reverting to Roth, one encounters the view that the elimination of the amateur musician may be a major factor: "So the re-creation of new music is left to the professional. Music has, in fact, become highly professional, exclusively professional. The one art where the amateur played a vital part now excludes and eliminates him." But, as he says, it is difficult to calculate cause and effect—music became more and more difficult as techniques of reproduction became more efficient. The amateur has become purely a listener, while only the professionals really make music.

At this juncture, where the means may be becoming the message, even in music, no one can disagree that recordings may be the best means of propagandizing the new music. Even skilled musicians are finding an increasing challenge in arriving at a judgment of what the written symbols really signify. Looking at the score is no longer sufficient: The interruptions of silence by organized sound that result in music no longer conform to written equivalents that are intelligible.

On the second day of the new year, an announcement from the Ford Foundation greeted the new decade with full cognizance of this fact. It was the initiation of a three-year, $375,000 project to aid in the recording and dissemination of serious contemporary American music, calling upon the cooperation of the publishing and recording industries. "In sponsoring this recording program," said W. McNeil Lowry, Foundation vice president for humanities and the arts, "we are seeking to encourage the music industry and professional musicians to collaborate in the selection of works which they believe have sufficient artistic merit to warrant dissemination through recording and publication. As the forms and techniques of music have become more diverse and complex, a printed score, by itself, is no longer sufficient to acquaint listeners, performers, or even composers with contemporary trends and sounds. A tape or recording is almost indispensable, both for study by professionals and development of listening habits by the general audience." Mr. Lowry also noted that it is becoming increasingly risky for music publishers to invest the large sums needed to print works by serious American composers unless those works could benefit from the exposure that only recordings can give. The economics of the recording industry makes it difficult for record companies to justify large expenses for records of works whose audience is limited.

For Ford, this project marks the first time it is collaborating directly with commercial publishers and record companies in providing partial subsidization of talent and studio costs. Under the terms of the program, subsidies of up to $7,500 per LP record will be available for musical and recording costs. The grants will be awarded to those music firms that have agreed to publish works and have arranged with commercial companies to produce and distribute the recordings. Martin Bookspan, coordinator of symphonic and concert activities for ASCAP, concurs on the aims of the project: "In the 1960s the recording of music has become as valuable as the actual printing and publishing of music, and this seems to be a trend that will grow and not diminish. Conductors often insist on a tape of a work in preference to just the score from a composer, preferring the sound image. The Ford program is a great aid to the creative talent of our time. I hope publishers, upon whom the burden now falls in this project, will bombard Ford with requests for subsidy for recordings of new works."

The idea of cooperation between publisher and recording company did not, however, originate with the Ford grant. This very realistic approach to the problems inherent in new music has been the basis of the Donemus Audio-Visual Series from Holland, which promotes the works of Dutch composers by means of recordings with reproduced scores. These noncommercial subscription packages, underwritten by government support (Foundation of Netherlands Musical Interests) since 1961, are distributed in America by C. F. Peters Corporation and now number about 450 works. The Belgian government, too, has underwritten the publication of scores and recordings of new music by Belgian composers through CeBeDeM. Here, however, the purpose has been purely utilitarian. The accompanying scores were merely appealing for a more direct judgment of quality. For the newer practice, the printed matter is really unintelligible and without an audible equivalent.

It was in New York that the seeds for such an undertaking—using the publisher as a steppingstone for the promotion of music—were sown. In 1964, Paul Kapp (junior to brothers Dave and the earlier Jack, founder of American Decca) began what he called "recorded editions" for his Serenus

(*Continued on page* 81)

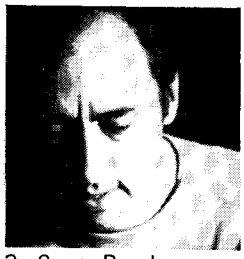
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The new spirit of Angel: 13 talents in a hurry.

Match them.

1. Augustín Anievas

2. Seiji Ozawa



3. Serge Baudo

4. Grace Bumbry

5. Aldo Ciccolini

6. Mirella Freni

7. Chris Parkening

8. Lorin Hollander

9. Gwyneth Jones

10. Daniel Barenboim/ Jacqueline du Pré

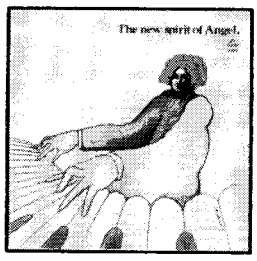
11. Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos

12. Aleksander Slobodyanik

- ☐ A. At 22, he is America's first important guitarist.
- ☐ B. Pretty Italian soprano who won America with her Mimì.
- ☐ C. He is molding the great new Orchestre de Paris.
- ☐ D. Welsh soprano, called "the new Lotte Lehmann."
- ☐ E. New music director of the San Francisco Symphony.
- ☐ F. He played Bach in buckskin on an electronic grand at Fillmore East.
- ☐ G. Victoria de los Angeles discovered this exuberant Spanish conductor.
- ☐ H. He plays with "Serkin's energy, Schnabel's authority."
- ☐ I. A smashing Carmen, with "a lustrous, sable-colored voice."
- ☐ J. He conducts the world over, just recorded all 32 Beethoven sonatas. At 20, she was already compared to Casals. They are married.
- ☐ K. Russia's handsomest export, "the most important pianist since Gilels."
- ☐ L. An Italian prodigy, who in maturity has become a master of Satie.

Now. Match them to their music. $1.00.*

We want you to meet these talents. So we put together a generous sampling of their virtuosity. 48 minutes, 18 seconds of electricity. 14 concerts in miniature.



Your dealer has it. After hearing it, you will want more of some of these talents. There is more. Full albums, specially priced.*

Very soon, meet The New Spirit of Angel. You will be richer for it.

Angel

The right match: 1-H. 2-E. 3-C. 4-I. 5-L. 6-B. 7-A. 8-F. 9-D. 10-J. 11-G. 12-K.

*optional with dealer

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Caper by Mauricio Kagel

by OLIVER DANIEL

If you have never heard any music by Mauricio Kagel, don't worry. You will! A complete disc, comprising two characteristic works by Kagel, has been released in the splendid avant-garde series of Deutsche Grammophon (stereo, 137 006, $5.98). Like his Argentine-born composer-colleague Mario Davidovsky, who has settled in New York to become an integral part of its current scene, Kagel migrated to Cologne in 1957, where he now resides, and has been totally absorbed in the German picture.

Kagel was born in Buenos Aires on Christmas Eve 1931, and quite early became fascinated by the *new* in music. In Cologne, Munich, and Utrecht, he worked in electronic music studios and extended his purely musical interests through not only tape and various audioelectronic devices but light projections, cinema, and live actors as well. Since 1960, he has lectured on new music at Darmstadt and, like many of his colleagues there, has evolved a highly personal and complicated set of musical procedures that includes all sorts of serial procedures with enough aleatory forays to give his works a hell-bent freedom and variety that can thoroughly interest a listener.

His catalogue is both extensive and varied, and a sampling of some of his titles will give an idea of what I mean. Take for example: *Anagrama* for four solo voices, speaking chorus, and chamber ensemble (1957); *Transición I* for electronic sounds (1958); *Sur scène*, a chamber music theater piece (1959); *Antithèse* for electronic and publicly performed sounds (1959); *Diaphonie* for chorus, orchestra, and diapositive projections (1964); *Camera obscura*, a chromatic piece for light sources with "representers" (1965); *Variation* for singers and actors (1967).

The two works on the new German disc are *Match for Three Players* and *Music for Renaissance Instruments*. The first is essentially a bit of program music written at a time when that sort of thing was considered positively unfashionable. The second contains, so he tells us, "neither prediction, pointers to the future, nor a comforting return to the past." He chose his archaic instruments solely because they corresponded to his tonal concepts better than any present-day stringed and wind instruments. And in his tonal concepts he evokes alienly beautiful sounds.

Match was actually the result of a dream Kagel experienced. "When I woke up on the morning of the first of August 1964, I suddenly became aware of the fact that I had dreamed the complete course of a piece of music, and to an incredibly detailed degree," he writes. He was able to remember such particulars as having two cellists on either side of a stage with a percussion player between them acting as "umpire." Although many details remained in his mind, particularly the "sporting" character of the piece, he did nothing about it. Nine days later the dream reoccurred, and he made various notes on his imaginary music. The next morning he realized he had dreamed it for the third time. That decided it. He dropped what he was working on and, in seven days, completed his late summer night's dream, and called it *Match*.

Besides its sonic interest, it is a mildly theatrical piece that lends itself ideally to stereo since one cello protagonist is heard on one speaker and the second on another. The percussionist is divided between the two, and that perhaps is how it should be. As "umpire" shouting "Hurrah!", he at one moment cheers the players on, while later he admonishes them with a declarative "*Nein*," and still later blows a whistle on them. The two superlative cellists are Siegfried Palm and Klaus Storck, and the nimble percussionist, Christoph Caskel. The battle is an amusing one that has more restrained good humor than belligerence, and hence harks back to Johann Kuhnau's Biblical Sonata of 1700 on the fight between David and Goliath. Kuhnau's work was nothing like this. Yet, both are fetching program music devoid of the bombast one finds in Beethoven's *Battle Symphony*, Riotte's *Battle of Leipzig* (a piano piece that once sent shivers down the spines of Continental concertgoers), or Koczwara's *Battle of Prague* for piano (with violin, cello, and drum *ad libitum*). Koczwara, by the way, achieved a certain posthumous fame as the subject of a pre-Freudian little opus that smacks of De Sade called *Modern Propensities; or an Essay on the Art of Strangling . . . With Memories of Susannah (not our Fanny) Hill, and a Summary of Her Trial at the Old Bailey, on Friday, Sept. 16, 1791, on the Charges of Hanging Francis Koczwara at Her Lodging on Vine St.* The volume contains a frontispiece showing, so the catalogue informs us, "Susannah placing the cord around Koczwara's neck . . . an extraordinary story of sexual abnormality. . . ." Let us hope Kagel, whatever his propensities might be, will be spared a similar fate.

Music for Renaissance Instruments displays Kagel as a master tone colorist. Its unusually varied sounds radiate like shafts of light from a sun-struck prism. Yet it is not marred by the overkill volume some electronic music has acquired in search of a means of impressing. This is a stunning sound piece of Kagel at his best. And there is a practical streak in him, to boot. It can be played by any ad hoc combination of instruments ranging from two to twenty-two. It is a device that, not too long ago, was explored by the late Wallingford Riegger in his *Study in Sonority* and his *Music for Younger Orchestra*, which can be expanded from two to twenty or more.

The recorded performance by the Collegium Instrumentale is conducted by Kagel, who dedicated the work rather touchingly (or oddly) to the memory of Claudio Monteverdi, who couldn't have been more surprised. The

performance uses twenty-two players with such lovely sounding instruments as crumhorns; bombards; cornets; archaic trombones; dulcimers; curtals; lutes; treble and alto violas da braccio; alto, descant, and contrabass violas da gamba; theorbos; and a host of percussion instruments.

So far I have not heard any contemporary works for organ that surpass Kagel's for individuality, bravura, and imagination. Two works are available: *Fantasy* for organ with obbligati (DGG stereo, 137003, $5.98) and *Improvisation ajoutée* on Columbia's Odyssey label (stereo, 32160153, $2.98). The first, performed by that remarkable organ virtuoso Gerd Zacher, is another programmatic work that follows an organist's daily life with taped sounds of making toast, water running in a toilet, a train trip, and other relevant sounds. The *Improvisation ajoutée* is full of sounds and effects one can hardly imagine the great king of instruments ever uttering. And interspersed are groans, oohs, aahs, sighs, and other human sounds. "Wow" is a good expressive reaction. They are the sort of thing that could send E. Power Biggs to a desert island.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Double Rich, Double Good Ludwig-Berry-Bernstein Mahler

In what seems to have been a prophetic program note on Mahler's group of songs with orchestra, *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, the critic Richard Specht once wrote of the pleasure taken by this composer "in the sounds of nature, in popular songs, in genuine simplicity and strength. And like popular songs, these songs will be sung by simple, unspoiled people." Could he, in those words set down years ago, have envisaged the ideal performance by Christa Ludwig and Walter Berry just now released by Columbia? These artists are indeed unspoiled; they are cherishably simple. They have—in an inventive move on Columbia's part—been brought to us not once but twice in the same music: a recording of the songs in their orchestral form, accompanied by the New York Philharmonic under the direction of Leonard Bernstein, and a performance of this material with piano reduction (played by Mr. Bernstein) that was taped during a 1968 recital by the Berrys in Vienna. The result is a double delight.

There are, of course, more significant Mahler songs with orchestra: *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*, that first overwhelming cycle; the *Kindertotenlieder*; *Das Lied von der Erde* (if this vocal symphony may be considered song literature); and that unforgettable Rückert lied, "Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen." These represent the more ingrown, often tortured side of Mahler's art. *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, though containing some wild, even ferocious, songs, lies nearer to popular sources, folk elements. And most of it, aside from a few overly cute or cloying moments, reaches a high level of balladry.

The collection of poems that inspired this work (as well as much other music by Mahler) was a group in German folk style—"The Youth's Magic Horn"—written by Ludwig Achim von Arnim and Clemens Brentano during the first decade of the 1800s. Alternately popular and tragic in spirit, they were to work their spell on the young composer at the opposite end of the century. Not only the current songs—with texts chosen by Mahler at random from "The Horn"—were born of this interest, but also the fervent "Urlicht" (better known as the alto movement of his Second Symphony); the big concerted number for solo voice, women's and boys' choirs in the Third Symphony; and the rather protestingly naïve finale (sung by solo soprano) of the Fourth Symphony, as well as several songs with piano. Some of the material in the work just recorded is boisterous; much of it contemplative. There are marching songs, one of them with nightmarish implications, and two delicious Ländler (of which the second anticipates the full-blown dance movement of the *Resurrection* Symphony).

There appears to be a free tradition regarding the order of numbers in *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*. Since the work is not a cycle so much as a group linked by common style and sentiment, the performer may offer them in any sequence — and this is done by the Berrys, with effectiveness their legitimate concern. One order is used for the recording with orchestra; another takes into account the needs of their Vienna recital. A welcome addition to both groups is the "Urlicht," not part of *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* musically, but drawn from the same book of poetry.

The Berrys have gone still further in elasticity. Most of the original songs are for solo voice, only two for duet. With no real changes, the artists have contrived to be together for two more (in one case by dividing the lines between them, in another by singing a climax in unison). The remaining songs are taken separately, as written, according to mood and color—and everything sounds right.

Both performers are in top form. If I must signal a preference for Miss Ludwig, it is not so much that she surpasses Berry but that she stands in the forefront among all of today's vocalists. Such qualities of tone, musicianship, imagination, bound by a charismatic thread, are rarely met with in a single artist. Whether in the stark "Das irdische Leben," with its story of childhood death that recalls the Schubert "Erlkönig," or the melting "Rheinlegendchen," this singer is equally successful. I have long been convinced that the mezzo-soprano label attached to her name is outworn. This is, and notably in the new recording, a dark soprano, free and opulent in every part of the range. And, beyond the question of technique, there is the Ludwig spirit, lyrical *in excelsis*.

Berry, too, scores a triumph. He may impress as being a bit more relaxed in the closed-session recording made with orchestra in New York than on the "live" tape from Vienna; but his performances are first-rate, especially in the military songs that play so important a part in this collection.

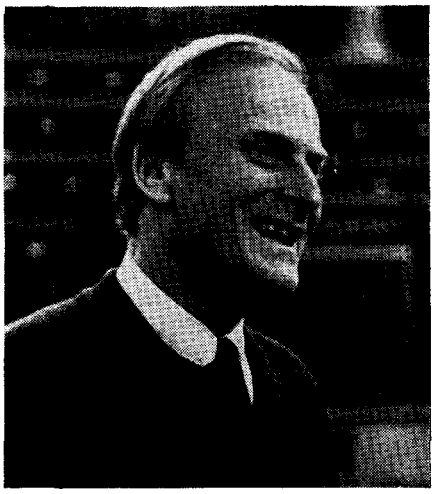
Bernstein's Mahler comes off expertly in both the orchestral and piano versions. He conducts with great skill and sympathy and works sensitively at the keyboard. Soloists and maestro stand on totally congenial ground.

—ROBERT LAWRENCE.

Walter Berry, Christa Ludwig, Leonard Bernstein conducting—"Soloists and maestro stand on totally congenial ground."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Recordings in Review



Yehudi Menuhin — "all the attributes expectable of one with his musical credentials"

"Ad Astra per Aspera" with Yehudi Menuhin

SCHUBERT: *Symphony No. 8 in B minor; Overtures to Die Zwillingsbrüder, Alfonso and Estrella; Overtures "In the Italian Style" (C and D major). Yehudi Menuhin conducting the Menuhin Festival Orchestra.* Angel stereo, S-36609, $5.98. *Symphony No. 9 in C. The same.* Angel stereo, S-36626, $5.98.

WITH December 12, 1970, marking the forty-third anniversary of the then eleven-year-old Yehudi Menuhin's world-shaking debut in New York, it is hardly surprising that the illustrious violinist would be seeking an alternate if not altogether different kind of musical career. Forty-three years as a top touring performer is arduous enough when it begins at nineteen or twenty (ask Jascha Heifetz). When it begins even before the performer is in his teens, it is to that extent even more arduous.

For his new career as a conductor, Menuhin has shown, in sundry prior ventures, all the attributes expectable of one with his musical credentials—impulse, scholarship, intuitive feeling, even personality. What has been lacking, and this is in no way surprising, have been the discipline, the authority, the sense of balance, proportion, and orchestral projection that come only from indoctrination as well as study. For the challenge before Menuhin is not whether he can produce pretty good results, but whether he can produce results worthy of the name they bear.

Of all his ventures to date, the one embracing the total sequence of Schubert symphonies has been the most productive. Of his sympathetic understanding there can be no doubt. And the range of orchestral complexity is not beyond his present capacities. Given such an interpretative disposition as Menuhin's, plus a willing group of collaborators, the four overtures of this disc are reborn with all the freshness and impulse the young composer imparted to them. As in the associated performance of the B-minor Symphony, climaxes tend to be somewhat pell-mell, dynamics rather too sharply contrasted, crescendi overstressed.

By what miracle, then, has Menuhin been able to organize, control, and impel one of the best performances ever of the C-major Symphony? To some extent, through the same miracle by which he was able, at eleven, to perform the D-major Concerto of Beethoven with a fervor and comprehension that left his listeners—including the adult collaborators on the stage—incredulous. That is to say, through the divine gift that draws him to music, and vice versa. I have no doubt that he has exposed himself to many versions of the Schubert C-major (including, very likely, the great one of Furtwängler) and spent endless hours with the score.

This might have been reasonably expected to produce an idiomatic, comprehending, and correct performance. What carries the results here to a far higher plane of distinction is the unerring purpose by which they are animated, the intuitive choice of inevitable tempi, and the undeviating judgment that excludes ostentation, overstress, or distortion. They carry Menuhin very much closer to the stars to which this work aspires, perhaps even to the heavens to which Schumann compared its lengths.

A Novelty by Brahms

BRAHMS: *Rinaldo (Op. 50). James King, tenor; with the Ambrosian Chorus and New Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Claudio Abbado. Schicksalslied. Abbado conducting.* London stereo, OS 26106, $5.98.

A DUTIFUL searching of all the relevant documents has turned up the information that this major work of Brahms has had only one prior recording in twenty LP years. This lack of a *Rinaldo* recorded history (Clough and Cuming cannot cite one in the total 78-rpm period) is but a reflection of the work's concert hall history (in this country at least). Even an avid concertgoer could pass decades without being exposed to it.

Is this a consensus of value based on some unusual circumstance—difficulty of execution, perhaps, or special requirements of personnel? Not really. Male choirs may be had for the asking, and if a tenor to sing the solo part of this "cantata" has to have the voice of a young Wagner hero, there have been Lohengrins and Walters in most periods who could cope with it. Thus the causes for its neglect must be sought elsewhere.

That is the respect in which this recording is so valuable. All the circumstances are spelled out during its course, and when the performance is over, one is satisfied that it is the kind of thing to hear once for purely informative purposes, and then set aside. It is, basically, lower-level, technically proficient, striving-for-eloquence-and-not-quite-making-it Brahms. In this respect it has a number of counterparts in his instrumental repertory, including one or two of the piano-violin-cello trios, one of the piano quartets and string quintets (but neither the piano quintet nor any of the string quartets). The look of the page is the same as that of any of his masterpieces, but the juice of life is very thin.

The special interest of *Rinaldo*, to me, is that it is clearly a dramatic concept, an attempt at a realization in music of Goethe's poem concerning fallen man and his endeavors to rise again. Now it is a well-known fact that Brahms never wrote a theater work, but more than once expressed no doubt of his ability to do so successfully had a suitable libretto come his way. Any reasonable doubts on this assertion are clearly resolved by hearing *Rinaldo*. Drama is the first thing in which the setting is deficient, and the high-mindedness of the writing is almost painfully oppressive in its full *Männerchor* garb.

No fault can be found with the effort of Abbado (the briefer, better-known "Song of Fate" is beautifully realized), but there can only be regret that King hasn't made the necessary progress toward getting the best of his fine sound. He simply cannot sing in the vicinity of A at less than *forte* and still stay on pitch. The area comes frequently into prominence in the first half of this work, and with it, always, is a reminder of the effort it is costing the singer. Later, when it is required at full voice, King can squeeze it out; but this is a sad kind of makeshift for a performer of his endowments.

McCracken's "Otello"

VERDI: *Otello. James McCracken, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Gwyneth Jones, Anna di Stasio, Piero di*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Palma, and Florindo Andreolli; with Sir John Barbirolli conducting the New Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel *stereo*, SCL 3742, $17.98.

TO DESCRIBE this as "McCracken's *Otello*" may imply some downgrading of such excellent artists as Fischer-Dieskau (Iago), Gwyneth Jones (Desdemona), and conductor Barbirolli. But, in point of realistic fact, had there been no McCracken Otello in which there is a public interest, there would not have been a Barbirolli, or a Fischer-Dieskau, or a Jones *Otello* at this time. Thus, how well it fares on discs must be the criterion for the venture as a whole.

The answer has to be, regrettably, not as well as it does in the theater. Subtract the appearance and action of Otello from any recorded venture in which he participates, and the importance of vocal quality, vocal credibility, and vocal characterization are substantially increased. McCracken's heavy, thick sound is, in the first place, not well served by reproduction of it, and, in the second place, he still has not learned how to discipline it. When it is pumped full force, he can drive it pretty steadily on pitch: As a result, the episode in Act III ("Dio! mi potevi" on) comes to a climax of truly Verdian eloquence. In other places, McCracken is too often around rather than on the pitch for my aural comfort.

This inconsistency is, on the whole, typical of the performance as a whole. Fischer-Dieskau has a well-studied, intelligent appraisal of Iago's purpose and how it has been realized musically by Verdi, but not at all the right sound for the insinuation that the composer wrote into it. Too bland, too clean, too lacking in the Italianate *slancio* ("vehemence") to satisfy inner villainy as well as the outer expression of it. Also off the focal, as well as vocal, mark is the Desdemona of Miss Jones. Her big voice admirably satisfies the needs of the ensemble at the end of Act III, and her efforts to limit its output in the "Salce! Salce!" and "Ave Maria" of Act IV are substantially successful. However, where an interchange from loud to soft and back again is an urgent requirement, the outcome is, all too often, an uncertain one.

Now and again, as in the great ensemble of Act III, Barbirolli puts his musical instinct and experience to work in a wholly productive way: He has clarified some passages (such as a phrase in Desdemona's part of the "Love Duet" that is almost invariably sung off pitch) with the discretion to be expected of him. But *Otello* does not have the sound of "his" score, nor does the recording as a whole fulfill the expectations attached to "McCracken's *Otello*."

Davis, Protean Pianist

LISZT: "Hungarian Rhapsody" No. 6
CHOPIN: "Andante Spianato & Grande Polonaise"
MOSZKOWSKI: "Carmen Fantasy," "Spanish Caprice"
SCHUMANN: "Abegg" Variations
LIAPUNOV: "Lesghinka"
RIMSKY-KORSAKOV/RACHMANINOFF: "Flight of the Bumble Bee"
LISZT-DAVIS: Paraphrase on Themes from Mendelssohn's "A Midsummer Night's Dream." London stereo, CS 6637, $5.98.

Having passed through the sundry states of resistance aroused by this over-packaged package called *The Art of the Piano Virtuoso* (suggesting, by association with the prior package called *The Art of the Prima Donna*, that the performer is the pianistic equivalent of Joan Sutherland), the effusive annotation linking each selection with some such celebrated proponent of it as Josef Lhevinne, Josef Hofmann, and Sergei Rachmaninoff (not to mention Franz Liszt and Frédéric Chopin) and the praiseful account of the performer's career, the inevitable conclusion is that there is only one thing wrong with Davis—his last name. His first name, Ivan, is fine. If his last name were Davidoff, and he came from oil-rich Baku rather than oil-rich Texas, he could well be another Alexander Slobodyanik.

Fortunately for us (meaning all the U.S. as well as you and me), Davis can be claimed as an authentic example of American talent; he has progressed from North Texas State University and a competition sponsored by the National Federation of Music Clubs to studies on a Fulbright scholarship in Rome to a mastery of the piano and its mechanical complications challenged by few of his contemporaries. In prospect, the sequential disposition of the repertory identified above would seem to risk the foolhardy. But it turns out that Davis and his equipment are much more hardy than foolish, and he drives his way through one test to another with competence and unflagging assurance.

Not being a pianist, it is not my province to determine how much the complications Davis has added, according to the palpitating prose and uninhibited enthusiasm of John Ardoin's commentary, to Moszkowski's *Carmen Fantasy* increase its difficulties beyond the version associated with Josef Lhevinne. I would say, though, that fine musician and pianistic prestidigitator that he is, Davis is deficient in one attribute of the performers he has invoked as touchstones. When one heard Ernst von Dohnányi play variations on the *Naïla Valse* of Delibes, or Lhevinne dispose of the Schulz-Evler variations on Johann Strauss's *Blue Danube Waltz* as though they had been written by Schulz alone without the aid of Evler, one was not merely hypnotized by virtuosity but magnetized by charm. These gentlemen (as well as the others instanced above) had the faculty not merely of disposing of difficulties as though they were nonexistent, but also of giving the impression that they could light a cigarette and carry on a conversation at the same time.

According to J. M. Barrie's *What Every Woman Knows*, charm is the one indispensable element—if you've got it, you don't need anything else, and if you haven't, nothing else can quite make up for it. Musical matters do not quite progress that way, for they play upon so large a range of fascinations and responses that much else can take its place. But, to paraphrase another source, what profit a man if he gain the world but lose his soul? In terms applicable to Davis, this should imply, what profit a musician if he conquer the piano but lose *its* soul—the capacity of the instrument to fascinate, to entrance, indeed to charm?

Now that Davis has given this incontestable evidence of his ability to play the Sixth *Hungarian Rhapsody*, or Schumann's *Abegg* Variations, or Liapunov's *Lesghinka* with its overtones of Borodin, he should give some consideration also to playing *with* them. That is to say, to get further away from the rigorous relationship to notes and passages that he sometimes manages in Chopin's *Andante Spianato & Grande Polonaise* or Moszkowski's *Spanish Caprice* and give them a proper aspect of pleasure as well as a proper pride in accomplishment.

Very likely, nobody is more conscious of this than Davis himself. His endeavor in the near present on behalf of the more distant future should be to loosen some bonds, relax some tensions, and if possible freshen his interest in the mere content of what he plays. Other than that he could forget practicing the piano for a while. He really owns it. —IRVING KOLODIN.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Orchestral LPs

Data	Report	
Berlioz: *Symphonie fantastique.* Georges Prêtre conducting the Boston Symphony. RCA stereo, LSC 3096, $5.98.	Boston Symphony performances, and recordings, of the *Fantastique* have long commanded respect (even admiration), but this one doesn't continue the pattern. It is, to be sure, finely articulated and highly creditable to the performers, but it is a work about which Prêtre has more ideas that are his own than are Berlioz's. In the first ten measures, for example, he makes a breath pause (before measure two) and actually performs the following chord louder than its predecessor, though 1) there is no such pause indicated, and 2) the indications in the score read *pp* (for measure one) followed by *ppp* (for measure two). This is an appropriate introduction for what is to follow, because Prêtre's conformations throughout are of the same order—which is to say, curved and accentuated according to some conception in his mind that is not in accordance with the markings in the score (about which Berlioz was almost painfully precise). Superficially, Prêtre conducts a "good" performance—that is, it has mood, propulsion, and individuality—but, at almost every critical point, his preferences have a distressing disresemblance to the text. Thus, one who is familiar with the score is constantly hearing unfamiliar emphases, accents, and phrasings that, on introspection, rarely are as much pro-Berlioz as they are, *alors*, Prêtre. The reproduction is very good.
Mahler: Symphony No. 1 (with "Blumine" movement). Eugene Ormandy conducting The Philadelphia Orchestra. RCA stereo, LSC 3107, $5.98.	This is a "complete" Mahler No. 1, not only in respect to the inclusion of the *Andante allegretto*, called the "Blumine" movement, which the composer excised from the five-part sequence after its first performances (in the 1890s), but in the larger sense of the work as a whole. The "Blumine" interlude (six minutes plus) already has been available in another version (directed by Brieff on Odyssey 32160286 with the New Haven Symphony, which revived it in 1968), permitting judgment of it as a pretty piece that can be absorbed into the lengthy symphony without altering much its total effect. But it is the insight, organizational understanding, and beauty of sound that Ormandy brings to bear on Mahler's score that complete the relationship that must exist if a composer's purpose is to be fulfilled. Unlike some other recent performances of works that they have played together perhaps too often, Ormandy and the orchestra bring to this one a sense of fresh interest and zest that contributes greatly to the outcome. Also of outstanding quality is the sound that producer John Pfeiffer and recording engineer Edwin Begley have achieved in the Academy of Music. Lighter, more luminous than the typically dark, rich "Philadelphia" sound, it conveys an adaption to the needs of this particular work that does credit, equally, to the director, the players, and the technicians.
Mendelssohn: Concerto in E minor (Op. 64). Pinchas Zukerman, violin; with the New York Philharmonic conducted by Leonard Bernstein. **Tchaikovsky:** Concerto in D (Op. 35). Zukerman, violin; with the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Antal Dorati. Columbia stereo, MS 7313, $5.98.	One more combination of Mendelssohn and Tchaikovsky is hardly a prospect to start the pulses pounding, but that is no reason to deny Zukerman the attention due his first recording. And there is quality in abundance to mark this as the beginning of a career as distinguished from its recorded consequences as in the concert hall. Zukerman's singularly clean, clear, and inherently elegant style is especially attuned to the Mendelssohn, in which he is obliged to Bernstein for a setting suitable to his own gemlike phrases. The finale may not race as some like to hear it, but it is after all an *allegretto non troppo* before it is an *allegretto molto vivace*, and it is in such a spirit that Zukerman plays it. By contrast, it is in the finale of the Tchaikovsky that the violinist finds surest common ground with the composer. The first two movements are somewhat compromised by a predominance of thought over impulse, in which Dorati has too heady a part. But the finale is 95 per cent impulse and carries the performance to a rousing conclusion. With this pairing out of the way, Zukerman should be in for some more congenial repertory in his recordings to come.
Nielsen: Concerto (Op. 57). Josef Deák, clarinet; with the Philharmonia Hungarica conducted by Othmar Maga. Concerto. Paul Pázmándi, flute; with Maga as above. Turnabout stereo, TV 34261, $2.98.	It is informative to know that the Carl Nielsen Society has an active chapter in Hungary, whether organized or impromptu. It is also interesting to learn from these performances that the involutions of his idiom as well as the originality of his writing for the instruments (especially in the case of the clarinet) pose no insuperable problems to the members of this orchestra-in-exile. To be sure, Pázmándi handles the work for his instrument with a good deal more assurance than his colleague of the clarinet —which is not really surprising, for the requirements of the reed instrumentalist are rather special. Beyond that there is not too much to be said, for both works have had more skilled representation on records, and the similar coupling on Columbia is consistently better sounding. For the price-conscious, however, the values are fair enough.
Schuman: *New England Triptych.* **Mennin:** *Canto.* **Webern:** Passacaglia (Op. 1). **Dallapiccola:** *Variazioni.* Max Rudolf conducting the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra. Decca stereo, DL 710168, $5.98.	The one item new to discs in this collection is the Mennin *Canto*, which is also the best performance. Its sustained line and cumulative evolution are traced with skill by the orchestra under Rudolf's knowing direction. The Schuman *Triptych* is also effective as delivered by Rudolf. The works of more complex detail by Webern and Dallapiccola do not receive maximum clarification in Rudolf's re-creation, for reasons related more to texture and density of sound rather than lack of penetration to the musical content. Both works are in need of an open, luminous sound that neither receives. The recording reproduces well what the microphone is offered, but why complicate matters by billing these works as "Twentieth Century Orchestral Showpieces"? Anyone who buys the Webern Passacaglia under the impression he is getting an "orchestral showpiece" is bound to be disappointed, not to say indignant. —IRVING KOLODIN.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beethoven Bookshelf

BEETHOVEN, BIOGRAPHY OF A GENIUS

by George R. Marek

Funk & Wagnalls, 696 pp., $10

BEETHOVEN, THE LAST DECADE

by Martin Cooper

Oxford, 483 pp., $12.75

These two rather different books on Beethoven have one thing in common: They have both been written *con amore*. George Marek is fascinated by Vienna's Beethoven and Beethoven's Vienna; Martin Cooper is fascinated by the contrast between the composer's outer circumstances and inner creativity during the period of his last works. While both authors purport to be writing for the general music-lover rather than the specialist, any student of Beethoven's music will find valuable information here.

In his foreword, Marek points out that Alexander Thayer's classical biography is essentially a reference book that treats Beethoven's life in strict chronology. Marek has attempted a work that would emphasize the culture and society in which Beethoven moved, and his impact as a man and artist upon this world. In order to realize this aim he has been selective in his reference to individual compositions, and has not felt it necessary to include minor biographical information. His viewpoint is well expressed in the foreword:

> Writing a biography is a little like the performance of music: what you get is not the music itself but somebody's interpretation of the notes. The music, or the subject, passes through the brain and heart of the executant artist, or the writer. I see Beethoven neither as an isolated nor as a wholly instinctive genius, but as a man who grew from the soil of his times and stood deep in the cultural, political, and social streams that swirled around him.

With the help of a team in Vienna under the leadership of H. C. Robbins Landon, Marek has collected a few new bits of information from newspapers, legal documents, accounts, diaries, and letters of contemporaries to add to the available evidence. The result is a highly readable book, in which each chapter is concerned with a broad theme. Chapter 2, "The Life of a Small Town," provides a charming picture of Bonn, where Beethoven grew up: the light-heartedness of the people, the influence of the French on manners, food, and dress, the court in which young Ludwig was employed.

A later chapter describes the intellectual climate established in 1784 by the new elector, Maximilian Franz, with his principles of moderate change and response to youth, the growth of the university, and the circle of friends who were in such contrast to the impersonal inflexibility that greeted Beethoven in 1792 when he moved to the "City on the Danube." Born in Vienna, Marek has an exceptional feeling for the history and atmosphere of the city where Beethoven was to spend the rest of his life. For instance, he explores imaginatively the musical situation the newcomer found on arrival.

Coherency in subject matter necessarily results in episodic chronology. In Chapter 18 the story of *Fidelio* and its different versions takes the reader from 1804 to 1814. The next chapter traces the tragedy of Beethoven's eleven-year guardianship of his nephew Karl to its bitter end six months before the composer's death. The author steers a welcome course of common sense in weighing the human and social pressures that existed on both sides.

In citing musical works, there are occasional inaccuracies. The *Joseph Cantata* of 1790 is related musically to *Fidelio*, not to the Ninth Symphony (see the footnote on page 79 of the book), and it is not only "musicologists" who "have found portents" of this relationship; the literal re-use of the cantata soprano aria melody in the great denouement scene of *Fidelio*, "Ha! welch ein Augenblick" (and in the same key) is for all to hear. Again, *Christus am Oelberg* was not composed until 1803 (see page 319), and so forth.

Beethoven's famous three-part letter to the "Eternally Beloved" (*Unsterbliche Geliebte*) has been the subject of intense speculation by all Beethoven biographers. Marek is very thorough in reviewing the evidence and comes up with his own candidate, the Baroness Dorothea von Ertmann, with whom he was acquainted for twenty years. Recent research has established that the letter, marked July 6-7, was written 1) in 1812, 2) in Teplitz, and 3) to be sent to Karlsbad. Did Beethoven ever post it? This we do not know. Marek's research team has found the police register of Karlsbad for this period. As a mandatory list, this is much more reliable as a source than the voluntary tourist register known until now. It was crucial to check whether any of Beethoven's other known lady friends were listed. The two registers agree: Only Ertmann's name appears. Marek does not feel that enough is known to be positive of her candidacy, surely the case, but he is the first biographer to advance it.

Beethoven—"the whole man in action."

The last decade of Beethoven's life is a natural period of study whether biographical or musical, and Martin Cooper is concerned with the interaction of the two. In some 100 pages he establishes Beethoven's position in 1816 and then traces his life through to the end. Three fine essays follow on "Social and Political Attitudes," "General Culture," and "Religious Attitudes and Beliefs." Then the music is described and in part analyzed for some 300 pages. "A unity which can be traced most clearly in the compositions dating from these years" is his central concern.

Since the chronological account of this period is condensed, it is not easy to follow without further information. What stands out in this section are certain flashes of insight concerning the relation of human emotions to creativity. For instance, Cooper has summarized the lawsuit over the nephew and the way it brought out the worst in Beethoven's character. Then he adds, "In fact, however, the primitive nakedness and immediacy of Beethoven's emotions, and his complete inability to disguise or veil them in any way, were assets to him as an artist and form an important element in the appeal of his music to unsophisticated music-lovers all over the world."

There are small details about which one may quibble. Beethoven's first setting of the mass (Op. 86) was composed in 1807, not 1811 (see page 119). An important quotation, such as "the old masters are most useful to us. But freedom and progress are, in the world of art as in the whole of creation, our

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Miscellaneous LPs

Data	Report
Britten: *Songs and Proverbs of William Blake.* Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; with the composer at the piano. *The Holy Sonnets of John Donne.* Peter Pears, tenor; with the composer at the piano. London stereo, OS 26099, $5.98.	Almost every augury accompanying this disc is favorable, but the outcome is only moderately gratifying. Blake and Donne are eminently settable poets, Britten has proved his abilities in such texts (and contexts) previously, Fischer-Dieskau and Pears are admirable artists, Britten is an excellent asset to any singer he chooses to accompany, etc. But for each pro there is a con: The relatively recent (1965) settings of the Blake songs and proverbs (some of the best, incidentally, in a sequence arranged by Pears) find Britten in a rather austere mood, mostly of declamation, and English is hardly Fischer-Dieskau's second language. The Donne settings have proved their worth over a time span of a decade and a half, and they are far more accessible in the musical garb Britten has designed for them. Here, however, the problem is Pears's vocal condition. The sound is both drier and more strained than makes for musical results, and the pressure he must apply to drive the sound forward takes a toll of intelligibility. Britten's public will not think twice about investing in the record; others should think at least once.
Chopin: Etudes (Opp. 10 and 25). John Browning, piano. RCA stereo, LSC 3072, $5.98.	Browning is the latest of pianists to be offered the golden opportunity latent in this mine of pianistic possibilities, and he utilizes it to distinct advantage. That is, both Chopin's and his own. Few contemporaries of any age are so well versed in the secret of producing a full, resonant tone from the piano at all speeds and in any range. This sometimes leads Browning into the temptation of overstepping prudence in the practical limits of fast tempo, as in the C-sharp minor (Op. 10, No. 4), which is both headlong and precipitous. On the other hand, the very next one (G-flat, or "Black Keys" study) is superbly sounded, with an octave-spanning technic in which all is golden sonority. Also of high quality are the A-flat (Op. 25, No. 1; "Aeolian Harp" to some) and the other G-flat ("Butterfly").
Frescobaldi: Three Galliards; *Capriccio sopra la Battaglia.* **Gesualdo:** *Gagliarda del Principe.* **Trabaci:** Two Galliards. **Gabrieli:** *Fuga del nono tono.* **Pasquini:** *Variazioni sopra la Follia.* **Marcello:** Psalm 19. **Zipoli:** Five "Versetti"; *Offertorio.* **Gabrieli:** *Canzon Arioso.* **Banchieri:** *Dialogo.* **Storace:** *Ballo della Battaglia.* **Fantini:** *Corrente detta dello Staccoli.* E. Power Biggs, organ. Columbia stereo, MS 7379, $5.98.	Having exhausted the organic possibilities of several North European countries, E. Power Biggs has turned his attention to the other side of the Alps, with results productive of his usual combination of illumination and diversion. Here, however, the illumination shed on instruments located in such places as the Basilica di San Petronio, Bologna (items 1, 2, and 3 in the listing at left for an instrument built in the fifteenth century, items 4, 5, 6, and 7 on one of the sixteenth century), the Chiesa di San Carlo, Brescia (items 8, 9, 10, 11, 12), and the Chiesa del Carmine, Lugo di Romagna (items 13, 14, 15), is greater than the diversion provided by the music utilized for the purpose. Recognizing the limitations of the instruments themselves (prevailingly, they are one-manual organs), Biggs has restricted himself to music of the appropriate period. This is musicologically correct, but it leaves the listener not thirsting for a musicological experience dry, if not high. Others, whose interests parallel Biggs's own, will find that, in his own words, "music and instrument converge in perfect unity." The reproduction supervised by Hellmuth Kolbe is remarkably good, with or without regard for the formidable difficulties that presented themselves.
Messiaen: "Le merle bleu"; "Regard de l'esprit de joie"; "Regard du silence." **Liszt:** "St. François de Paule marchant sur les flots"; Piano Piece No. 2 in A flat; *Nuages gris; La lugubre gondola* (No. 1); "Wilde Jagd" (No. 8 of *Etudes d'exécution transcendante*). Jean-Rodolphe Kars, piano. London stereo, CS 6604, $5.98.	Messiaen and Liszt are a more than commonly compatible pair, if one is seeking a balance of elements both related and varied. Mysticism and sonority are certainly values to which they are commonly devoted, plus interpretative problems of uncommon difficulty. Jean-Rodolphe Kars, not yet twenty-five, is Austrian by parentage, French by education (at the Conservatoire, among other places), and a prize winner by recent disposition. He has a wide-ranging technique and an active re-creative imagination that, as of now, functions more productively in Messiaen than it does in Liszt. The reason may be of the simplest: Fewer criteria for quality results in the former's music than in the latter's. Beyond this, there is little doubt that Kars performs with greater assurance and abandon in such a work as "Regard de l'esprit de joie" (is there not something of Debussy's *L'île joyeuse* in it?) than in "St. Francis walking on the waves," whose performance may be described as fluid but note-conscious. Without question, however, Kars has achieved a quality level that will commend his name the next time it is encountered.
Schubert: Sonata in A (Op. Posth.). **Beethoven:** *Andante favori.* Misha Dichter, piano. RCA stereo, LSC 3124, $5.98.	Like Van Cliburn, Misha Dichter is a pianistic horse from the Rosina Lhevinne stable. And he also won a prize in the Tchaikovsky competition (not top honors, however). But his musical competence clearly goes beyond the area of virtuosity, clear over into the esoteric terrain of late Schubert sonatas. Of first imprint on the ear is the vibrant, nonpercussive sound he produces: This much that is inherently suitable to Schubert is coupled with an amount of instinctive appreciation for the composer's idiom, the rise and fall of phrases, the linkage of one idea (or section) to another by means of enharmonic change, that one is simply carried along by the inevitability of it all. It is, thus, an exceptional instance of identity between creator and re-creator in which the essence of the creation is passed on to the listener with no sense of dilution, distortion, or intermediation. The Beethoven is also feelingfully performed. Dichter's choice sound is beautifully reproduced. —I. K.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

object; and if we moderns are not quite so advanced as our ancestors in solidity yet the refinement of our manners has enlarged our scope in many ways," intrigues the reader. On page 126 he learns only that Beethoven was writing this to his pupil the Archduke Rudolph; if he wants to refer to the whole letter, he must find the date on his own (July 29, 1819). And on the same page, with Beethoven's fascinating observation, "what is new and original appears of its own accord without one thinking about it"—a profound statement concerning originality in art —no source is given at all.

The heart of this book is in the second part on the music. Cooper wisely begins with the two cello sonatas (Op. 102) written in 1815, which introduce the new style of writing under investigation. The attributes of this musical thinking are neatly summarized:

> The overriding interest in counterpoint and especially in canon and fugue; the use of trills and other ornamental figures for not strictly ornamental purposes; . . . instrumental recitative carried to a new point of expressive intensity; the contrasting or combination of extremes of pitch; bold harmonic progressions by means of "sideslipping" rather than conventional modulation; variation-form invested with a wholly new significance and the emergence of what can perhaps be described as a new transfigured "play" element comparable in quality, though not in actual character, to that which we find in Mozart's last works, such as the finales of the String Quintet in G minor (K. 516) and the Piano Concerto in B-flat major (K. 595).

With varying detail and generous musical examples, the reader is led to examine the great works of this period: after the cello sonatas, the last five pianoforte sonatas, bagatelles, *Diabelli Variations*, the *Missa Solemnis*, the Ninth Symphony, and the last five string quartets. These descriptions are enhanced by appropriate quotations from the sketchbooks, which suggest the incredible gestation period that preceded the final glorious results. Very instructive are the reminders during these analyses of the particular stresses Beethoven was experiencing in his battles with the outside world at a given period. One gets a glimpse of the whole man in action.

The author's treatment of the *Missa Solemnis* particularly interested me since his experience with this music is, in one respect, so different from my own. The "Kyrie" is unified in mood and remarkable in the way choral cries for mercy, entering on offbeats, are answered by solo cries for mercy on the strong beat, as though to focus on the individual supplicant in all of us. Beethoven responds to the successive clauses of the "Gloria" text with strongly contrasting material to illustrate the verbal sense of each clause. Cooper points out: "Such occupation with dramatic detail gives the music that kaleidoscopic and restless character which, among other features, makes the *Missa Solemnis* unsuitable for liturgical performance." That is, the music with its vivid expression monopolizes our attention. The "Credo" starts and ends with an objective power almost Handelian, which expresses respectively the affirmation of faith in the existence of God and the existence of the Church as the covenanted instrument. In between, the incarnation, death, and resurrection of Christ bring forth music that is personal and more mercurial in its expression. *"Ascendit in coelum"* and following is set with a driving rhythmic momentum which forms one of Beethoven's most powerful passages. Cooper calls it "a magnificent *coup de théâtre*." Here is the first brush with the charge of theatricalism.

The hushed quality of the following "Sanctus" is described, with special reference to orchestral color, an "expression of a deep *interior* humility." *"Pleni sunt coeli. . . . Osanna"* is set surprisingly for soloists only. Then comes the "Benedictus." Cooper explains how "the short interval between the singing of the 'Sanctus' and the consecration was normally filled, at solemn masses, by an organ improvisation; and it was no doubt in place of this that Beethoven wrote a 'Praeludium' of some thirty bars *sostenuto ma non troppo*." What follows has been for me, as a performing participant, the musical high point of the Mass, completely in keeping with the context. As the music comes to rest on a dark G-major chord, a solo violin on high G, accompanied by two flutes on B and D just below, begins a descent in 12/8 time, *Andante molto cantabile*. Cooper describes it as follows:

> This sudden presence of an entirely new element in the orchestral sonority coincides with the act of consecration at the altar; and the slow, hovering descent of the solo violin, encircled by accompanying flutes and greeted with the words *"Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini,"* is Beethoven's musical illustration (*Ersinnlichung*) of the Real Presence of Christ, descending to the altar at the words *"Hoc est enim Corpus Meum."* The tenderness and grace of this movement, in which the solo violin has a part comparable to that in the slow movement of concertos; the pastoral colors and harmonies of the accompanying clarinets and bassoons; the canonic writing for the soloists (recalling "Mir ist so wunderbar" in Act I of *Fidelio*) and the muted, murmuring acclamations of the chorus—all this creates a complex scene of idyllic rapture. And yet in this movement of the *Missa Solemnis* more than in any other Beethoven is the child of his age. For here the liturgy has been replaced not simply by the *concert spirituel* but by the concert-hall, or even the theater. It is unfortunate that, since Beethoven's day, the combination of solo violin and orchestra, except in the strict symphonic interplay of the concerto, has acquired theatrical and for the most part voluptuous associations; but the whole conception of symbolizing the Divine presence by a solo instrument that executes trills, leaps, languorous gracenotes, staccato ascents to dizzy heights above the leger-lines, and even unmistakably coquettish triplet ornaments seems to today's severer taste quite out of place. Indeed, it would hardly be more unsuitable to introduce a ballerina into the sanctuary.

I respect this difference of opinion; and yet I feel a sudden identification with my father's attitude when he once complained, "So many words have become contaminated: look what has happened to two of my favorites, 'fairy' and 'pansy.'" When Cooper then asks, "Is any listener really delighted in bars 222-3, when, after the welcome short diversion of the choral *'Osanna in excelsis,'* the violinist embarks on yet another statement of the second half of the theme?" I must answer emphatically "yes!" This point has been conditioned by a hundred measures of music. To start the musical answer at measure 222 with, say, the full violin section instead of the solo would be a disaster.

Cooper has thought through his point of view on each composition discussed. Whether we agree with all of his conclusions or not, he has dared to make value judgments after thorough study. This achievement forces the reader to review the tenability of his own experience with this music. Here we have one of the book's real values for the student of music.

For the music-lover we have two worthwhile books. The Marek biography introduces the composer as a man. He will not learn much about the music, and there is considerably more to absorb of Beethoven's very full life, but his interest will be immediately engaged. Meanwhile Cooper's book is ideal for the music-lover who is ready to combine love with some understanding of Beethoven's final works.

Elliot Forbes

Elliot Forbes is professor of music at Harvard University and edited the 1967 edition of Alexander W. Thayer's biography of Beethoven published by Princeton University Press.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jefferson Airplane: Where We've Been Today

by ELLEN SANDER

From the charged march that opens the album, the electric rallying cry of "We Can Be Together," it is clear that the latest Jefferson Airplane album, *Volunteers* (RCA stereo, LSP 4238, $4.98), is something extraordinary. "We Can Be Together" is a chronicle of where we've been today by a group that's been all over this country and Europe, the group that wants to be the first rock band to tour the Soviet Union, a conglomerate of musical mischief-makers that has absorbed (even while they help create) the changes of turned-on youth and reflects them with such peculiar beauty that they've become an institution. In a uniquely personal way, they are one of the most beloved rock 'n' roll bands extant.

The Airplane has been around since 1965, an original San Francisco band that grew out of the community burgeoning during that time. They eventually eclipsed the scene that spawned them, got better, got worse, got growing, and got here—and only God knows how.

But we should be together
Come on all you people standing around
Our life's too fine to let it die
And we can be together*
* ©1969, Icebag Corp.

The Airplane and the people they gather around them are fun-lovers, slightly maniac, totally spontaneous, responsive, and totally human. The result is magnificent disorganization, sometimes awe-inspiring.

Nuttiness is a way of life for the Airplane crew. Their road manager, for instance, a veteran of the Merry Pranksters (the lovable "California crazies" about which Tom Wolfe's *Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test* was written), has been known to travel in an orange jump suit, alight from the plane, strap on a pair of roller skates, and proceed to zip on down to the baggage claim area.

The Jefferson Airplane takes off on nationwide performing tours and lets loose a musical theater that combines the magic and intensity of the times, the place, and the moment rising out of the social and political pressures that catalyze rock 'n' roll into the force it has become. The group has all the characteristics of its audience: wild abandon, vociferous desperation, messianic aspirations, and affluent brattishness.

Their music has taken many peculiar turns (as has their psychic environment), and not all of them have been successful. They started with a haywire, high-voltage, folky sound; got stranded in an abysmal sea of electronic disasters; barely rose above a drowning, bitterly nihilistic two-ton sound; and have now arrived at a point where all facets of the changes they've been through are organized, comfortable, open, rejuvenated, and exciting.

Volunteers is a beautifully paced album. Some of the songs ring with excitement; some lovely soothing tunes counterpoint the fray. Some are simple and perky and some are absurdly comical. It wouldn't be a Jefferson Airplane album if there weren't some sloppy moments, but the album as a whole is so sensitive and musical that it can dominate the moods of a moment in the nicest possible ways.

"Good Shepherd," an idyllic traditional ballad arranged and sung by lead guitarist Jorma Kaukonen, is melodic, blissfully lazy, and tender. "Hey, Fredrick" is a blistering, elliptical, sexual diatribe by Grace Slick.

Paul Kantner of the Airplane contributed to the creation of Crosby's and Stills's "Wooden Ships," and the Airplane does an entirely different adaptation of the song, including a verse that Crosby, Stills, and Nash don't sing, and an afterthought: "Go ride the music, c'mon and ride it, child." It is a simply breathtaking cut, full and flowing with both anxiety and rapture combined in an unforgettable manner.

Spencer Dryden, the Airplane's bucolic drummer, wrote, no less than "A Song for All Seasons," a hilarious saga of the slings and arrows of fate that bemuse a rock 'n' roll band:

They say your drummer, he's crazy as a loon
Last night they found him baying at the moon
And as for your lead guitar

After you listen to Washington, you can hear the Kremlin's reply.

Direct from Moscow. On the Panasonic RF-5000A. The world-wide radio that's changed the ground rules for world-wide receivers. For good reason. The "World-Wide," Model RF-5000A, pulls in every available frequency in the world. On 11 different bands that separate the world into easily identifiable pieces. And bring in short-wave, long-wave, FM, AM, amateur and marine broadcasts. Even Morse Code.

Five built-in wide-range antennas take in everything you'll want to hear, and send it out through perfectly matched 7" oval and 5" hi-fi speakers. A special mechanical filter plus noise limiter makes sure you hear it all without interference.

And because the set works on batteries as well as house current, you won't have to miss what's going on in the world when you're at the beach.

The RF-5000A has features that impress even the engineers. Let it impress your ears. At any dealer we permit to carry the Panasonic line. And next time Moscow has something to say to our government, maybe you'll be one of the first to hear why.

PANASONIC®
just slightly ahead of our time.

For dealer, call 800 243-6000. In Conn., 800 942-0655. We pay for the call.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He just cracked up his car
But he should be out of traction
very soon*

*©1969, Icebag Corp.

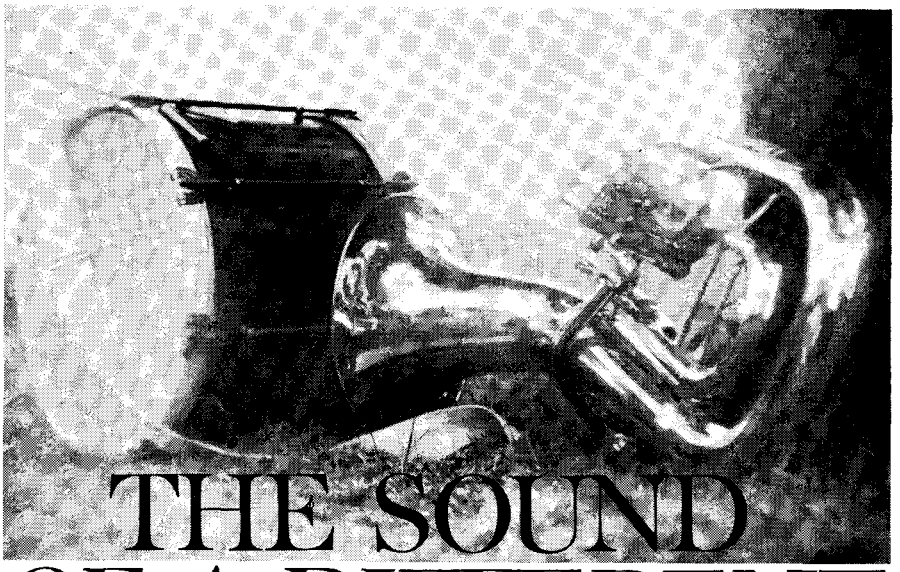
The group is comprised of outstanding musicians and vocalists who like to refer to themselves as "jazz weirdos." Often the group jams onstage, and various subsets of musicians perform separately when the group isn't touring. All this and Grace Slick, too.

Amazing Grace. She says she learned to sing from an electric guitar, and she wrote songs because songs were needed. Lesser musician-vocalists will work till they bleed and not touch the quality of songs and vocal transfigurations Grace Slick can produce offhand.

It is a strange time to be writing about the Jefferson Airplane. They have been around for the life span of approximately two-and-a-half groups. They started as an instant local success, became the first rock band out of San Francisco to be hugely successful on a national level. Almost immediately they leveled out for a qualitative nose dive. They stayed together because there wasn't anything better to do, and very soon it became apparent that there never would be anything better to do than to keep Jefferson Airplane alive and kicking. They exhibited a kind of physical, mental, and musical stamina that is almost unheard of in the instant ready-mix atmosphere of the pop elite, and they have maintained the essence of what they started out to do, that is, merely turning on the world. As it now stands, they do as many free concerts as their schedule will allow, literally spreading the wealth as far as it will go. With the Airplane the community feeling didn't quit beyond the confines of Haight-Ashbury, and that community element in their music has endeared them to millions within their reach. With the best offers available to them, they still make a point of playing the South because they feel they're needed there.

Above and beyond the musical experience, the group promotes a feeling of identity among the audience. They are the product of a life-style that they generously extend to any flexible head. In many ways, the by-product of the group is as important as its music, and they've been able to sustain their appeal through many a rough time. Their recordings, more often than not, have not been able to communicate the group adequately, but with *Volunteers* they're decidedly out of the "one-shot specialist" class. It is with no small measure of love, and just as much relief, that I recommend this album.

Certainly, there's something rattling around loose in the Jefferson Airplane. But at least it keeps good time.

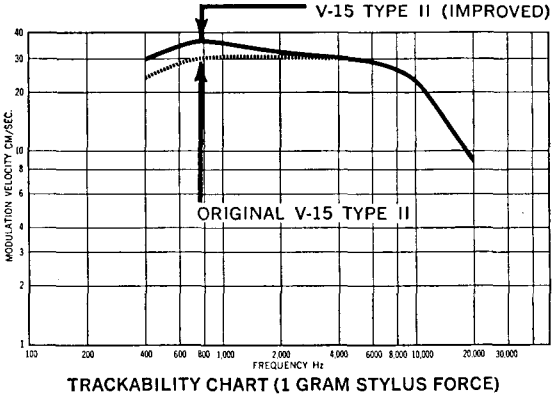


THE SOUND OF A DIFFERENT DRUM

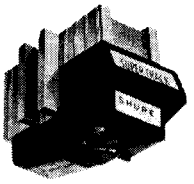
Higher trackability in the "backbone" region of music

The grand structure of orchestral music relies heavily upon tympani, tuba, contrabass, bassoon, bass drum, and other low register instruments to form the solid foundation upon which the harmonies and melodic line are built. Unfortunately it is exceedingly difficult to track these passages when they are cut at high velocities. Even the Shure V-15 Type II, the world's highest trackability cartridge, required raising the tracking force when playing recordings containing this type of program material. We took this as a challenge and have prevailed. The top line of the graph at right shows the increased bass and mid-range trackability of the IMPROVED V-15 Type II. Practically speaking, it means you can reduce 1¼ gram tracking force to 1 gram, or 1 gram force to ¾ gram for records with high velocity bass register material. No increase in price ($67.50 net), but you will significantly extend record and stylus tip life.

NOTE: You can attain this superior bass and mid-range trackability with your present V-15 Type II by using the IMPROVED VN15E stylus at $27.50. Look for the word Shure in red letters on the stylus grip.



TRACKABILITY CHART (1 GRAM STYLUS FORCE)



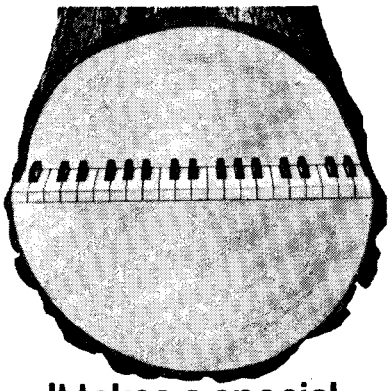
SHURE

V-15 TYPE II (IMPROVED)

SUPER TRACKABILITY PHONO CARTRIDGE

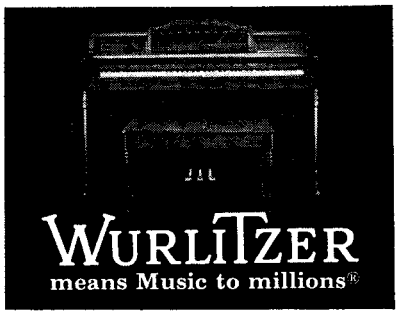
© 1969, Shure Brothers Inc., 222 Hartrey Ave., Evanston, Illinois 60204

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



It takes a special breed of tree to make a Wurlitzer key.

The precision and ageless durability of Sugar Pine keys...that's one reason more people buy Wurlitzer pianos than any other.



DeKalb, Illinois 60115

Video Tape: This Year Won't Quite Be "Next Year"

Ever since video tape entered the broadcast scene, there have been continual predictions that "next year" would see its substantial impact on the home scene, too, opening up new programming horizons and replacing home movies soon thereafter. The companies that actively believed in these predictions are still looking forward to their someday coming true —and licking their wounds in the meantime. So-called home video tape today, at least five years after its introduction, still isn't ready for the home.

Next year, it will be. I mean 1971.

Last year saw several of the developments that will make it so: RCA's new SelectaVision, cassette-loading video tape recorders from Sony and Panasonic, and a significant meeting of Japanese video tape manufacturers.

What the RCA, Sony, and Panasonic systems had in common was drop-in loading—eliminating the complicated threading that all video recording or playback systems (except CBS's two-year-old EVR system) have in common. Now—or rather, later this year when the first of these systems hits the home market—anyone will be able to load a video player as easily as a phonograph.

The Sony and RCA systems also break the price barrier that has been standing in the way of video recording's development (the Panasonic system may also—I have no price information on it yet). RCA hopes to sell a playback-only color system for $400 next year; hopefully, half-hour color recordings will each cost $10 retail. Sony has announced its system for this year: a color player for $350, with record capability (not possible in the RCA system) $100 extra; factory-made recordings, however, will probably cost more than RCA's.

Of course, none of these systems is compatible with any other video system now in existence, and a program made for one make of machine cannot possibly be played on another. But this barrier, too, is being lowered. Sony has apparently been talking standards with Philips and Grundig (though not, it seems, with Panasonic), as far as cassette video systems go. And several Japanese manufacturers recently settled on a mutual standard—presumably for reel-to-reel recording, but probably adaptable to cassettes as well.

As a result of these developments, we may soon see easy-to-use, comparatively inexpensive video players with a common recording format — and, therefore, a supply of commercial recordings to play upon them. And the day of the video recording will still not have come.

But given the spurs of these new developments, others are sure to follow. One, of course, will be the return of the timer-controlled video recorder (Sony had one several years ago) that would enable us to set a clock and record programs aired while we're not home. And it could come this year as part of Sony's video cassette introduction.

Next should be the expansion of recording time limits from the ninety minutes of Sony's cassette to two hours (to record TV movies) or longer (for rental or purchase of uncut movies, or for recording TV sports events).

And finally, the TV home movie outfit, which almost exists already. I say

(*Continued on page* 82)

Sing a Song of Bacharach or Play Along!

The music of Burt Bacharach performed by a full orchestra minus your voice or instrument!

You've heard these songs countless times. Now you can be the soloist singing or playing—

I Say A Little Prayer—What The World Needs Now—Walk On By—Alfie—Wives & Lovers—Blue On Blue—Do You Know The Way To San Jose?—Magic Moments—This Guy's In Love With You—Windows Of The World

It's easy to do. If you can carry a tune, here's a delightful new musical experience. **$5.95** each

- ☐ MMO 1056—Bacharach minus male voice
- ☐ MMO 1057—Bacharach minus female voice
- ☐ MMO 1058—minus all instruments
- ☐ MMO 1059—minus piano
- ☐ MMO 1060—minus organ

Each LP includes printed music book.

At record and music stores or order from

MUSIC MINUS ONE

Music Minus One, 43 W. 61 St., N.Y., N.Y. 10023
All orders shipped postpaid. Dept. SR 1-70

WIT TWISTER #149

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The two great _ _ _ _ _ _,
proud and grave,

_ _ _ _ _ _ grandly down
the darkened nave,

But in its _ _ _ _ _ _ recess bewept

_ _ _ _ _ _ lost while Virtue slept.

—A. S.

(*Answer on Page* 82)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"How Long Can the Met Survive?"

A Commentary from the Counsel for the Performing Artists

I WISH to express admiration and appreciation for the perception of Mr. Kolodin's article on the Metropolitan Opera ["How Long Can the Met Survive?" *SR,* Dec. 27]. In only one place did it miss. That is in its seeming acceptance of management's version of what happened in 1966, which is, that under the pressure of a strike deliberately planned for the opening of the new house the Met was compelled to grant excessive wage increases to the musicians. I represented the orchestra in that negotiation and I can assure you that both assertions are belied by the facts.

For two years the musicians worked without a contract while we strove to avoid the strike that in the end was forced by management's insulting arrogance. The money gain finally made (an average of $14 a week for each of five years) can hardly be looked upon as outrageously high considering that we started from a base wage of $190 a week for seven performances with no assurance of how many weeks of employment there would be and that the five-year period has been marked by a twenty per cent rise in living costs. I point this out not to cavil at Mr. Kolodin's superb article, but only because management's distortion of the 1966 events was one of the weapons that it used in its attack upon its performing artists in the 1969 negotiation and must be corrected if a new atmosphere, for which Mr. Kolodin so rightly argues, is to be created at the Met.

Mr. Kolodin correctly says that the money issues only masked deeper questions of much greater emotional content, though the matter of money was not minor in view of the inexcusably low wages being paid to most sections of the performing artists. This was not just the usual effort at bettering the economic terms of the employment, but rather a revolt, long in the making, against years of demeaning mistreatment.

The management failed to understand what had happened. It thought that it was involved in no more than the common-variety negotiation in which the principal aim is more money, and it used tactics which mark collective bargaining in enterprises privately owned and operated for profit. Only more so, because it stooped to coercive measures that even hard, bitter employers no longer resort to, as, for example, the conceded lockout. With the result that the sense of grievance which led to the uprising has been exacerbated rather than allayed. The very substantial gains that the performing artists have made have been lost to view because of the bitterness engendered by management's conduct of the negotiation and the great economic loss it inflicted without cause.

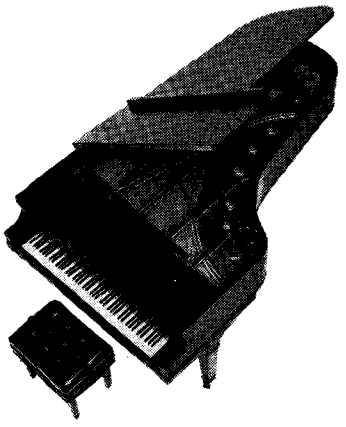
It need not have been that way. Even if it be assumed that the usual tactics of collective bargaining continue to have validity in the private sector (an increasingly doubtful proposition), they certainly have no place in enterprises financed by the public and operated as community services and not for individual profit. In such institutions there is neither need nor justification for arm's-length dealing, for self-seeking haggling, for forcing acquiescence by the application of economic pressures. The responsibility which the managers of the non-profit cultural institutions bear encompasses the duty to elevate and protect the status of those whose labors made it possible for these institutions to deliver to the community the services which are the reason for their existence.

The negotiation at the Met should have taken the form of joint dispassionate exploration and effort, first, to establish standards of remuneration and working conditions commensurate with the standing of the performing

(*Continued on page* 82)

GARRARDSM
USMANSHIP
. . . is innovation, inventiveness and refining our products to a level of sophistication far beyond that of ordinary equipment. As a result of our efforts, every major advancement found in automatic turntables today was dreamed, designed and perfected by Garrard engineers . . . In fact, the very concept of the Automatic Turntable itself was a Garrard inspiration.
One current example of Garrardsmanship is the outstanding SL 95B. We feel confident there is no unit to equal it in performance and craftsmanship.
For literature write Garrard, Westbury, N.Y. 11590
Garrard
British Industries Co., a division of Avnet, Inc.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Seiji Ozawa's
Accompanist

BALDWIN

RECORD MART

RATES are the same as those charged for classified advertising

FREE 40 PAGE CATALOGUE offers hundreds of recordings of rare Renaissance, Baroque and Classical music. Some records priced as low as $1.00 each! All late recordings in stereo only. MHS RECORDS, Box 932 SR, New York, New York 10023.

UNPOPULAR NON-CLUB offers LP immortalities at a pittance. "Masterpieces in the Mail" presents major labels and special "finds" in entertaining format. For free subscription write Dept. SRC, The Record Hunter, 507 5th Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

"HARD TO GET" records—all speeds. Record Exchange, 842 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019.

FREE RECORD CATALOGUE listing thousands of classical, opera, folk, jazz, popular, show, spoken, religious and language records. Mono and stereo. Buy by mail and save from the largest, exclusive mail order distributor in the world. Send name, address today to Dept. SR, Chesterfield Music Shops, Inc., 12 Warren Street, N.Y. 10007.

HISTORICAL REISSUES BY HELIODOR—Works conducted by DeSabata, Furtwaengler. Ask for catalogue containing many fine imports. BREMEN HOUSE, 218 East 86th Street, NYC 10028.

TAPES . . . blank recording . . . pre-recorded music. Catalogue 10¢. Tower, Lafayette Hill, Pennsylvania 19444.

NEW YORK'S CHOICE for classical vocal 78s, some deleted LPs. Monthly lists. Also personality, popular, jazz. Collections bought. THE RECORD ALBUM, 254 West 81st Street, New York, N.Y. 10024.

FABULOUS OLD TIME RADIO, on tape. Box 2511, Denver, 80201.

FREE! Illustrated Record Catalogue! Golden Oldies! 45 rpm. 1,800 titles! Mounier, 209 Armand, Ville Platte, Louisiana 70586.

Letters to the Recordings Editor

Pop in Black and White

ELLEN SANDER showed her cultural bias in "A Decade of Pop Completed" [*SR*, Dec. 27] by mentioning only white artists and groups. The Beatles and Stones received considerable praise in the article, and deservedly so, but why not the black artists who had such a great influence on their beginnings (e.g., Chuck Berry and Bo Diddley)? Surely the Motown sound, while far from superior art, was one of the major "pop" phenomena of the decade, yet Miss Sander did not refer to any of the groups of music that flowed so continuously from Detroit.

A regeneration of interest in the blues (black, not bleached English) has allowed B.B. King, Muddy Waters, et al., to become as well known to white audiences as they used to be known only to black. This, however, was also left unsaid. Miss Sander even chose to overlook the black artists who have transcended a purely "soul" image, such as Sly and the Family Stone, whose song "Everyday People" definitely should have been included in her list of possibilities for "a song of the Sixties."

Ellen, your slip (white) is showing, but then—"Different strokes for different folks."

JONATHAN STRONG,
New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The predominant activity in the period in question has had a non-racial character. As a phenomenon, it has decidedly the involvement as summarized in the Sander article.*

WAIT A MINUTE! The year 1969 did *not*, as Ellen Sander suggests, bring a "feeling of culmination to pop." I suggest instead that 1969 was, among countless other years (but especially 1963), a fine year in pop—but nothing of the watershed character advanced in her article. If anything, the past year was primarily a year of music somewhat after 1968 and somewhat before 1970.

JOSEPH E. COMBS,
Georgetown University,
Washington, D.C.

Touted Advance

I HAVE BEEN spared the hi-fi magazine ads about four-channel stereo, but I can guess that four-channel is being touted as the "greatest advance in recording techniques in this decade." Indeed, even Ivan Berger in "Four-Channel Sound Is Here, Sort Of" [*SR*, Nov. 29] repeatedly compares it to stereo in its early days and seems to believe that four-channel is the thing of the future. Humbug. The real break-throughs in sound recording (including, for instance, the advent of electrical techniques in the Twenties, the introduction of the LP, and finally stereo) are few and far between, and four-channel stereo is not among them. Let's recognize four-channel for what it really is: a diversionary gimmick to sell fancier and more profitable equipment to the hi-fi buff. Could the industry give us a transistor that won't hiss or a disc record that won't scratch, then we might have something to be excited about.

DENNIS DUTTON,
Goleta, Calif.

Prey "Live"

THE "LIVE" performance at which was recorded the lieder recital by Hermann Prey reviewed in the December 27 *SR* may have been the one given in the Grosser Saal of the Mozarteum in Salzburg on the evening of August 15, 1967.

The recording does not include two songs by Schubert ("Der Alpenjäger" and "Der König in Thule") or three songs by Carl Löwe ("Der getreue Eckart," "Graf Eberstein," and "Hochzeitlied") that were given at the recital. Moverover, the songs by Hugo Wolf were given at the recital in reverse order from the way they are listed on the recording. Otherwise, the program is identical. The accompanist at the recital, as on the recording, was Konrad Richter.

Recording companies would avert much guessing and add much interest to recordings if they would state the date and the place of the recording.

WALTER K. SCHWINN,
West Hartford, Conn.

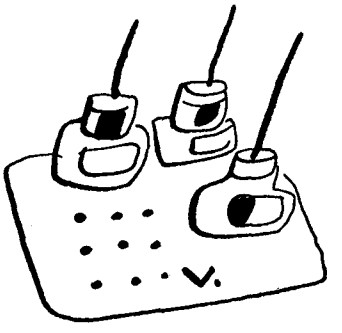
A Dagger for Szell

THANK YOU for Richard Freed's annual review of the year's best recordings [*SR*, Dec. 6].

I did have one very small question with respect to your failure to place a dagger before the Szell recording of orchestral excerpts from the *Ring*. Irving Kolodin's review of this recording in the September 27 issue indicates rather clearly that it should be "especially recommended"; perhaps in your annual listing the dagger was erroneously placed before the New Philharmonia Wagner collection which immediately follows the listing for the Szell recording.

MARC L. SWARTZBAUGH,
Cleveland, O.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The culpable person was the same as the one who wrote the review, but neglected to insert the honorary dagger in the list.*



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Means for New Music—II

Continued from page 66

Corporation, which includes General Music Publishing Company and Joshua Corporation. With funds he had made in the popular field, he invested in producing records and printing music of composers, beginning with Kupferman, Flagello, Rieti, Lessard, Nelhybel. "I didn't salt away the money," he says. "Instead I thought about the long range of twenty or thirty years. Certain works don't mean a damn in print —they need aural editions. Otherwise you launch a work as an inverted pyramid, from the least possible means first. In recording you can develop a work by means of audible exposure. A publisher is a money man—he helps, but not really. If he can't get a company to record a work, it just sits there. It never occurs to him to use his own money." To date, Serenus has released twenty-four LPs of serious music, the publisher himself responsible for the dissemination of a work. "It's divorced from the cult of the performer-oriented record industry. There is no provision for 'names'—we're interested in the *music* and the *composer* first."

Kapp's son Richard (with the Ford Foundation) watched his father's labors over the past few years with a sympathetic regard for his initiative in "behaving truly like a publisher in launching a work, not waiting for someone else to do it." He also counseled him on certain works. Then he devised a project for Ford, based on what Serenus had been doing on its own.

A cultivated man who takes as much care for the art work that graces a score as he does for every other detail in his business, Paul Kapp believes that people have "lost sight of the essential subject, that of making music a truly living thing. We are trying to find works of art to reach an audience, attempting communication—both myself and my composers. Our slogan has been 'A world's music for America and the music of America for the world.' The ultimate criterion, determined not today but in retrospect, is in its usefulness to society. A work has a right to survive if it can edify and inspire.

But few lift a finger for new composers who aren't declared radical or imposing."

As for financing, Kapp says that he can't possibly lose less than $1,000 to $2,000 on the first printing of a record —"Even if you sold all at retail price, you would only break even. The plus is this: a rationalization that we thus establish the identity of the composer. Ultimately, what we have of his sells in twenty or thirty years. As art becomes familiar, it becomes salable. To this end, the recording is the best disseminator. Ford has come along at a time when I was beginning to get discouraged."

BMI's Oliver Daniel, too, casts his vote for the power of the recording. Scores that are submitted for the annual BMI contest, he confesses, "you often can't read, you can't know what they sound like. The elements of new music, as with Earle Brown, are valid, but difficult. Some music is too mathematically complicated, unnecessarily so. And the production costs for publishing a score have become prohibitive. Elliott Carter's Double Concerto ran to $13,000, and the new Concerto for Orchestra will probably run the same. For an opera, printed production runs from $15,000 to $20,000 or more. It is impossible to amortize such costs, even over ten years. But recordings can bring about more performances, once performing artists, including conductors, can *hear* it."

One example he gives is Alan Hovhaness, whose *Mysterious Mountain* was recorded without subsidy by Fritz Reiner and the Chicago Symphony—an investment that paid off with a recording which has stayed in the catalogue. It has since become a popular piece in the performing repertory as well. The same happened with works like William Schuman's *New England Triptych* and Roger Sessions's Violin Concerto, the latter of which had not been played for years until recorded on CRI by Paul Zukofsky.

One major music publisher exhibits less enthusiasm for the Ford project, calling it too timid and too limited in approach. With the $7,500 ceiling put on an individual project, he explains, a good deal more money will be needed from other sources to complete the project, especially those involving big symphonic works. The musicians' salaries and technical expenses are covered by Ford, which leaves all the other expenses to the recording company or to a conductor clever enough to find additional subsidy. Under union contract, a recording session consists of three hours, during which only sixty minutes of music may be taped. Only new works that have been performed and rehearsed beforehand can be re-

A NEW QUEEN

BEVERLY SILLS

*"...a dramatic style that should raise her already formidable reputation several notches higher."...*TIME

BEVERLY SILLS AS QUEEN ELIZABETH

THE ONLY COMPLETE RECORDING OF DONIZETTI'S "ROBERTO DEVEREUX"

with Robert Ilosfalvy, Peter Glossop and Beverly Wolff

THE ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA

Conducted by Charles Mackerras

Deluxe 3-Record Stereo Package WST-323

* **BEVERLY SILLS** / Bellini and Donizetti Heroines—WST-17143. Selections from "Lucia" / Linda di Chamounix / La sonnambula and others.

* **BEVERLY SILLS** / Scenes and Arias from French Opera—WST-17163. Scenes from Manon / Louise / Huguenots and others.

**Listed Among The Year's Best Recordings* **SATURDAY REVIEW*

Westminster abc RECORDS

A subsidiary of ABC Records, Inc.
1330 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10019

Send for a complete catalog

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

corded in this single session. Some works may need double this time. For three hours with a ninety-piece orchestra, costs run to about $9,000 alone, with studio and editing costs not even considered. The project may get $15,000 only if the music covers two sides of a recording and ample proof is given of additional high costs involved. So, while the composers have greeted this Ford news with enthusiasm, the publishing and recording industries are wondering where the additional financing (up to 50 per cent more) will come from. Perhaps Ford preferably might have designated a single large amount, without immediately specifying how much each project would receive, issuing the money according to the needs of each recording.

It is now being recognized for the first time that music perhaps has become more complicated than it need be. Are the values being imparted to the realization of the composer's objectives outrunning the listener's capacity for comprehension? Is there a blind compulsion toward the unattainable, which, coupled with the fragmentation of sound possible with synthesizers and other electronic means, is separating creators and consumers irreparably? Such a possibility is clearly inherent in the situation as it has developed. Creators have always been magnetized by means, whether it was Bach's clavier, Beethoven's *Hammerklavier*, Berlioz's double-action harp, or Wagner's *Tuben*. For all of these, however, there were notational equivalents. Such is not the case with the sounds possible from oscillators, generators, synthesizers, etc. Thus the need for some aural means of conveying what the creator has in mind.

The costs are a prime consideration. Philosophically, the issue is no different from that which confronted Wagner with the completed *Tristan* in his cupboard before he encountered King Ludwig. The coffers of Bavaria made it possible for Wagner to translate his intentions into sound, first for the exclusive pleasure of Ludwig as an audience of one, and then for the world. Esthetically, the issue today remains to be decided by what emerges from the studios with the aid of the Ford Foundation. One absorbing difference in the present trend and those that prevailed earlier in this complicating century is that the new means are directed toward the ear not the eye. It may be a distinction without a difference, but if it turns out to be both, it may be a break-through of substantial magnitude.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 78: ladies, Sailed, aisled, Ideals.

Video Tape

Continued from page 78

almost because two under-$2,000, battery-operated, portable video recorders are on the market now. Both units consist of a hand-held camera and a recorder dangling from a shoulder strap. The older of the two units, a Sony, has a small TV screen in the viewfinder—to show exactly what will go onto the tape—and a zoom lens. The newer one, a Roberts, apparently uses a through-the-lens optical reflex viewfinder similar to those on most home movie cameras.

Both have synchronous sound (available on comparatively few home movie cameras yet, and a bit cumbersome even on those), about five times as many minutes of "filming" per reel, and instant playback. On the other hand, both saddle the cameraman with a heavy recorder in addition to the camera. Both are black-and-white only. And neither has the quality of detail one can get from good Super-8 images.

Super-8 color film costs about a dollar a minute, including processing. Video tape costs between 50 cents and a dollar per minute—but you can erase it and re-use it, if you wish; however, the initial investment for video tape is higher. For the price of either the Roberts or the Sony—the least expensive portable video tape systems—one could buy the most expensive Super-8 camera and projector and have money left to buy the most expensive film editor, too.

Which brings up another limitation of home video tape. You cannot edit it by cutting and splicing as you do audio tape or movie film. The image tends to "jump" when the splices cross the playback head. Instead, one edits video tape electronically, transferring several scenes from different recorders to a single, master recorder. This, too, is expensive, because additional recorders are required. And the video recorders with facilities for electronic editing are expensive—more than $2,000 for the least expensive, a new Ampex.

Of course, most video home movies won't be edited, any more than most filmed home movies are today. But for the dedicated home moviemaker, video tape could eventually add to his stock of editing tricks such special effects as fade-ins and fade-outs, split-screen, and super-impositions.

Of course, these developments won't be here this year. Or next year, either. But the year after that . . .?

—IVAN BERGER.

"How Long Can the Met Survive?"

Continued from page 79

artists and, second, to ascertain the extent to which these standards could be worked within the resources of the Met, present and prospective. Again and again I proposed that this be done, and each time I was rebuffed, and not politely either. The representatives of the Met management had neither the imagination nor understanding to enable them to break from time-worn and unsuited patterns of bargaining. Thus was lost the opportunity for collaboration carried on toward a common end with mutual understanding and respect which, as Mr. Kolodin says, is a condition to the survival of the Met.

Great though the loss be, it is not irretrievable. The performers take pride in their art and, despite the indignities they have suffered at the hands of the management, are devoted to the Met as an institution. They, and those whom they have delegated to represent them, stand ready—are in fact eager—to enter upon the work of strengthening the Met, artistically and financially. Whether they are to do so depends not upon them but on whether the Met's policy-makers are prepared to admit them to collaboration and to accord them a role of effective participants. I should like to add that I have come to the belief that, in a sense, Mr. Bing has little direct fault for what is wrong. Considering the background of his training and experience, it is understandable and really not blameworthy that he should have such slight comprehension of the nature and requirements of contemporary personnel relations. He stands in need of sound guidance, and that, unfortunately, he has not had. In this area he has generally been badly advised and specifically poorly served by one of his top assistants.

HERMAN A. GRAY,
Counsel to the Performing Artists,
Metropolitan Opera,
New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *An opportunity was afforded to Rudolf Bing, general manager of the Metropolitan, to comment on Mr. Gray's observations to which he replied as follows:*

"THANK YOU for affording me the opportunity of commenting on Mr. Gray's letter. I am afraid I am too busy, amongst other things, with an effort to heal wounds and not reopen them. I will, therefore, refrain from any comment on Mr. Gray's letter."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Koerners aren't trying to save the world. Just a little piece of it.

Romero is a small farm village clinging to the mountains of Colombia, South America. Poverty is extreme. Illiteracy is almost total. Electricity, sanitary facilities and running water are nowhere to be seen, and small children haul water from the river three miles away. There is a school in the district, but convincing parents that education should take precedence over water-hauling is a hard argument to win.

The Fuentes are one of the village families. Poor even by Romero's sub-standards. The mud-brick house with dirt floors they live in isn't even theirs. The two-acre farm behind it provides all the income for the family of nine. Most of the time there isn't enough to go around. Yet, this has been a good year for the Fuentes. Their 7-year-old daughter Luz Marina has been able to stay in school.

This miraculous stroke of luck is because of a family living in New York, who are helping Luz Marina. They're the Koerners. Through Save The Children Federation, they are contributing $15.00 a month to help.

For Richard and Marianne Koerner the $15.00 a month is not an extreme sacrifice. Yet, with three robust boys of their own, there are many ways they could use the money. But Richard, whose job involves foreign travel, doesn't have to imagine the poverty the Fuentes endure. He's seen it. He knows, too, that Save The Children can do a remarkable number of things with the money.

First, Luz Marina's immediate school needs are taken care of. Secondly, funds are available to the family to carry out their self-help plan to raise hens. The eggs will help improve the family diet and increase the family income. Finally, a small portion of the Koerner's contribution, together with money from other sponsors, has been lent to the villagers. With their own hands and they're building a water tank and a pipeline. Hopefully, the new water supply will increase the crop yield and the village's income so that some day they will no longer need help.

Self-help. That's what Save The Children Federation is all about. Although contributions are tax-deductible as a charity, the aim is not merely to buy a child a few hot meals, a new coat, or shoes. Instead, your contribution is used to give people the boost they need to start helping themselves.

Sponsors are desperately needed for children in Korea, Vietnam, Latin America, Africa, Greece, the Middle East, as well as Appalachian and American Indian children. You can select the child's nationality and will receive a photo, regular progress reports and a chance to correspond and visit.

Richard Koerner hopes that one day, one of his business trips will enable him to meet the Fuentes. Many Koerners have done this with their children, and tell us that it is one of the most gratifying experiences of their lives.

The Koerners know they can't save the world for $15 a month. Just a small corner of it. But, maybe that is the way to save the world. If there are enough people like the Koerners. How about you?

National Sponsors (partial list): Faith Baldwin, Hon. James A. Farley, Gene Kelly, Mrs. Eli Lilly, Paul Newman, Mrs. J. C. Penney, Frank Sinatra.

Save The Children Federation, founded in 1932, is registered with the U.S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid.

Save The Children Federation

NORWALK, CONNECTICUT 06852

I WISH TO CONTRIBUTE $180 ANNUALLY TO HELP A CHILD.
☐ WHERE THE NEED IS GREATEST ☐ LATIN AMERICA
☐ AMERICAN INDIAN ☐ APPALACHIA ☐ KOREA ☐ GREECE
☐ VIETNAM ☐ AFRICA ☐ MIDDLE EAST

ENCLOSED IS MY FIRST PAYMENT
☐ $15.00 MONTHLY ☐ $90.00 SEMI-ANNUALLY
☐ $45.00 QUARTERLY ☐ $180.00 ANNUALLY

I CAN'T SPONSOR A CHILD. ENCLOSED IS A CONTRIBUTION OF $_____

☐ PLEASE SEND ME MORE INFORMATION.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

CONTRIBUTIONS ARE INCOME TAX DEDUCTIBLE SR 1/31/0

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted, personal services, literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates for a single insertion, $1.25 per word, 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for multiple insertions:—52 times $1.05 per word each insertion; 26 times $1.10 per word each insertion; 13 times $1.15 per word each insertion; 6 times $1.20 per word each insertion. Full payment must be received eighteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

LITERARY SERVICES

MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Also tapes. Ambassador Office Service, 10 East 49th Street, NYC 10017. PLaza 5-1127.

RESEARCH. writing, translations expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. Box N-693.

RESEARCH. WRITING. SPEECHES for business, professional people. Researchers Associated. Box N-680.

PROFESSIONAL PUBLISHED WRITER. 28 years proved success, will write, rewrite, edit. Any subject, any media. Confidential. Box 337, Atlantic Beach, N.Y. 11509.

RESEARCH. Professionally done, efficient. Seneca Research, P.O. Box 74485, Los Angeles, 90004.

RESEARCH. Library of Congress, government agencies. All subjects. 715 Massachusetts Avenue, N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002.

Ph.D. IN ENGLISH will rewrite, edit. Manuscripts, 2801 Greenwich Street, San Francisco, 94123.

BOOKS

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS SUPPLIED. Kendall Gaisser, Booksellers, 1242 Broadway, Toledo, Ohio 43609.

ORIENTALIA, 11 East 12th Street, NYC 10003. Catalogues, 10¢ each: #1. Middle East; #2. Far East; #3. Languages; #4. India.

GOOD USED BOOKS—Wide variety, intelligent selection. Libraries buy regularly: you can too! History, fiction, social sciences, literature, miscellaneous subjects. Write for lists. Editions, Desk SR, Boiceville, N.Y. 12412.

FIRST EDITIONS. rare books: Catalogues for year $1.00 (refundable). Libraries purchased. Minkoff, 756 Middle Neck Road, Great Neck, N.Y. 11024.

SAVE TO 84% on publishers' overstocks. Free catalogue. Reader's Service, 1060 Twin Silo Lane, Huntingdon Valley, Pennsylvania 19006.

RARE BOOK: Dictionary in 8 languages published Basel 1584. Bisaz, 24 Dolderstrasse, Zurich, Switzerland.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP. 700 Madison Avenue (62nd Street), NYC 10021, where French books are sold exclusively. List sent on request.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE—Many beautiful designs. Special designing too. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs 7, Ohio.

UNIQUE GIFTS FOR ALL OCCASIONS. Handsome contemporary or antique Bookplates. Send 25¢ for catalogue, refunded with order. BERLINER-McGINNIS, Box 58, Nevada City, California 95959.

OUT-OF-PRINT

CINEMA, OLD-NEW. Monthly Catalogue. Del's, 12725-G Flatbush, Norwalk, California 90650.

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT. Satisfaction guaranteed. INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-S, Beverly Hills, California 90212.

NAME THE BOOK. We'll get it! Free search service. CHICAGO BOOK MART, P.O. Box 613-B, Chicago Heights, Illinois 60411.

ART

DALI. MIRO. CHAGALL: Illustrated brochure etchings, lithographs. 50¢. Atlas Arts, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

COLLECT ORIGINAL. SIGNED ETCHINGS and lithographs by America's foremost artists, including Dobkin, Florsheim, Greenwood, Hirsch, Landau, Margulies, Raphael Soyer. From $15. Free catalogue with 47 illustrations. (Mail 25¢ for handling.) Associated American Artists, Studio 8, 663 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10022.

TRADITIONAL AFRICAN SCULPTURE: museum quality, old private collection, serious collectors only. Box S-773.

"GETTING STARTED IN STAINED GLASS." 25¢. Whittemore, Box D2065, Hanover, Massachusetts 02339.

LINE DRAWINGS. original Whitfield Ruff landscapes, $20.00, figures, $25.00. Limited number. Mrs. Robert Ruff, Executrix, Box 12, Madisonville, Kentucky 42431.

WORLDWIDE CHARACTER STUDIES in ink. 11" x 14" mounted. $3.50. 1525B Cherokee Road, Florence, S.C. 29501.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

HARPSICHORDS. CLAVICHORDS — Excellent modern German instruments by Sperrhake. Beautiful cabinetry, moderate prices. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Maryland 20034.

BECHSTEIN? Have you ever played one? Do—at Piano Imports, John Wanamaker Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19101.

MAGNIFICENT, HANDMADE WALNUT Music Stand. Fully adjustable, $280. Send 50¢ for glossy photographs and literature. Customcraft Workshop, 3902 Surrey Road, Toledo, Ohio 43615.

KITS! Build a guitar, dulcimer, or balalaika. Prices from $7.95. 8665 West 13th Avenue, Denver, Colorado 80215.

DULCIMERS. PSALTERIES and other easily made and played instruments. Kits, $15.55 up, instruments, $38.50 up. Instruction record and book. HERE Inc. S, Box 341, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55440.

SASSMANN HARPSICHORDS. Superior German import. Brochures, Dealerships. Gregoire Harpsichord Shop, Charlemont, Massachusetts 01339.

RECORDERS—FINEST MAKES. Largest music selections. Free catalogue. RECORDER CENTER, Amenia, N.Y.

HARPSICHORDS with the most fascinating sound by North America's leading builders, Sabathil & Son, 1084 Homer, Vancouver, B.C., Canada.

RENAISSANCE/BAROQUE LUTES—delivered in U.S. Renaissance Gilde, 7625 Schapbach, Germany.

MUSIC

GUITARISTS—Too busy to practice? Five minutes weekly teaches folk strums, barres, melody. Beginner—advanced. Samples 10¢. Steele's, Box 114, San Rafael, California 94902.

MUSIC/DANCE

HEBREW ARTS SCHOOL for Music and Dance, 120 West 16th Street, NYC, 10011. Adult division: Classical, folk, Israeli music and dance. Group and private instruction. Catalogue on request. 212-675-3260.

PIANO INSTRUCTIONS

LEARN POPULAR PIANO — Short, interesting course. Bernard Spencer, M.A., Steinway Hall, COlumbus 5-1418 NYC.

PERIODICALS

RESERVE YOUR COPY of new quarterly magazine, "Growth Stock Digest," available March 15th. $20 annually, satisfied or refund. SIRS, Box 299, Edwardsburg, Michigan 49112.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK DATED MAGAZINES! Send needs. Midtown, Box 917-SR, Maywood, N.J. 07607.

SUMMER INSTITUTES

A WORLD VIEW ABOUT ECOLOGY—Youth, ages 16-20, join in a dynamic living and learning experience at the Summer Institutes of Nations, where foreign scholars from Africa, Asia, Latin America and the Middle East teach about the cultures of their peoples. Nonprofit, 9th year. Sessions in the redwoods, near San Francisco; Olympic Village-Squaw Valley; Avignon, France (for students and teachers). P.O. Box 1146, Berkeley, California 94701.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

ECOLE ARCADIE—Intensive 6-week and 4-week language programs. Coed, ages 13-18. All classes and activities conducted in French. Salt water pool, tennis, cycling, sailing. European staff. Catalogue Dr. Richard T. Gott, Ecole Arcadie, Bar Harbor, Maine 04609.

SCHOOLS

LEARN PUBLIC RELATIONS—See "PERSONALS."

MONTESSORI TEACHER TRAINING—Next course June 23rd-August 7th. Live, learn on beautiful campus. Fully approved. AMS Certified. Write: MMTTC, 1010 West Chicago Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60622.

SEMINAR—At Mystic Seaport, June 29th through August 7th, 1970. "American Maritime History and Literature." For information, write: Director, Box K, Munson Institute, Mystic Seaport, Connecticut 06355.

COLLEGES

GERMANY — SCHILLER COLLEGE — see "STUDIES ABROAD." Liberal Arts.

BACHELOR'S DEGREE from Syracuse University. Fully accredited self-study program. Make your home a Syracuse University classroom. Some time on campus. Write Bachelor's Degree Program, Room 214, Syracuse University, 610 East Fayette Street, Syracuse, N.Y. 13202.

ROYALTON COLLEGE—School of International Affairs. Four year program, International Relations. Emphasizing World Literature, Economics, and Politics. Interest, ability and willingness to work stressed more than past performance. Bachelor of Arts degree. For further information, Director of Admissions, Royalton College, South Royalton, Vermont 05068.

COLLEGE DROP-OUTS: We concentrate on the educational redevelopment of selected students, including poor achievers, with unrealized learning potential. Educational Development Center, 23 Adelbert Street, Berea, Ohio 44017. Dept. SR or Educational Development Center, 165 East Tenth Street, Claremont, California 91711. Dept. SR.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COLLEGES

COLLEGE ADMISSIONS AND TRANSFERS—Specializing in difficult cases—college dropouts, transfers, undergraduates, medical, graduate, law, dental. College Admissions Center of N.Y., 102-30 Queens Boulevard, Forest Hills, N.Y. 11375. Write/call James Adams, 212-BR 5-2900.

MARK HOPKINS COLLEGE is now considering applications for February admission from young men and women eager for a new learning experience. Brattleboro, Vermont 05301.

MILTON COLLEGE—Emphasizes progressive, coed, student-oriented liberal arts education. 4-1-4 calendar plan, Great Issues curriculum, pass-fail options. Space now available for Spring semester. Enrollment deadline: February 12th, 1970. For information, write: Office of Admissions, Milton College, Milton, Wisconsin 53563. Phone: 608-868-2930.

FOR THE GOURMET

CUSTOMERS WANTED: Coffee and Tea lovers with a taste for the best. Write: Bell-Bates, 136 Liberty, NYC 10006, 212-CO 7-4300.

WINE MAKING KIT—$4.95 postpaid. Free catalogue. Jim Dandy Wine Supplies, Box 30230X, Cincinnati, Ohio 45230.

PERSONALS

"ELEGANT" IRISH KINSALE CLOAKS: full, long, one size; satin-lined sunburst hood. All black; black with scarlet lining; all ruby red. $151.50 pp. Carol Brown, Putney, Vermont 05346.

TAPE RECORDING ENTHUSIASTS' monthly magazine for amateurs and professionals. Send $3.75 for one year subscription to Tape Recording Magazine, Sharon, Connecticut 06069.

TROPICAL BUTTERFLIES, exotic, colorful; walnut cases hang on wall. Box S-866.

PROTOTYPES, PURCHASING PROBLEMS, Evaluations . . . Will assemble semiretired engineers, business men and artisans to handle special projects. Metropolitan Agents, P.O. Box 4955, Weehawken, N.J. 07085.

OVERSEAS POSITIONS offer high salaries, free travel. Comprehensive new "Guide to Employment Abroad" covers all possibilities, 60 countries. Includes exclusive "Directory of American Companies Overseas" and special reports on summer jobs, government careers, international organizations, medical work, teaching, librarian, secretarial, newspaper and social work overseas. $2.00. Satisfaction guaranteed or payment refunded. Hill International Publications, P.O. Box 79-X, East Islip, New York 11730.

UNIQUE FILING SYSTEM organizes anything for instant availability far beyond alphabetizing. Easily understood. Send $2 and stamped, self-addressed envelope for complete instructions. P.O. Box 66134, Portland, Oregon.

LECTURER. WRITER. Vast experience. Dr. Whitt Schultz, Kenilworth, Illinois. 312-256-0059.

MONEY LOVERS! Bright, bouncy COINS Magazine is published monthly just for you. Educational, informative, nicely illustrated. Sample copy 25¢. Krause Publications, Box 4, Iola, Wisconsin.

TOP CASH PAID FOR LETTERS and documents of famous people. Immediate decision! Immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How To Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 53rd Street, NYC 10022. 212-EL 5-3464-5-6.

KODACOLOR PRICE-BREAKTHROUGH—Perfect prints, 8 or 12 exposure rolls $2; 20 exposure, $3. Full credit unprintable negatives. Money-back guarantee. Plus postage paid both ways. Send $2 and film; write for mailer. Mystic Color Lab, Box S-144, Mystic, Connecticut.

THINK THNOW! Bumper strip 2/$1.00; 6/$2.50. Letter-stickers 100/$1.50; 200/$2.50; 500/$5.00. Wry Ideas, Rye, N.Y. 10580.

PERSONALS

AVAILABLE TO QUALIFIED CLIENTS: Nationally published, academically honored author, editor, critic, age 41, for manuscript analysis, revision, rewriting, in many fields. References exchanged. Box S-811.

NAUTICAL-NATURED GIFTS—from famous Mystic Seaport Stores. Send 25¢ for handsome 1970 catalogue. Dept. A, Mystic, Connecticut 06355.

HILARIOUS PARTY GAME. "Fact or Fantasy," four to twenty adults, couples, singles. Zany, side-splitting, fun. $2.00. R.F. Hansen & Associates, Box 644, Miami, Florida 33156.

RECORDERS (FLUTES) KUENG SWISS import. Purcell, $5, $8.95 up! Student Special, Corelli, $4.50; Recorder Instruction Kit: Soprano Recorder, Method Book, three 7" LP Instruction Records, boxed, $5.95. Recorder Music Methods. Guitar Music. Free Catalogue. 1-O-E, HARGAIL, 157 West 57th Street, NYC 10019.

TANGELOS—NAVEL ORANGES—Choicest Grapefruit, Florida's Finest. Shipping 47 states, Canada, Europe. Free Brochure. Airport Fruit Shipper, Miami, Florida 33159.

LUNE DE MIEL Pour Les Amoureaux Seulement . . . Honeymoon for Lovers only . . . get lost . . . in each other's arms . . . away from the madding crowd . . . discover each other . . . without the benefit of extraneous distractions . . . Luxuriate at an Inn designed especially for the eternal love affair . . . Be pampered by 101 souls who will serve you breakfast in bed Italian style with Asti Spumante. For a special Honeymoon package rate, call or write Nick Monte, Keeper of the Inn, Gurney's Inn, Oceanfront Cottages & Hostelry, "On the Brink O' the Beach," in the village of Montauk, Town of East Hampton, County of Suffolk, Long Island, State of New York, United States of America, Planet Earth 11954. 212-895-6400. Open All Year.

A GENUINE COLLECTOR'S ITEM FOR $5? Absolutely! The beautiful closing program distributed to the last audience at the old Metropolitan Opera House on Broadway and the magnificent gala opening-night program of the new Metropolitan at Lincoln Center. Mint condition. Packaged together in polyethylene for your library or as a gift. Only a limited supply left. After that, no more. Postpaid. Check, money order to METPROGRAM, 19th Floor, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, scientists, military leaders, musicians, American statesmen, etc. Collections and important single items bought and sold. Especially interested in literary material. Catalogues issued. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 790 Madison Avenue (at 67th), New York 10021. 212-RE 4-3902. Established 1887.

CAN YOU HELP? Writer needs place to live-work. Box S-737.

NEUPERT HARPSICHORDS. CLAVICHORDS. Oldest, finest. Free catalogue. MAGNAMUSIC, Sharon, Connecticut 06069.

HUGH WALPOLE IN AMERICA, 1919-1936. Writing book. Information appreciated. Box S-849.

POSTERS (over 200, many antiwar), buttons (over 200), bumper stickers, peace jewelry and earrings. Wholesale and retail. Free catalogue. BIG-LITTLE STORE, 1077 Mission, San Francisco, 94103.

FUND RAISING COMMITTEES: Franklin Press, national personalized quality stationer, offers unusual plan. Write Constance Sanders, 1220 Myrtle, El Paso, Texas 79902.

COVERED WAGON MOVERS. Competent, experienced, insured. For estimate call Jerry McGruddy, ALgonquin 5-1788 NYC.

LETTERS OF AUTHORS, presidents, scientists, statesmen, musicians, military leaders, royalty, etc. bought and sold. Correspondences, collections, single items. Catalogues issued. Kenneth W. Rendell, Inc., 620 Bristol, Somerville, Massachusetts 02144.

RUBBER GARMENTS in fashion shades of LATEX and STARSHEEN (Continental) rubber. Illustrated catalogue $1.00 airmail from Kastley Limited, P.O. Box 24, Blackburn, Lancs., England.

PERSONALS

EXPERIENCED MANAGER/DIRECTOR—for private club, country club, residential apartments. Presently employed; bachelor; would relocate, interested in Atlanta, Phoenix. Box S-789.

BLUE GLASS LINERS for silver saltcellars, condiment holders. HESS REPAIRS, 168 East 33rd Street, NYC 10016.

NOW—LEARN PUBLIC RELATIONS at home! For an exciting career—or to improve your own business. Taught by skilled professionals, by mail. Practical, easy; only course of its kind. Write: Dept. RA, American Institute of Public Relations, 141 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois 60604.

THINK-SHEET titled Mischievous Mis-Advice to Mutual Funders disagrees with Sylvia Porter; reflects our utterly reverse strategy. Get it free. Mutual Funds Advisory, 382 Miracle Mile, Coral Gables, Florida 33134.

RESEARCH, writing, translations, expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. Alex White, Allenhurst, N.J. 07711.

WRY IDEAS—Unusual catalogue, 25¢ (refundable). Wry Ideas, Rye, N.Y. 10580.

"FIRST: CATCH YOUR COOK," a cookbook for bachelor men by Barbara Sims, illustrated by Hal Price. Twenty-two recipes and two advices for supersimple survival: from Non Sequitur Productions, Box 1753, Carmel, California 93921. $2.75 (California, add 14¢ tax).

BONNIER'S INSTANT-FRAMES. Handsome molded plastic, black, white, with glass, $4 up. Uriah Heep's, Chappaqua, N.Y. 10514.

DRINKING PROBLEM? Rehabilitation facility 85 miles from Manhattan and Philadelphia. Four weeks, $548. Box S-875.

KICKY NEW FOR '70, TOO! Brainy's original "World's Largest Crossword Puzzle" is challenging excitement! Only $1.00 (guaranteed). Exclusively from BRAINY, Box 213-A, Chatsworth, California 91311.

"HOW MANY VIETNAMESE fought in our Civil War?" and "Vietnam—Love it or Leave it." Stamps $1.00 per sheet of 66. Bumper stickers 5/$1.00. Buttons 4/$1.00. International McClelland, Dept. SR, 407 Maple, Beverly Hills, 90210.

REAL FOSSIL LEAF impressions $1.00, in plastic $1.75. Arrowheads 75¢. Other distinctive gifts from The Week-End, Fossil, Oregon 97830.

GUIDE TO EASTERN SKI RESORTS, by Maggie Siggins. The one book no dedicated skier should miss. Facts about all areas, trails, slopes, lifts, apres-ski life and prices from Canada to Michigan. Handy paperback, $2.95 at all bookstores. Published by McGraw-Hill.

CREATE A LIVING MEMORIAL to a loved one by donating a book, scholarship, classroom, laboratory, building, library to small Eastern college. Tax benefits. Contact Box S-844.

ASTROLOGICAL CONNOISSEUR? Sample TOTIZO fragrances created from the five elements, receive documented parchment explaining zodiacal mysteries; "most fabulous fragrances we've ever sniffed" say editors, Harper's Bazaar November 1969. For each 1.2cc sampler and parchment, send birthdate, address and $3.95. TOTIZO, 360 North Bedford Drive, Beverly Hills, California 90210.

MONTHLY NEWSLETTER makes working at home easier, more profitable. Free sample. Write Home Office Report, 1SR70 Scarsdale Farm Road, Scarsdale, N.Y. 10583.

HEX SIGNS—20 traceable designs, $1.00. Hexaway, 3 Burke Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland 21204.

CASH—Need 1,000 humorous anecdotes utilizing language twists. $2 for each accepted. Box 82, Hicksville, N.Y. 11802.

(Continued on page 86)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

(Continued from page 85)

WANTED: Used Haynes flute for deserving, hard-working student. 76 West High, Ballston Spa, N.Y. 12020.

HELP NAVAJO CHILDREN learn to read. Donate typewriters in good condition to experimental community school, Navajo Reservation. Dillon Platero, Rough Rock Demonstration School, Chinle, Arizona 86503.

DECORATIVE BURLAP—50 color swatch 'n' fact folder, 50¢. Erie Products, 2410 Erie Boulevard East, Syracuse, N.Y. 13224.

SITUATIONS WANTED

BRIGHT, CREATIVE GIRL seeks unusual job. Artistic experience. Box S-848.

MAN, 60: President, Higher Education Association, former college president. Bored. Lots of life left. Wants travel or stimulating location and responsibilities. Generalist; long-range planner; administrator; consultant, etc. No ties. Box S-859.

INDIVIDUALIST MALE, 22, literate, creative, ready to try something new: writing, editing, youth services, theatre-related fields or . . . Box 688, West Liberty, Ohio 43357.

RETIRED EXECUTIVE and wife would manage finer apartment units, or housesit your estate. No heavy maintenance. Other possibilities considered. Salary secondary to interesting environment. Personable, discreet, unencumbered. Location immaterial. Box S-837.

HOME ECONOMICS GRADUATE seeks summer job, governess, vacationing family. References. Box S-842.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES—teachers, all subjects and levels; administrators, department heads, housemothers, nurses, etc.; private schools, all states beginners, experienced; initial details without obligation; confidential. School Service Bureau, Box 278C, Windsor, Connecticut.

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU! Government assisted passage. 50,000 jobs. New 1970 government information and forms. $1.00. Special reports on employment, business, taxes, housing, education, ranching, farming, teaching, maps, etc. Austco, Box 3623-K. Long Beach, California 90803.

EXPERIENCED STENOS, TYPISTS! When you travel, work temporarily for Manpower Inc. Assignments available now in New York, San Francisco, Chicago, Boston and other major cities throughout the country. High hourly rates. See telephones directory in your city.

JOBS ABROAD. Year round and summer for young people. Over 15 countries, 9 paying job categories offered. Complete student programs available. For 34 page JOBS ABROAD magazine with applications send $1.00 to: ISTC, 866 U.N. Plaza, NYC, N.Y. 10017.

CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS — Superintendent of Schools. Quality Superintendency Open—Aggressive, challenging 5,000 pupil K-12 system seeking outstanding Superintendent for position in Spring 1970, located in suburban Boston. Send applications and completed resumes to Chm. David Emerson, Concord Schools, 115 Stow Street, Concord, Massachusetts 01742.

TEACHERS, TOP MAINE CAMPS—Sports, Arts. Box 214, Brookline, Massachusetts 02167.

HIGH PAYING OVERSEAS JOBS. Construction, other projects. Bonuses, travel expenses, extras. International Information, 108, Cortez, Florida 33522.

CURATORS—Work with the historical collections of New York State reviewing and evaluating material, preparing exhibits and publications and collaborating with local historical museums and societies. Write: N.Y.S. Dept. of Civil Service, R-861D, Albany, N.Y. 12226.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

LONDON—secretaries/typists—work Summer or Fall. Applicants pay own fare. Miss Liberty, Inc., 705 Stoneleigh Road, Baltimore, Maryland 21212 (send stamped self-addressed envelope).

EXPERIENCED PROGRAM DIRECTOR, Maine girls' camp, enrollment 100. Box S-847.

WANTED: Dean, School of Humanities, N.J. State College near New York City. Salary $18,622-$24,208 (negotiable). Impressive experience in teaching and administration in higher education needed. Send application and resume to: B.E. Shore, Box 435, Montclair State College, Upper Montclair, N.J. 07043.

BOOMING AUSTRALIA wants you—Application forms and new 1970 Australian Handbook describing government assisted passage, family and housing allowances, jobs, business, ranching, teaching, hunting, fishing, etc. $1.00. Buckeye, Box 1032CR, Fairborn, Ohio 45324.

JOBS! JOBS! and more JOBS! Men, women. Students, Teachers. Foreign, U.S.A. Year-round and Summer Jobs. All occupations and trades. For information, write: "JOBS," Box 475, SR2, Lodi, California 95240.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

ROCKLAND COUNTY, N.Y.—100-year-old split level. 10 large, gracious rooms, fireplace, 2½ baths. 1 acre civilized privacy. $55,000. Freda Buchanan, Realtor, 914-358-1025.

CASTINE—Modern yet Maine-styled 3 bedroom house on point facing lighthouse. 3 acres with 450 ft. sandy beach. $55,000. Box 45, Bar Harbor, Maine.

For Sale—Furnished

SPAIN—Charming secluded house and beautiful garden overlooking Malaga and sea. 2 bedrooms, 3 baths, garage, fireplace, studio. Modern, furnished. $33,000 or best offer. Guy Murchie, Monte Miramar, Malaga, Spain.

OURO PRETO. Minas Gerais, Brazil. Perfectly restored, large, late 17th century house, in 18th century town. Spectacular view. Garden, 9,000 square meters. Antique furniture. Write Cauxa Postal 79.

For Rent—Furnished

NEAR PAWLING, N.Y.—18th century Colonial home. 4 bedrooms, 4 baths; wine cellar, swimming pool. On 40 acres—brooks, hills, valleys. 1½ miles from village, 63 miles NYC. Ideal permanent living or country house. $4,800 annually. 212-974-6741.

SPAIN—Spacious well equipped villa in Mijas Costa del Sol. Lovely situation in olive grove on mountainside, superb views mountains and Mediterranean. Accommodation for 7/8. Swimming pool. Maid employed. Available various periods 1970. Write: Gallegos, Huerta Alta, Mijas, Malaga, Spain.

ST. JOHN, VIRGIN ISLANDS—cottage, 9 acres, breathtaking views. Weekly. SR Box P-150.

For Summer Rental

CAPE MAY, N.J.—Spacious Victorian masterpiece facing ocean. Month or season. SR Box S-464.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD sales and rental information. Box 1268, Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts 02568.

JULY-AUGUST—4 bedroom view home. One block to ocean. Convenient to freeways. Car optional. R. Hicks, 3530 Spearing, San Pedro, California 90732.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—Privacy, 40 wooded acres, large private pond. 4 bedrooms, electric kitchen. June, July, September. SR Box S-838.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Winter Rental

VERMONT CONDOMINIUM SKI HOMES for weekly rental. Magnificent furnishings with panoramic views. Five minute shuttle service to Okemo Mountain, 20 minutes by car to Magic Mountain or Killington Gondola. 2, 3, and 4 bedroom homes accommodate up to 12 persons (no bunk rooms or double deckers). All utilities: washer, dryer, dishwasher. All linens and utensils. Adjacent to Fox Run Lodge with dining-cocktail-game room. Included: plowing, firewood and housekeeping service. For full particulars, call or write Property Agent: Joan Hutchinson, P.O. Box 0, Sudbury, Massachusetts. 617-443-9922.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 663 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022.

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico 87020.

SARATOGA COUNTY COLONIAL, 30 minutes from Performing Arts Center, racetrack and Albany, available for summer in exchange for Manhattan apartment. Box S-870.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

For Rent—Furnished

FLORENCE, ITALY—In superb building on Arno, central location, large apartment, small apartment. SR Box S-459.

For Winter Rental

ZERMATT, SWITZERLAND APARTMENT. Beautiful. Available February. 212-834-0620, Box S-869.

ROOM WANTED

DOUBLE ROOM with bath wanted. Manhattan: Fifties or low sixties. Businessman commuter tired of railroads. Frequently would not use weekends. 212-MU 8-7550, Mr. Webb.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

VERMONT REAL ESTATE. All types. Free Catalogue. Eben Brown, Broker, South Royalton, Vermont 05068.

N.C., NEAR CHAPEL HILL, small estate 4½ acres, 1 bedroom house. Ideal for couple retirement, artist. Price $38,500. SR Box S-486.

NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE. Brooks Barron, Broker, Hyde Park, Vermont. 802-888-4285.

SOMESVILLE, MAINE—View Cadillac, 2 acre lots, spruces, town anchorage. Box 228, Southwest Harbor, Maine 04679.

STOWE AND MAD RIVER GLEN close to the lifts! Hillsides, brooksides $3,750-$6,500 acre. Terms. 802-253-4720 or Box K, Stowe, Vermont.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

FREE BOOK describing book, "999 Successful, Little-Known Businesses." Work home! Plymouth 428-R, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11218.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY WANTED

WORKING COUPLE experienced in tasteful gift shop operation desires assistance in obtaining interesting location anywhere. Limited capital. Ideas welcome. Box S-857.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAMPS

KINIYA—a camp for girls, 6-17, on a bay of Lake Champlain in Vermont. Excellent riding, own stables, miles of lovely trails on camp property, dressage, jumping, hunting. Responsible, experienced staff. All camp activities including water skiing, sailing, tennis, drama and dance. Outpost camp for overnights in Stowe. Special program for girls over 15 includes 3 weeks in Ireland, 3 weeks in Vermont. A happy relaxing summer. Mr. & Mrs. J. R. Williams, Camp Kiniya, Milton, Vermont 05468. Tel. 802-893-7849.

HIGH/SCOPE—Coed, 12-17. Arts, science program providing optional challenges for responsible participants. David Weikart, Ph.D., 1305 Sherman, Ypsilanti, Michigan 48197.

FOOTLIGHT RANCH—Eight week Summer Workshop for Performing Arts. Professional instruction for qualified students, age 12 to 20, in Dance-Music-Dramatics. Request Brochure B, Footlight Ranch, RD 1, Wellsville, Pennsylvania 17365.

INTENSIVE TALENT DEVELOPMENT plus full camp program. International, democratic, integrated. Coed 6-18. Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 26, New Jersey 08318.

BROWN LEDGE—Mallett's Bay, Vermont. "One of America's finest camps." Girls 10-18. Free daily riding for all. Finest show horses, mounted lance drill, jumping. Sailing, racing tactics; water skiing, drama, swimming, tennis, golf, archery, riflery, crafts, trips. No extras! "The Complete and Different Camp." For booklet, state age and write to winter office: Miss Barbara Brown Winslow, 155 Dodds Court, Box C, Burlington, Vermont 05401.

HAS YOUR TEENAGER OUTGROWN "CAMP?" Vagabond Ranch, Granby, Colorado, provides ranch/travel adventures, boys 13-17. 24th summer. Girls' travel program: Pacific Coast, Alaska. Coed March ski camp, Vail. Charles D. Pavek, Washington, Connecticut 06793.

MEXICO—Hacienda Del Solar. Picturesque, Colonial Taxco. Coed 12-16 (6 weeks). Rewarding cultural experience for the teenager who wants more than the conventional camp. Combines creative noncompetitive camp program with travel in Mexico. Enrollment limited to 30 children. Music-Arts and Crafts-Spanish-Athletics-Sailing-Water Skiing. Professional Staff. C. Polk, 45 Lake Shore Drive, Eastchester, N.Y. Tel. 914-DE 7-4394.

D-ARROW WILDERNESS TRIP CAMP, Grand Lake Stream, Maine 04637. 70 boys, 12-17. Six age groups. 7 weeks. Lake, white water, mountain trips. Survival, Ecology, Quaker leadership. George S. Darrow, 780 Millbrook Lane, Haverford, Pennsylvania 19041.

SUN VALLEY MUSIC CAMP—Heart of the Rocky Mountains in Sun Valley, Idaho. Internationally known faculty—Jr. High, High School, and College—Vocal, Instrumental, and Ballet. Write winter address, P.O. Box 6100, Charlotte, N.C. 28207.

PINECREST FOR GIRLS—Maine. Memories unlimited. RSVP 49 Andrew Avenue, Oakland, N.J. 07436.

TRAVEL CAMP—38 days. Europe by jet, sightseeing, summer skiing, ice skating, tennis, swimming, sailing. Sporteen Tours, 244 North Franklin Street, Hempstead, N.Y. 516-538-6433.

OGONTZ WHITE MOUNTAIN CAMP for girls 7-17. On private lake near Sugar Hill, New Hampshire. Swimming (Red Cross Water Safety), Sailing, Water Skiing, Golf, Riding, Tennis. Arts and Crafts. Nature Study. Dancing, Music, Dramatics. Outdoor Cooking. Mountain trips. Typing. 650 acres wood and meadows. Expert staff. Special program for Juniors. 48th year. Miss Bette Huber, Owner-Director, Lisbon, N.H. 03585.

WOODLAND FOR GIRLS, Eagle River, Wisconsin. Your daughter . . . her welfare, her safety, her future, and her pride in accomplishment . . . is of concern to us, too. Stress on horsemanship, tennis, swimming, sailing and creative arts. Brother camp: Towering Pines. Catalogue: John M. Jordan, 242 Bristol Street, Northfield, Illinois 60093.

INTERLOCKEN INTERNATIONAL CAMP: 1,000 acre wilderness preserve overlooking a peaceful isolated lake. 80 boys and girls, 10-15, together with experienced teachers create an educational adventure including sports and art, drama and music, rugged wilderness expeditions through New England and Canada. Interlocken, Box 336, Bedford, Massachusetts 01730. Tel: 617-275-6034.

CAMPS

JUDGMENT RIDGE—Unique camp on thousand acres Vermont mountains. Boys/Girls 8/16. Managed by ex-Peace Corps staff. Unpressured. Unlimited riding if desired ($65 extra). 26 horses . . . beginning to advanced programs. Swimming, guitar, creative arts, pottery, sports, farming, construction. Individualized programs regular to pioneer. A.C.A. accredited. 100 camper limit. No poison ivy. RN resident. $650, $375 half season. Vershire, Vermont 05079. Telephone 802-685-4547.

CORNWALL SUMMER WORKSHOP: Coeducational teenage camp, 13 to 17; beginning its 10th year. Highly diverse, flexible program of athletics, tripping, theatre, art. Own horses, stables, trails. Berkshire Hills. Nonsectarian. Directors: Donna Greene, Bennington College; Howard Greene, Educational Consultant, former admissions officer Princeton University. Write Tall Trees Lane, Wilton, Connecticut 06897.

THE PUTNEY SCHOOL Work Camp is reopening this summer and will provide a daily life that is balanced between physical, cultural, and intellectual activities, and an atmosphere in which a young person can deepen his insight into himself and extend his outlook on the world. Coed, 13-17. Robert Williams, Director, 802-387-5566 or 5541. The Putney School, Putney, Vermont 05346.

VACATIONS

CROWN POINT, "The Everything Hotel." Plan your next vacation at the "everything" hotel; from $30.00 single to $55.00 double per day M.A.P. Crown Point Hotel, Tobago, W.I.

PATAGONIA, ARIZONA, Circle Z Ranch. Ultimate in riding, birdwatching, sun, siestas.

BERMUDA BECKONS! Treat yourself to Island delights! Housekeeping cottages, maid service, nearby beaches and heavenly views at very reasonable rates. Write L.P. Gutteridge, Hamilton—the people who really look after people.

HEALTHFUL FLORIDA VACATIONING—Relaxing, Reducing, Fasting. Free brochure, Shangri-La, Bonita Springs, Florida 33923-SR.

ANTIGUA, W.I.: Glance outside, then cable Long Bay Hotel. Superb beach, perfect weather, all water sports plus deep-sea fishing. $50 double daily A.P. Daily flights from NYC.

THE OLD TAVERN at Grafton, Vermont. The most elegant little Inn in all New England. Write for elegant, free literature. Wilf & Lois Copping, Innkeepers.

CAPTAIN MULLEN and my new 41' Reliant Yawl, "SKONA" (means fair one), luxury outfitted, gourmet provisioned, are ready in the Caribbean for active sailors or lazy escapists. Brochure. Olof Hedstrom, Box 167, Hartford City, Indiana 47348.

TIRED? Come to the tropical, fully modern, Matecumbe Resort Motel, Florida Keys. Box 203B, Islamorada, Florida.

ST. CROIX, U.S. Virgin Islands. New air conditioned housekeeping units, maid service, fresh water pool, shuffleboard, golf, all water sports, free port shopping. Brochure. Caribbean View Hotel, Christiansted, 00820.

A TREASURE by the sea. Unique oceanside resort apartments. Leisure living in tropical tranquillity—or exciting sport fishing and imaginative underwater exploring. Interested? Sunburst South Resort, Box 145, Islamorada, Florida Keys, 33036.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

SHIPMATES WANTED—"barefoot" and congenial. Join Schooner Cruises. Remote West Indies, Grenadines, Windwards, Leewards. 11 days, $240. Windjammer Cruises, P.O. Box 120, Dept. 120, Miami Beach, Florida 33139.

LUXURY SCANDINAVIAN VILLAS—St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. Near finest beaches. Daniel D. Miller, Inc., 420 Lexington Avenue, NYC 10017. 212-LE 2-7700.

CARIBE PLAYA, southeast Puerto Rico. Beach and sea at your doorstep; lush green mountains beckoning the venturesome. New efficiencies. Moderate rates. Contact D. R. Amdur, 138 North Rockburn Street, York, Pennsylvania 17402.

VACATIONS

SUMMER WILDERNESS EXPERIENCE? Try two weeks at small ecumenical mountain retreat center. 1970 themes include: creativity, image, environment. Write: Ring Lake Ranch, Dubois, Wyoming 82513.

GASCON RANCH, Rociada, New Mexico. Southwestern hospitality midst Alpine surroundings.

PARADOR MARTORELL, inn by world famous Luquillo Beach. Box 0, Luquillo, P.R.

TENNIS: FLORIDA KEYS—"Zen" Method Instruction. Islamorada: 664-4884. Hawthorne Bissell.

WHALER'S INNE, Mystic, Connecticut—Inviting, homey, seatown hostelry, walking distance to famed Mystic Seaport marine museum. Doubles $10-$16; 4 persons, $16-$20. Reserve by mail or phone.

ISLAND NEAR SARASOTA—Sort of "South Seas-ish." Luxury motels, beautiful beaches. Chamber of Commerce, Box 188-S, Longboat Key, Florida 33548.

JACKSON HOLE COUNTRY. Dude ranch bordering Grand Teton National Park. Riding, fishing, hiking. Secluded! Flying V Ranch, Box 69, Kelly, Jackson Hole, Wyoming 83011.

MONTEGO BAY, JAMAICA, without high hotel costs. Rent our luxurious private villa. 3 bedrooms. 3 servants. Beach. SR Box S-416.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY — SCHILLER COLLEGE — see "STUDIES ABROAD." Language-Literature-Art.

LESLEY FROST, daughter of Robert Frost, is now considering applications for her seventh summer (July-August) of her school in Spain (near Segovia), for girls 15-17. Spanish and French taught; art and history emphasized. Weekends in Madrid, Toledo, Salamanca, etc. Tour of Granada, Sevilla, Cordoba. Address Miss Frost, 129 East 10th Street, NYC 10010.

UXMAL, MITIA . . . Mexico with anthropologist. 6th year. Students 14-18. Box 4486, Stockton, California 95204.

YOU'LL DIG IT AT TARQUINIA. Six-week college credit program in Etruscan archeology exclusive with Trinity College/Rome Campus, Hartford, Connecticut 06106.

ESPECIALLY FOR STUDENTS 14-16, Mount Hermon Summer Schools offers a program of language study, travel and homestay in Mexico. Introductory Spanish is part of the curriculum. The homestay is with bilingual families in Durango. June 24th-August 5th. $1,200 all inclusive fee. For brochure and application materials write Department A, Mount Hermon Summer Schools, Mount Hermon, Massachusetts 01354.

SUMMER IN FRANCE—July 1st-August 12th, 1970. FIFTH ANNIVERSARY. Course of study, Paris; Music and Art festival, French Riviera. Six major departments —Music-Dance-Art History-French-Theatre-Painting. For application (airmail), Paris American Academy, Richard Roy, Director, 269 Rue Saint Jacques, Paris 5, France.

"I TOOK THE ROAD less traveled" . . . Exploring Anthropology in Mexico; Theatre in London . . . Dance, Tennis, Art, Ceramics, Archeology, Languages, Homestays . . . Baltic Cruise. YOUTH TRAVELS TO MEXICO/EUROPE, 47 Stephanmarc, New Hyde Park, N.Y.

AIMS-INTERNATIONAL—European summer study and travel. Ages 15-20, 23 programs of language study or Art History, Theatre, Comparative Governments, Comparative Cultures, Russian Studies, Mediterranean Cruise. England, France, Switzerland, Spain, Italy, Austria, Russia, Greece, Israel. Chaperoned; Academic Credit; $985. 1700 Pennsylvania Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.

"SIGHTSEEING WITH INSIGHT": Western Europe, 43 days, by s.s. United States and IATA jets. Professionally planned, fully accredited; students, teachers, interested adults 18th year. Free folder. Miami Abroad, Dept. J, Oxford, Ohio 45056.

ITALY: ROME—Six-week college credit courses. Wide curriculum. Archeological program. Outstanding faculty. Trinity College/Rome Campus, Hartford, Connecticut 06106.

(Continued on page 88)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

(Continued from page 87)

LA SORBONNE. College students. $680. 6 weeks. Includes round trip jet transportation, tuition, directors' fees, room and board for 4 weeks. 2 weeks free. Also, University de Grenoble. June-August. Write: World Youth Culture, Inc., P.O. Box 71, New Canaan, Connecticut 06840. Tel: 203-966-3807.

EUROPE—H.S. STUDENTS, $750 six week study-travel programs in France, Spain, England, Austria, Switzerland, Italy. Includes flights, room, board, tuition, excursions, supervision. European Language Institute, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York 10017.

STUDY IN GERMANY. Travel from residential center in medieval Hildesheim. Earn 9 college credits through the summer sessions at Marquette University, June 15th to August 14th, 1970. Write for detailed brochure. Marquette University, German Language Center, Summer Sessions, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53233.

SUMMER SESSIONS ABROAD ®. 20th season. $245 at University of Madrid, Barcelona, Florence, Rome, Paris, Athens, Salzburg, Garmisch. 1 month sessions July and August. Includes room, meals, tuition, credit, choice of courses in languages, art, music, dancing, painting; sightseeing, etc. All for $245. EDUCATIONAL TRAVEL ASSOCIATION, 535 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10017. 212-661-8900.

FOR SECONDARY SCHOOL STUDENTS interested in study, travel and homestay, Mount Hermon Summer Schools offers programs in England, France, Germany, Greece, Italy, Japan, Russia and Spain. All programs are coeducational. Faculty is carefully selected, highly qualified teachers. June 24th-August 20th. $1,200 all inclusive fee. For brochure and application materials, write Department A, Mount Hermon Summer Schools, Mount Hermon, Massachusetts 01354.

FOR STUDENT TRAVEL or Study or Family Stays or Camping . . . small groups . . . at a leisurely pace . . . lively, flexible programs . . . leaders of caliber, taste and wit . . . Itineraries in Western Europe, Greece and Yugoslavia. 12th year. Students Abroad, 771-S West End Avenue, NYC, N.Y. 10025. 212-928-7878.

ENJOY NEXT SUMMER IN EUROPE—Join other high school and college students in exciting study-travel programs; six weeks in France, Spain, Britain, Italy, Israel, Austria, Russia, Germany, and Scandinavia; with courses offered in Languages, Art, History, Debate, Comparative Government, Theatre, Mediterranean cruise; all-inclusive from $800. National Foreign Study Center, Dept. S, 195 Nassau Street, Princeton, N.J. 08540.

STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY—SCHILLER COLLEGE—Academic year programs in Heidelberg, Berlin, Paris, for upperclassmen, and Bonnigheim Castle for underclassmen. M.A. curriculum in Heidelberg and Theatre Arts in Berlin. Stimulating European Travel. American credit system. Selection of Summer Sessions 6-8 weeks. Write Schiller College U.S. Office, 429 N.W. 48th Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73118, or 7121 Kleiningersheim, Germany.

TEENAGE EUROPEAN STUDY and Travel Programs. From $785. Write Dept. S, International Studies Association, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010.

A COLLEGE SEMESTER IN ENGLAND—For juniors and seniors; a 16 credit program of English History, Government, Literature, Economics and Shakespeare. Distinguished all-British lecture staff. Theatre at nearby Stratford and Oxford. Historic sightseeing trips. Residence in Lord North's ancestral Wroxton Abbey, modernized into Wroxton College. Coeducational. Fully accredited. Enrollment limited to 50. Admission for either Fall or Spring semester. Write to Wroxton Office, Fairleigh Dickinson University, Teaneck, New Jersey 07666.

WRITERS' WORKSHOP year round at beautiful Instituto Allende, San Miguel Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico. University credit, MA program, also intensive nonacademic course. Internationally prominent instructors, lectures. Creative study in Mexico's most magnificent setting. Brochure.

GHANA, INDIA, JAPAN, YUGOSLAVIA and nine other countries. Fifteen-week academic term abroad for college undergraduates featuring personal involvement in host country culture and flexible academic program. College credit for program which includes intensive language training, homestay, area studies and individual study project. Summer, fall or spring term. Write: Independent Study Program, The Experiment in International Living, West Hill, Putney, Vermont 05346.

TRAVEL

GRAND TOUR OF EUROPE—unmatched, personally escorted—$779. Oberammergau included. Professor Berg, Saint Mary's College, California 94575.

AIR CYCLE CLUB offers overseas motorcycle delivery B.M.W., Triumph, B.S.A., $ave! 30 West 90th, NYC 10024.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . air conditioning and TV . . . Ideal for families . . . Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write for brochure, 118 East 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE — $1.75. Rates, schedules. 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, 40-21ZFB Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

IF YOU CAN PRONOUNCE ANGUILLA*, you may wish to subscribe to the newsletter for Caribbean cognoscenti. What's new in politics, investments, industry, off-beat islands, hotels, transportation. Twelve monthly issues, $15. (*An-GWIL-la.) Caribbean Report, Suite 1202-A, 527 Madison Avenue, New York 10022.

EUROPE—AN UNREGIMENTED TOUR! Discover this bargain. TOURS, 255-B Sequoia, Pasadena, California.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York by staying at the Hotel Paris. The Paris is like a Volkswagen . . . we offer all the essential services but no frills; comfort but not luxury; a swimming pool but no night club. Ask for leaflets, "New York for Free" and "How to Enjoy New York." Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 10025.

EUROPE THIS SUMMER? Ages 22-30. Looking for a low-cost coed trip combining a magnificent twelve country itinerary with loads of free time, theatre tickets, fine hotels and all meals? Eight weeks $1,595; six weeks $1,395 WITH NO EXTRAS. Dr. S.M. Lutnick, 32 Hicks Avenue, Syosset, N.Y. 11791. 516-WA 1-7898.

FOR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS and Graduates. Exceptional travel plans in Western Europe—Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia—Israel—Russia. Get off the beaten track and become involved in European life. Speak French in France or Spanish in Spain all summer. Or stay in a Soviet youth center; sail with Breton fishermen; climb glacier-covered Alps; ski in August at Mont Blanc; make bicycle trip in Denmark; hike with Czech students; work in Israeli kibbutz; live with European family. Music festivals, theatres. 19th year. Write: George R. Shumlin, Putney Student Travel, Putney, Vermont 05346.

TRAVEL BARGAINS. Save $250 plus on trip abroad. Free literature. Traveletter, Box T-17, Corona del Mar, California 92625.

STUDENT EXPEDITIONS—*Summer 1970. Safari in* Africa, Hunt-Ride in Ireland. Canoe the Danube or Explore the Orient. Small select groups, professional leaders. Robinson Crusoe Abroad, Box 02, 360 West 22nd Street, NYC 10011. 212-873-1260.

STRAWBERRY HILL INN, Irish Town, Jamaica. Unique mountaintop Eden. Unforgettable hospitality. Moderate.

LONDON, ENGLAND. Fashionable Royal Borough of Kensington, central and quiet; good middle-class accommodation with light housekeeping facilities, all with private bathrooms, central heating, phones, and all hotel services. 2 room Family Suite from $15 daily; Double $12; Single $7. Licensed bar and restaurant, friendly, informal atmosphere. Clearlake Aparthotel, 19 Prince of Wales Terrace, London W.8.

TEENAGE TRAVEL SEMINARS to Europe, Russia, Africa, Guatemala. Also study-travel school. Box 201, Putney, Vermont 05346.

THIS AD + $6.00 per person, double occupancy, entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Single-$9.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

TRAVEL

BACHELOR PARTY ® Worldwide Cruises and Tours for single people. Free 32 page catalogue. 444 Madison Avenue, New York 10022.

CHARTER FLIGHT HANDBOOK. 1,100 organizations named. Particulars free. TIB, P.O. Box 105s, Kings Park, N.Y. 11754.

BASKETVILLE—World's Largest Basket Stores. In Vermont—PUTNEY (Rts. 5 & 91); MANCHESTER (Rt. 7); VENICE, Florida (Rt. 41). Browse among our incredible selection of baskets, bucketware, woodenware, gifts. Beautiful artificial flowers, foliage. Imported and domestic. Write: Folder.

GOING TO FRANCE? Stay days or weeks with French family on Loire . . . visit chateaux . . . optional French lessons. Swift, 2002 Woodberry Street, Hyattsville, Maryland 20782.

CRUISE WINDWARD, LEEWARD, or Virgin Islands. 8 or 12 days aboard popular Windjammer "MAVERICK." From $190, everything included. Airmail for folder. WESTINDIAMAN CRUISES, Box 2131S, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands 00801.

SUMMER STUDYTRAVEL FOR ADULTS: Unusual opportunities seminars, discussions, meeting people. Around the World, U.S.S.R. and Japan-EXPO, East Africa, Mexico or Cuba. Also high school student trips. Brochure: Studytravel, Dept. S, Friends World College, Westbury, N.Y. 11590.

TAKE ME ALONG with you—I belong! No plug, no socket! Carry in pocket! ORBIT Compact Cordless Shaver. Lightweight, uses small battery, gives great shaves! Only $9.95 postpaid. Money-back guarantee. ORBIT, 509 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10017.

A YEN TO TRAVEL? Let us help you plan where and how to go, where to stay, what to do. Over twenty years making flight arrangements worldwide, hotel accommodations, tours, cruises, for numerous Metropolitan New York pleasure and business travelers. Never a Service Charge! Contact: SABINA KOPF, Select Reservations, 113 West 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. Phone 212-LO 4-8317.

11th AND 12th GRADERS. Summer travel in Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia. Hike with Czech students in snow-covered Tatras Alps, stay a week with a Yugoslav family; boating, water skiing, dancing, carnivals with boys and girls from communist countries. Visit Prague, Vienna, and beautiful Dubrovnik on the Adriatic Sea. Write: Charles R. Hornsby, Putney Student Travel, Putney, Vermont 05346.

"EUROPE TODAY." Coed summer tour for High School students. Visit London, Paris, Florence, Venice, Istanbul, Moscow. Bathe on the Riviera. Cruise through Greek Islands. John Paine, Noble and Greenough School, Dedham, Massachusetts 02026.

MEXICO—UNBELIEVABLE TRAVEL BARGAIN—*Hacienda Spa Penafiel, Tehuacan, Mexico. From* $5.56 per day per person—including delicious breakfast, dinner, attractive room with private bath and round-trip motor transportation from Mexico City. Facilities include: golf, swimming, mineral waters, Turkish baths, Swedish massage, gymnasium, horseback riding, ping pong, bowling. For full details, send for brochure. Hoteles Mexicanos Dublin, Genova 30, Mexico City, Mexico.

CROSSROADS AMERICA, CROSSROADS ABROAD: Groups of ten teenage boys and girls with two teachers explore different parts of the world. 1970 programs include U.S.A., Great Britain and Scandinavia. Get behind the scenes: live with farmers, fishermen and craftsmen; experience new ways of life. Crossroads, Box 336, Bedford, Massachusetts 01730. Tel: 617-275-6034.

SUNKEN CITIES OF THE AEGEAN—Fascinating exploratory cruise to ancient sunken cities and out-of-the-way land sites. Through the Greek islands to Rhodes, then up the Turkish coast to Izmir. Spacious private yacht. Driving optional. 21 days. $1,465 including round trip airfare New York/Athens. June 16th departure. SEAFARIS, 421 East 72nd Street, New York, 10021.

"COMBAT HUNGER" TRAVEL WORKSHOP—Visit Mexico during spring vacation. Observe self-help projects in Mexico City and villages. Share experiences with Young World Developers and youth leaders. MIBAR, LTD. 6264 North Bay Ridge Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53217.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1869

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Absolutely unpunished (comp.)	21 60 210 94 88 212 226 3
B. Author of deistic treatise, "The Age of Reason" (full name)	26 38 129 141 161 189 197 204 219 229 6
C. Lacking in excellence or value	13 33 77 134 139 149 155 196
D. Embittered	206 9 16 28 40 47 53 68
E. Toothed bar with which a pawl engages	91 109 124 138 165 172 194
F. Means of punishment once feared by English schoolboys (2 wds.)	222 2 19 23 59 62 67 78
G. Motley, pied; diversified	104 123 177 183 209 221 227 35 39 64
H. After *The*: comedy by Ben Jonson	65 101 115 132 146 5 15 30 43
I. Support, prop	73 84 93 96 193 205 8 17 70 79 114 131
J. Extorting from	157 192 198 224 75 128 173
K. Brought forth; created	195 4 44 76 81 86 111
L. Capital of South Australia	144 160 166 179 180 201 218 230
M. Smartest, most spruce	11 12 48 63 102 108 118 145
N. Three-wheeled vehicle for hire in the Orient	215 25 34 112 122 168 199
O. Wildly exaggerated or melodramatic behavior	216 31 41 49 51 106 136 186 231
P. Added to (the pot) in poker	232 150 156 174 170 184 217 29 120
Q. From Missouri (comp.)	137 45 158 191 72 90
R. Henry James' "lady" in "The Portrait of a Lady" (full name)	188 214 10 99 116 200 22 55 82 95 119 225
S. American explorer, ornithologist, and author (1877-1962; "Beneath Tropic Seas")	147 176 187 207 213
T. Pillaged	208 27 32 37 46 71
U. Followed by WORD V: verse satire by Samuel Butler (2 wds.)	92 24 100 57 107 178 185 133 140 153
V. See WORD U (2 wds.)	154 58 103 97 36 159 162
W. Acted as leader to	171 113 56 126 127 135
X. Painted with wax colors fixed with heat	148 143 18 190 121 42 164 98 202
Y. Extremely daring	61 130 163 83 80 20 87 181 74
Z. Of enormous size, strength, etc.	1 117 228 69 66 142 203
Z^1 Abraded (2 wds.)	52 110 85 167 151 14 223 211 89
Z^2 Gave rise to	50 175 54 105 220 169 125 7 152 182

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

			1 Z	2 F	3 A		4 K	5 H	6 B	7 Z^2	8 I	9 D	10 R	11 M		12 M	13 C	14 Z^1
15 H	16 D	17 I	18 X	19 F		20 Y	21 A		22 R	23 F	24 U	25 N		26 B	27 T		28 D	29 P
30 H	31 O	32 T	33 C	34 N		35 G	36 V		37 T	38 B	39 G		40 D	41 O	42 X	43 H		44 K
45 Q	46 T	47 D	48 M	49 O	50 Z^2		51 O	52 Z^1	53 D		54 Z^2	55 R	56 W	57 U	58 V	59 F	60 A	
61 Y	62 F	63 M		64 G	65 H	66 Z	67 F	68 D		69 Z	70 I	71 T		72 Q	73 I	74 Y	75 J	76 K
	77 C	78 F	79 I	80 Y	81 K		82 R	83 Y	84 I		85 Z^1	86 K		87 Y	88 A	89 Z^1	90 Q	91 E
92 U	93 I		94 A	95 R	96 I	97 V		98 X		99 R	100 U	101 H	102 M	103 V	104 G	105 Z^2		106 O
107 U	108 M		109 E	110 Z^1	111 K	112 N	113 W	114 I	115 H	116 R		117 Z	118 M		119 R	120 P	121 X	122 N
123 G	124 E	125 Z^2	126 W		127 W	128 J	129 B	130 Y	131 I	132 H		133 U	134 C		135 W	136 O	137 Q	138 E
139 C	140 U	141 B	142 Z	143 X	144 L	145 M	146 H		147 S	148 X	149 C	150 P	151 Z^1	152 Z^2	153 U		154 V	155 C
156 P		157 J	158 Q	159 V	160 L		161 B	162 V	163 Y		164 X	165 E	166 L		167 Z^1	168 N	169 Z^2	
170 P	171 W	172 E		173 J	174 P	175 Z^2	176 S	177 G	178 U	179 L		180 L	181 Y	182 Z^2	183 G	184 P	185 U	186 O
187 S		188 R	189 B		190 X		191 Q	192 J	193 I	194 E	195 K	196 C		197 B	198 J	199 N	200 R	201 L
202 X		203 Z	204 B	205 I	206 D	207 S	208 T	209 G		210 A	211 Z^1		212 A	213 S	214 R	215 N	216 O	217 P
218 L	219 B	220 Z^2	221 G		222 F	223 Z^1		224 J	225 R	226 A	227 G	228 Z	229 B	230 L	231 O	232 P		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now.
Japan's most beautiful gardens blossom aboard the world's most spacious jet.

Starting this summer, during EXPO '70, the first of eight JAL 747 jets will cross the Pacific. Outside it will be the biggest commercial airliner ever developed. Inside it will feature the most extraordinary decor ever created.

For each section of this spacious jet will have one of our country's most beautiful features: the Japanese Garden.

First Class will have the elegant Garden of Wisteria with an upstairs lounge called Teahouse of the Sky.

In Economy, you can choose from one of three unique sections: the Gardens of Wild Orange, Pine or Maple. Each has decor all its own and individualized service. More comfort, too. Thanks to wider seats and stand-up headroom everywhere.

There will be wide screen movies, stereo entertainment and the finest of international beverages and cuisine.

Best of all, there will be more of what legends are made of – our lovely hostesses in kimono who will pamper you throughout your flight. And introduce you to the subtle delights of Japanese comfort and hospitality.

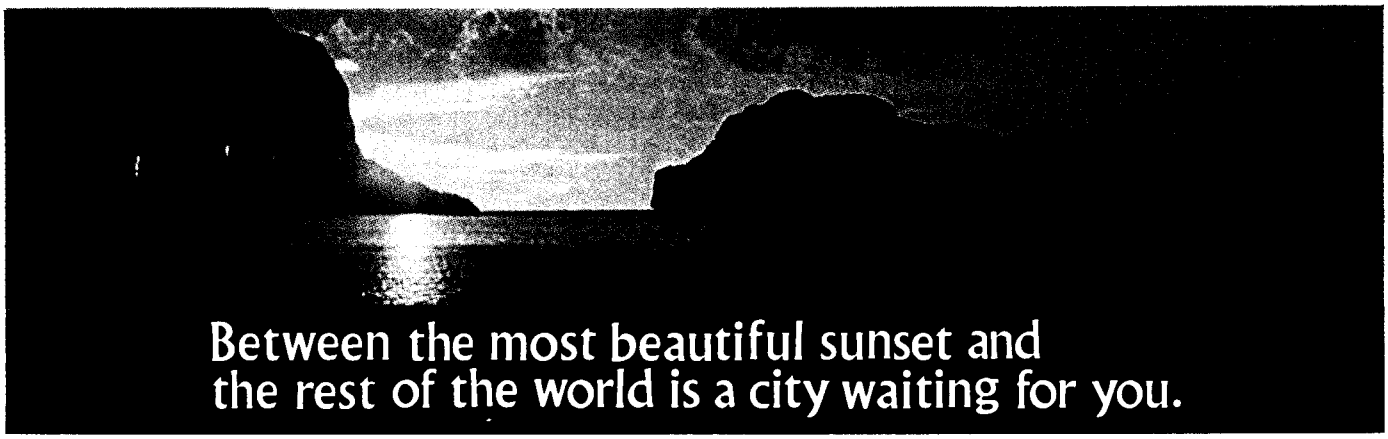
Your travel agent is now accepting reservations for our maiden flight. Be one of the first to reserve a seat in the garden of your choice on our new 747 Garden Jet.

JAPAN AIR LINES 747 Garden Jet

JAL

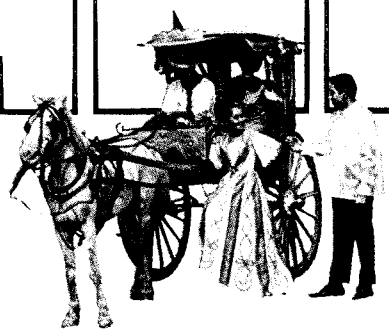
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

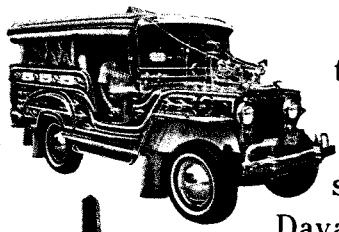


Between the most beautiful sunset and the rest of the world is a city waiting for you.

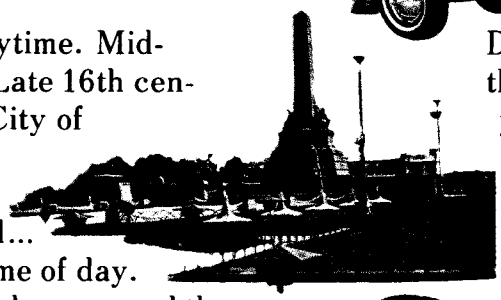
MANILA.



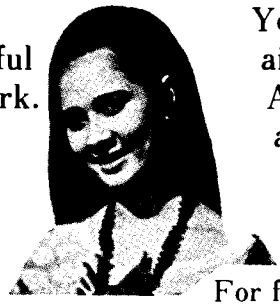
One bay. One glorious sunset. Asia's most picturesque park. The Orient and the old world within city limits. They're here waiting for you.



Manila begins anytime. Midday in Chinatown. Late 16th century in the Walled City of Intramuros. A few minutes past six on Roxas Boulevard... with nightlife any time of day.



If you have a few days, spend them collecting memories. The ride on a colorful jeepney. The foggy mornings at Rizal Park. The Bayanihan dancers. The deaf-mute coffee shoppe. The dungeons of Fort Santiago. The kaleidoscope of cultures at the Philippine Village. The latest fashion in pineapple fabric. A lifetime for every day.



If you have a week, sail/fly to the outer islands. Cebu, with its guitars and Spanish cathedrals. Zamboanga, land of swift-sailing *vintas* and sea gypsies. Davao, where you taste the fruit of the gods. Take in the outer islands on your own or on a package tour.

No visa is needed up to 7 days. If you're flying anywhere in Southeast Asia, you can take in Manila at little or no extra air fare.

You'll have 16 international airlines for easy connections. And the warmest of friends among people who speak your language. Come. Get yourself a lasting memory.

For further information, write to the Board of Travel and Tourist Industry or Philippine Tourist and Travel Association P.O. Box 3451 Manila, Philippines.

Philippines

BTTI-13P-690

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED